

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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TEARING DOWN THE MAGNIFICENT DEWEY ARCH.

THE LAST VIEW OF THE IMPOSING TEMPORARY MEMORIAL ERECTED AT MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK, IN HONOR OF THE DECISIVE VICTORY IN MANILA BAY.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL ARTIST, R. L. DUNN.—[SEE EDITORIAL PAGE.]

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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The Message of the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century.

A FEW notable public and professional men were asked to contribute to LESLIE'S WEEKLY the message, or one of the messages, which they believe the nineteenth century sends to the twentieth century, now opening. Some of the best of the responses thus far received are printed herewith. They cover a wide range of thought, and each carries with it a suggestion of vital and in some instances of startling portent. It is safe to say that no more interesting or suggestive public utterances than these will greet our readers on the opening of the year which marks the world's entrance into what will probably be the most wonderful century in its history.

Senator Platt on the Republic's Message.



SENATOR T. C. PLATT.

The message of the nineteenth century to the twentieth that our country bears is this: Five hundred years after its discovery, the New World presents as its ripest fruit the great American republic. It is a child among nations, little more than a century old, and yet it has given the first emphatic and unquestioned demonstration of this era, that the people can be trusted to govern themselves. Our message is that Republican institutions are no longer experimental,

and that to them only can the masses, longing for freedom, turn with safety and satisfaction. Inspired by our example, the Western hemisphere has become a hemisphere of republics. The close of the next century, in the judgment of some of the ablest statesmen of Europe, will see a republican form of government wherever civilization has set its feet. The tide of human liberty, regarded by imperial Europe at first with indifference, next with apprehension, and now at last with dread, will not be stayed until it has washed the shores of the uttermost seas.

Platt

The Bequests of the Nineteenth Century.



REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

I, the Nineteenth Century, about to die of old age, and being of sound mind and memory, do make and ordain this to be my last will and testament:

I.—I give and bequeath to my successor, the Twentieth Century, all the steam-engines and telegraphs and telephones and electrical apparatus and steam-presses and reaping-machines, and other useful inventions that I have made, and all my wonderful scientific discoveries, for the use and benefit of my son and heir, the aforesaid century.

II.—I give and bequeath all the valuable and instructive books that I have written, to be widely scattered and carefully read; but all the corrupting, mischievous, and obscene publications and pictures inspired by Satan, I order to be destroyed by the Society for the Prevention of Vice.

III.—I give and bequeath a free and honest ballot-box for the protection of liberty and popular rights, and the security of public order; but all those detestable contrivances known as "political machines," invented and managed by bosses for the enrichment of themselves and their "beelers," I order to be burned, and the Civil Service Reform Bureau will execute this mandate at the earliest possible date.

IV.—I commit and intrust to the United States of America all those people known as "negro freedmen" whom I have emancipated by the hand of my favorite son, Abraham Lincoln, and I direct that all their rights be carefully guarded, and all their children educated in good schools and fitted for self-maintenance. Likewise, I intrust to the said United States of America all the surviving Indians and the inhabitants of newly acquired possessions.

V.—I also bequeath to my heir, the Twentieth Century, all the missionary societies, and numerous benevolent associations to whom I have given birth, and all the asylums and "homes" and hospitals, and other charitable institutions, that I have built for the relief of honest sufferers and the discouragement of idlers and impostors.

VI.—I also bequeath to the new century all the immense assortment of Krupp guns and Mauser rifles and machine-guns

that have been produced in my lifetime for the rapid destruction of human lives, and all other death-dealing contrivances, and I direct that at the earliest possible day they be either sold for old iron, or turned into plowshares and other useful instruments; this work I intrust to the Arbitration League of Civilized Nations, which I recently organized at The Hague.

VII.—I give and bequeath to the American people a glorious Federal Union, consolidated and strengthened, and enshrined in the hearts of the nation; the sixteen States at the time of my birth increased to forty-five; the national area extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the United States become the wealthiest nation on the globe.

VIII.—Finally, I give and bequeath to my son and heir that
(Continued on page 523.)

Not a Monument-building Country.

THE abandonment of the Dewey-arch scheme in New York, which is indicated by its destruction as illustrated on another page of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, recalls the fact that the United States is less prone than some other countries to building monuments to its distinguished men. The work on the Washington monument at the national capital—begun in 1848 and not finished until 1884—dragged on for more than a generation. The corner-stone of the Bunker Hill monument was laid in 1825. Daniel Webster delivered the oration on that occasion, and he delivered the one on the completion of the memorial, but the completion did not take place until 1843. Bartholdi's statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, erected on Bedloe's Island, New York, in 1886, which was presented by the French-American Union, was in this country for years before money was raised to put it in place, and the money would not have been raised then had not the New York *World* enlisted in the cause.

Madison, the "Father of the Constitution," one of the authors of the "Federalist," and the fourth President of the United States, was dead so long before a memorial was erected to him that the location of his grave was ascertained only after long search. William Henry Harrison, one of the very few heroes of the War of 1812 in the land fighting, and the ninth President, has no inscription on the vault in North Bend, O., in which his remains are deposited. The residence of President Polk, in Nashville, which was desired as a permanent possession of the State of Tennessee, was recently allowed to be demolished on account of the lack of the few thousand dollars which would have purchased and preserved it.

America is hardly open to the imputation of being ungrateful to its illustrious sons, but its favors commonly take other shapes than the erection of statues of any sort to them. The aphorism, "Call no man happy until after he is dead," ought, as shown by the Dewey case, to be supplemented by the injunction, "Never attempt to erect a monument to anybody while he is living." Even after he is dead, as the Washington and many other instances show, it is usually very difficult to put up any memorial in his honor.

The South and the Open Door.

THE petition recently presented to Secretary of State Hay from the leading cotton manufacturers of the South, urging that he take the necessary action to secure the "open door" in China, and to prevent a movement by any European Power calculated to close the Chinese markets to our manufactures, indicates that the South is beginning to see that its industrial prosperity depends on the success of the same policy that has secured the prosperity and growth of the North.

The petitioners, who represent over \$15,000,000 of capital invested in Southern cotton-factories, declare that the open door is necessary for them to hold their important trade with China. The Chinese demand for cotton goods is almost entirely of that grade of drills and shirtings manufactured in Southern factories, and the petitioners declare that since the Boxer uprising they have lost half of this trade, and have been compelled to reduce materially the running time of their mills.

It is not generally known, but the chief market for American cottons is found in the very region of China which is now disturbed. The southern parts of China use chiefly the lighter and finer grades of cotton manufactured in Europe. The total exports of manufactured cotton from the United States amounted last year to but \$20,000,000 in value. Over half of this went to China, and of the \$10,273,000 worth of American cotton goods taken by China more than \$7,000,000 worth were taken by the three ports of North China, Tien-Tsin, Newchwang, and Chefoo, all of which lie in the disturbed district. The foreign trade of these three ports amounts to over \$35,000,000 per annum, and is greater than that of all the Yangtze River ports combined.

The control that Americans now hold of the cotton trade of this district is shown by the report of the English consular officer stationed at Newchwang, that out of over 1,300,000 pieces of drills and sheetings landed at that port, only 10,000 pieces were of English or Japanese make; all the rest being American. The proportion at Tien-Tsin and Chefoo shows that we hold almost as complete a control of the cotton trade of those ports as of Newchwang. It is apparent from this that the South cannot remain unconcerned at the prospect of the partition of China.

Newchwang is now held by the Russians, who have just levied such a tax on American flour, which has heretofore commanded the flour trade of Asiatic Russia, as to completely destroy the trade. The action of Russia in levying this tax on American flour is an indication of what may be expected in Manchuria and those parts of China supplied through Tien-Tsin and Newchwang if they pass into Russian control and if American cotton goods ever stand in the way of Russian products. Germany's attitude toward American products is, of course, well known, and should she secure Shan-Tung, a small part of whose 26,000,000 people we now reach through Chefoo, we may well regard that rich market as permanently lost to us.

Our total exports to China last year were only \$15,000,000. More than two-thirds of this amount was cotton goods. Of the remainder, \$4,000,000 worth was petroleum, leaving less than \$1,000,000 to cover other exports of every description. But wherever our cotton manufactures have been introduced an inquiry for other American goods has been noted. So, while the South, which grows and manufactures cotton, is chiefly interested in this matter, its importance to the whole country lies in the fact that it is only through our cotton goods

that we are succeeding in introducing other American products into China.

The petition from these Southern manufacturers is a welcome sign that the South is beginning to realize in which direction lies its hope of the future.

The Plain Truth.

THERE is significance in the protest of the Merchants' Association of New York against the passage of the ship-subsidy bill now before Congress. The allegation that the framing of the bill was delegated three years ago to twenty-five laymen, themselves interested in shipping, is not the only serious charge made by the opponents of the bill. It has been said on the floor of Congress that it discriminates decidedly in favor of a few ship-owners and against the interest of many of the shipping classes, including the farmers. The bill appears to involve the expenditure in subsidies of about \$9,000,000 a year for a period of twenty years—an enormous amount in the aggregate. If this donation is to be made by the tax-payers of the country, it should be made in behalf of public rather than of private interests. The Republican party, now that it has had its most decisive triumphs at the polls, should bear in mind the danger which always confronts a great political party in the hour of its victory, viz., that it will be carried off of its feet by ill-advised and ill-considered legislation in the interests of those who believe that personal obligations should be paid at the party's expense. It is not too early to call the attention of Republican leaders to the fact that the memory of the voter is not too short to cover the space of four years. The next Presidential election will involve a great struggle for supremacy, and the earlier the Republican party begins to line up for that contest the better will be its chances of success.

The people of this country who are chiefly concerned regarding the continuance of its prosperity will feel like giving renewed thanks for the success of the present administration at the recent election when they read the declaration, in the minority report of the ways and means committee of the House of Representatives, in favor of an alteration of the present tariff laws. Nothing that Congress could do, possibly excepting the passage of a free-silver bill, could be more destructive to business prosperity than an agitation of the tariff question. Perhaps this agitation, now that we are selling abroad more than we are buying, would not be as calamitous as similar tariff agitations have been in the past, but it would be a most serious and disturbing factor, and would inevitably call a halt along the whole industrial line. It will be fortunate, we may add in this connection, if the Republican majority in Congress see to it that, in remodeling and repealing the war taxes, they do the work so thoroughly that the subject will not have to be reopened during the next four years. Large interests are involved in the proposed repeal, and the sooner Congress settles this matter, and the more definitely and permanently it is settled, the better it will be for all the people. It is most unfortunate that the majority has hesitated a single moment in pressing its views upon the members of the House. Mr. Payne, the chairman of the ways and means committee, and his associates have formulated, if we can accept the synopsis of the bill that was outlined as accurate, a very reasonable and acceptable measure. It removes the most oppressive and objectionable stamp-taxes, like those on bank-checks, telegrams, express receipts, and so forth, and it was the expectation that a wholesome bill of this kind would be quickly passed by both houses. The hold-up of the bill in the interests of the brewers is as astonishing as it was unexpected, and bids fair to involve the majority in some unpleasant controversies with the masses of the people, who are inclined to believe that of all the taxes that should be increased rather than diminished, those on tobacco, whiskey, and beer should be first mentioned.

The Governor-elect of the State of New York, the Hon. B. B. Odell, Jr., bids fair to disappoint the anti-organization element which predicted that he would fail to rise to the dignity and the responsibility of his important office. One of his first announcements was that he would re-appoint Superintendent of Public Works Partridge and Adjutant-General Hoffman. These were first named by Governor Roosevelt, and have been conspicuous for their fitness and ability. The Governor-elect has also foreshadowed his chief purpose by stating publicly that his first concern will be to reduce, not to increase, the burdens of taxation. He said this in answer to a request for the appointment of a large additional number of deputy State factory inspectors, and he evidenced his perfect knowledge of the situation by calling attention to the fact that the present force of inspectors is ample for the enforcement of the law, and that the salaries paid by the State factory inspectors department aggregate more than the entire cost of collecting the internal revenue of the State. The Governor-elect will occupy a unique position. Next to Senator Platt, he is the leader of his party in the State. There is no doubt that he is acting in entire harmony and sympathy with that leader, and that every appointment he has foreshadowed, and every purpose that he has indicated, have been with the consent and approval of the Senator. It will therefore be in the power and the province of Governor Odell to say no to legislators and to others who appeal to him to support measures calculated to increase the burdens of tax-payers. No Governor who has been dependent upon Republican legislators and county leaders for his position could say this in answer to their importunities, because they could threaten him with opposition, as they had undoubtedly threatened others. It will be Governor Odell's privilege to say to those who resist his demands for economy that unless this resistance is removed, his opponents will be relegated to private life. In other words, as has the power, with the consent of Senator Platt, not only of the Governor but of the party's leader, which is all the power necessary to carry out his most commendable purposes. We shall be greatly disappointed if Governor Odell does not give to the tax-payers of this State the lowest tax-rate they have had in many years. Nothing that he can do will be a greater justification of his selection for his office, and nothing will give greater pleasure to the vast majority of those who made his election such an emphatic triumph.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—It did not need the high and strong social prestige which undoubtedly went with Miss Margaret Fuller, though she is not,



MARGARET FULLER, THE ACTRESS.
Photograph, copyright, by Aimé Dupont.

as has been reported, a niece of the chief justice of the United States, to insure the success of that young lady on her first appearance on the professional stage at Washington one night recently. Her personal charm and unquestioned histrionic gifts alone were enough to make her triumph practically certain. The occasion was the first production of "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," an adaptation, by William Young, of a novel by Molly Elliott Seawell. Miss Fuller played the rôle opposite to Maclyn Arbuckle, the star, and surprised her friends by her sense of humor and skillful acting. Hearty applause greeted her again and again during the play.

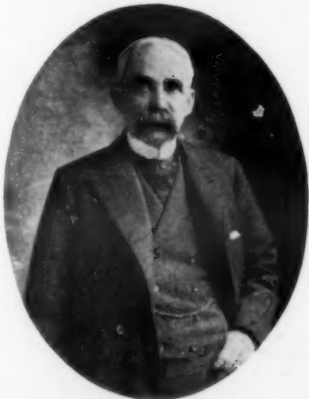
—One of those singular and unaccountable beings who now and then astonish the world with exhibitions of almost supernatural wisdom or precocity is Pepito Rodriguez Ariola, a Spanish boy, only three and a half years old, who plays the most difficult compositions on the piano, some of which he composes himself. When he was only two and a half years old Pepito suddenly began to show a liking for piano music, and at once, without any instruction at all, played with perfect ease and expression all kinds of airs he heard, besides improvising on his



PEPITO RODRIGUEZ ARIOLA, A THREE-YEAR-OLD COMPOSER.

own account. He was brought before a psychological congress in Paris last summer and amazed the learned men gathered there by his wonderful performances. He was asked to play what he liked, and he proceeded to perform a military march of his own, dedicated to the Spanish King; then a mazurka, and, finally, the Marseillaise, the French national air, with variations of his own. Musical critics declare that all his pieces show as much knowledge of the technique of music as the best composers possess. His playing is graceful, clear, and beautiful. He never has had a musical lesson, and his parents were not specially gifted in that line. The scientists are puzzled to account for his remarkable powers. In all respects save this, Pepito is much like other children of his age. He is happy and playful, and greatly enjoys the applause which greets his performances.

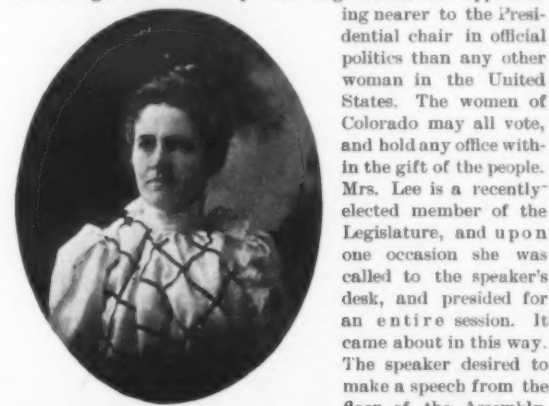
—The only Federal military officer who was ever elected to membership in a Confederate veterans' regimental organization is Colonel Theodore F. Allen, of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry, who, in the autumn of this year, was so honored by the members of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry Association. The two regiments just mentioned were organized on opposite sides of the Ohio River, and the fortunes of war brought them often together in the early 'sixties. At the battle of Rogersville, Tenn., on November 6th, 1863, Colonel Allen went down under the fire of the Kentuckians, and had the added misfortune to fall into their hands. The colonel escaped the same night on a horse "borrowed" from his captors, and rejoined his regiment. He was afterward again captured by a Kentuckian, this time a lovely girl who became his wife, and whose willing captive he has been ever since. Many Kentucky veterans have been in the habit of referring to Colonel Allen as "the horse-thief," to the intense astonishment of that gentleman's Sunday-school class. On the



COLONEL THEODORE F. ALLEN, THE ONLY NORTHERN SOLDIER EVER ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP IN A CONFEDERATE ORGANIZATION.

occasion of the proposal of the colonel for membership in the Kentucky organization the horse episode was again brought up. It was established on Kentucky evidence that immediately after his return to the Union lines Colonel Allen sent back the horse to the Kentuckians with a courteous note of thanks. For that matter, he declares that General John H. Morgan's Kentuckians have an extensive "horse" record of their own. The colonel is life president of the Seventh Ohio Cavalry Association.

—Mrs. Frances S. Lee, of Denver, Col., is the first woman to wield the gavel of authority in the Legislature, thus approaching nearer to the Presidential chair in official politics than any other woman in the United States. The women of Colorado may all vote, and hold any office within the gift of the people. Mrs. Lee is a recently-elected member of the Legislature, and upon one occasion she was called to the speaker's desk, and presided for an entire session. It came about in this way. The speaker desired to make a speech from the floor of the Assembly, and looking about for a suitable member to call to the chair in his absence from it, his eye was arrested by the intelligent interest displayed by Mrs. Lee in the pending situation. It occurred to him that she might as easily guide the ship of state *pro tem.* as any of the male members, who appeared more interested in their own stories than in the subject under discussion. Apropos of this experience, Mrs. Lee says, "No particularly knotty problems came up for decision, business progressed as usual, and I was very courteously treated by my colleagues."



MRS. FRANCES S. LEE, WHO WAS SPEAKER PRO TEM. OF THE COLORADO LEGISLATURE.

—No international marriage of recent date has provoked more public comment than that of the Duke of Manchester to



THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY WITH HIS AMERICAN BRIDE.

Miss Helena Zimmerman, the daughter of a prominent and wealthy citizen of Cincinnati. A somewhat sensational element was introduced in the proceeding by the fact that the marriage came as a complete surprise to the family of the duke and his English friends, and was not made public until five days after it occurred. The ceremony was performed on November 14th, by Canon Barker, at Marylebone Church, London, in the presence of five persons, including an aunt of Miss Zimmerman. The mother of the Duke of Manchester is a lady of Spanish descent and a native of Louisiana. The duke is the ninth of his line. He has had a varied career, having appeared in this country once as an actor, and later as a reporter. The bride, now the Duchess of Manchester is twenty-two years of age. She is described by those who know her best as a young lady of rare accomplishments and charming manners, whom neither riches nor rank can seriously affect. She has spent several years abroad, in Paris, London and elsewhere, and speaks several foreign tongues with great fluency. It is said that she first met the Duke of Manchester at a fancy-costume ball in France, where the courtship began which has ended in marriage. The couple are spending their honeymoon in America.

—And so the Hon. Charles A. Towne, of Duluth, Minn., takes up his residence in Washington any way, not as a Vice-President elected on the Populist ticket, but to a no less dignified and a more influential position, that of a United States Senator. Mr. Towne, it will be remembered, was one of the several gentlemen selected as running mates for the Hon. William J. Bryan on the various party tickets headed by the Nebraska orator in the recent Presidential campaign. He was the choice for Vice-President of the Populist Convention held at Sioux Falls, May 10th, 1900. Not long after, as the campaign developed, Mr. Towne, with more discretion



HON. CHARLES A. TOWNE, OF MINNESOTA, WHO SUCCEEDED SENATOR DAVIS.

than party valor, as some thought, withdrew his name from the Populist ticket. By appointment of Governor Lind, of Minnesota, he now takes the seat in the Senate left vacant by the death of Senator Cushman K. Davis. This is not his first legislative experience at Washington. He has served in the House of Representatives, and his ability and integrity are beyond question.

—A more conspicuous instance of promotion earned by dint of sheer merit has not occurred in American official circles in recent years than that announced in the appointment of Francis T. Bowles, U. S. N., as the successor of Admiral Hichborn in the office of chief of the bureau of naval construction and repair at Washington, the latter official having reached the age limit entitling him to retirement from active service. By education, practical experience, and proved ability, Mr. Bowles has qualified himself for the duties of his new position. He is of genuine Puritan ancestry, being a member of the well-known New England family of the name. He was born at Springfield, Mass., in 1858. After a course of study in the Naval Academy at Annapolis Mr. Bowles spent three years in the Royal Naval College at Greenwich, England, where he made a specialty of naval architecture. He returned to this country in 1882 and was soon after detailed as secretary of the naval advisory board, where he remained for four years and rendered distinguished and valuable service to the government. In later years Mr. Bowles became a member of the Walker board, which prepared the designs of the *Newark*, *Charleston*, and other well-known vessels. In 1886 he was placed in charge of the Norfolk Navy Yard, where he organized a modern ship-building plant and greatly increased the general efficiency of the yard. From Norfolk he came in 1895 to the New York Navy Yard, where he has remained up to the present time as constructor in charge. Under his energetic and progressive administration many notable improvements have been made at this point, and many new and successful ideas introduced in naval construction. During the Spanish-American war Mr. Bowles's capacity and resourcefulness were tested to the utmost, but he met all demands made upon him and added greatly to his reputation. It was due largely to his remarkable executive ability and quick and correct decision that there were fitted out at the New York Navy Yard, for auxiliary service, forty-seven vessels—as many as were turned out in all other yards together.

—Recent events in South Africa have caused the little kingdom of Portugal to loom up larger before the public eye than



FRANCIS T. BOWLES, U. S. N., WHO WILL SUCCEED ADMIRAL HICHBORN AS CHIEF NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR.
Photograph by Rockwood.

—Recent events in South Africa have caused the little kingdom of Portugal to loom up larger before the public eye than



DON CARLOS. DUKE OF BRAGANZA.
THE KING OF PORTUGAL AND HIS PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.

usual. Portugal is one of the least among the Powers of Europe, and her rulers for many years past have taken no prominent part in shaping the events of the world. Among the colonial possessions which it still retains is the small strip of territory between the Transvaal and the ocean on the east, including the neutral port of Lorenzo Marquez, which has been a centre of interest all through the South African war as a point of embarkation or departure for Boers and Boer sympathizers. Recently, the King of Portugal dispatched an expeditionary force to Lorenzo Marquez to take part, with the Portuguese troops already on the spot, in securing quiet and clearing the country of armed Boers. Our portrait shows him in his uniform as marshal-general of his army. The King is still a young man, only thirty-seven, and very popular with his people. He has two sons, the older being Luiz Felipe, Duke of Braganza and crown prince, a bright lad of thirteen. The King himself is too stout for his own comfort, so much so that he is deprived of the pleasure of horseback riding. "I could not," he says, "venture in the streets of Lisbon and in the country round it, for if I was ever met by a member of the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals he would surely make me dismount and carry my horse."



GRACE AFTER DINNER—THE POOR CHILDREN IN THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY GIVING THANKS AFTER THEIR FEAST.



HUNDREDS OF SUFFERING POOR WHO WAITED FIVE HOURS TO GET A FREE CHRISTMAS DINNER AT THE FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.



THE CHRISTMAS FEAST AT THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE—SUPERINTENDENT HEIG IN BACKGROUND.

FEASTING THE POOR OF NEW YORK ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

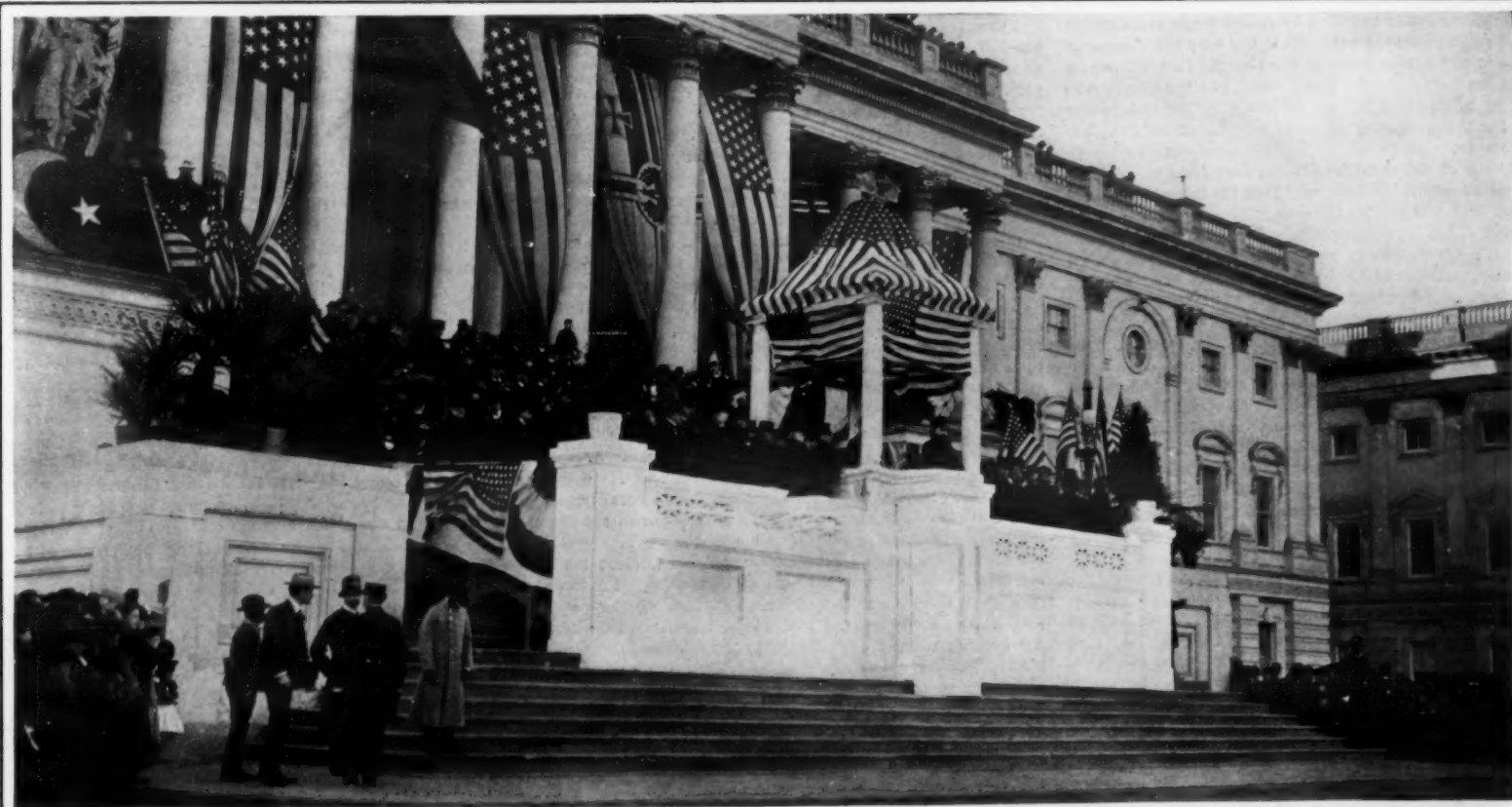
BOUNTIFUL PROVISION FOR SUFFERING MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONALITIES.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY ITS SPECIAL ARTIST, R. L. DUNN.—(SEE PAGE 518.)



GOVERNORS LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE TO TAKE THEIR PLACES IN LINE—GOVERNOR THOMAS, OF COLORADO, IN THE FIRST, AND GOVERNOR SHAW, OF IOWA, IN THE SECOND CARRIAGE.



THE PROPOSED REMODELED WHITE HOUSE, SHOWING THE NEW EAST AND WEST WINGS, ESTIMATED TO COST \$2,000,000.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE MODEL IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY REVIEWING THE PARADE.

WASHINGTON'S CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

IMPRESSIVE OBSERVANCE OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SELECTION OF WASHINGTON AS THE SEAT OF OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY WALTER T. BEASLEY.—[SEE PAGE 519.]

NEW YORK THE COSTLIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—III.

THE UNPRECEDENTED TAX RATE OF NEW YORK WOULD BE EVEN HIGHER WERE IT NOT FOR THE ENORMOUS INCREASE IN PROPERTY VALUATION—SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE MILLION DOLLARS PILED ON SINCE 1896—INCREASED VALUATION AS IMPORTANT AND AS GRIEVOUS AS AN INCREASED TAX RATE—ORGANIZATION, VIGILANCE, AND PERSISTENCE POINT OUT THE PATH TO RELIEF.

In a previous article I emphasized the fact that the one-hundred-million-dollar budget for New York City for 1901 is a tax greater than was ever before imposed upon any city in any age. This sum is so vast that it cannot be comprehended except by comparison and illustration. I have already made a comparison of this one-hundred-million-dollar levy with the expenses of governing great nations, and with the earnings of the factory operatives of the greatest industrial centres. Other efforts along different lines may now be made to illustrate what a stupendous sum is the tax imposed upon the property in the city of New York for 1901.

One hundred million one-dollar bills laid flat would make a pile 83,333 feet (equal to sixteen miles) high—nearly three times the height of the highest peak of the Himalayas. In ten-dollar bills it would form a mountain 8,333 feet above the sea level, an altitude greater than the majority of Alpine peaks can boast. In \$100 bills it would be a shaft towering heavenward 833 feet, a height greater than that of any two of the tallest sky-scraper buildings in the city. The Washington monument is 565 feet high, and Bunker Hill monument 221 feet. These two towers would not, if one stood on top of the other, be as high by sixty-seven feet as a pile of one hundred million dollars in \$100-bills.

The length of a dollar-bill is seven and one-half inches. One hundred million of such bills laid end to end would make a line nearly 12,000 miles long—nearly half the circumference of the earth, and one and a half times its diameter. In ten-dollar bills the line would extend 1,200 miles, in \$100-bills 120 miles, and in \$1,000-bills twelve miles. Think of walking for twelve miles past a continuous string of \$1,000-bills! Or imagine a journey from Liverpool to New York, thence to San Francisco, thence to Honolulu, and thence to Yokohama, and all the time, day and night, passing a never-broken line of one-dollar bills!

The duty of determining the taxable value of the property in New York City and of fixing the tax rate devolves upon the department of taxes and assessments. Virtually, every owner of taxable property is at the mercy of this department. The head of it should be a man of expert knowledge of real-estate values, and should merit and possess public confidence. The president of the department is Thomas L. Feitner, a Tammany sachem, who under a former Tammany régime was a commissioner of taxes. He resigned that position in order to become a police justice. This office the Legislature abolished.

During the reform administration the tax department was conducted in the interest of the public, by men of experience and knowledge. Upon the resumption of Tammany control this shelled police justice was made the head of this important (in some respects the most important) department. He testified before the Mazet committee that he soon found places in the department for two of his relatives—all that he had that were counted eligible—and admitted that subordinates determined the value of real estate by looking at the outside of buildings, and that personal property assessments were made by taking names from the city directory and guessing at the value of the holdings of the owners thereof. The Feitner practice is to raise valuations every year. If the value of the property in the city of New York increased as greatly and as rapidly in fact as it does on Feitner's books a tax budget of one hundred million dollars would appear less like robbery of tax and rent payers than it does at present. The policy makes a fictitious tax rate for record purposes. If the rate on a certain valuation be one per cent. the valuation may be raised one-third, and the burden of taxation increased to the same extent without addition to the tax rate. This is a very old Tammany trick. There was a time when it was thought that tax-payers would not see how the trick was worked, but the people who pay taxes have learned to look at the totals of their bills rather than at a tax rate purposely kept down by an excessive valuation of property.

The charter of the municipality requires from this department a report every three months. That for the period ended March 31st, 1900, was printed three months subsequently in the *City Record*. This document contains just twenty-eight printed lines. It gives no figures respecting valuations, nor does it give any information except that contained in the statement that the next quarterly report will tell something about the tax valuation. That report was due on July 31st, but when this article was being prepared the document had not appeared in print. It is four months overdue.

Feitner does carry on a department of publicity. The spirit of the law which requires public exhibition of the books of assessed valuation is not complied with to a sufficient extent to permit an ordinary citizen to make anything like a thorough examination. Evidently the books have secrets. They could tell of the way in which individual valuations are manipulated by political influence. The Tammany tax eater is also a tax dodger. You will never catch him taking out of the city treasury with one hand and giving back with the other.

The latest official figures of valuation that are available are those made in 1899. From them we learn that the taxable value of the real estate in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx in that year was fixed at \$2,202,157,086, and that the valuation for the same territory in 1896—when the city's affairs were administered according to business methods—was \$1,731,500,143, an increase of \$470,656,943. These figures are as amazing and startling as those of the one-hundred-million-dollar tax levy for 1901. On paper—the paper of the department of taxes and assessments—the value of the real estate in Manhattan and the Bronx has increased more than twenty-seven per cent. in three years. This is news to every one out side of the tax department.

The figures of increased valuation would excite derision were it not for the fact that taxes are actually assessed upon them and that they are factors in Tammany's plan of public looting.

Everybody capable of judging knows that there has been no such actual increase in values during the past three years as that arbitrarily fixed by Feitner and his co-workers. It may be assumed that the final figures of valuation for 1901 will bring the total increase since 1896 up to \$600,000,000. The total value of all the iron ore, gold, silver, copper, quicksilver, nickel, and cobalt produced in the United States in 1890 was \$269,500,487. Coal to the value of \$160,000,000 was mined in this country in 1890. That is to say that the computed worth of the metallic ores and coals taken out of the earth in 1890 was in the neighborhood of \$50,000,000 less than the sum that has been added to the taxable valuation of Manhattan and Bronx real estate in three years, and a little more than half the probable addition for five years.

The value of the entire petroleum product of the country—a product that not only satisfies the home demand but also the markets of the remainder of the world—was less than \$69,000,000—about one-seventh of the added burden upon real estate in the two boroughs in three years. The surplus income of all the steam railroads in the United States in 1890 was \$144,704,112, which dazzling amount is less than one-fourth of \$470,656,943.

In 1896 the taxable valuation of the real estate in the area now included within the city of New York was \$2,425,000,000. The valuation made in 1899 was increased to \$3,168,547,700—an addition of \$743,547,700. The entire income of all the steam railroads of the country in 1890 was \$1,204,000,000. The life-insurance companies ten years ago made a showing of \$741,426,000 in cash and other assets. By this exhibit it is seen that the increased valuation of the real estate of New York City is considerably more than one-third in excess of the steam railroads' total income and the assets of the life insurance companies of the United States at the time of the last census.

The census figures that we have been using gave the assessed value of the real estate of the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania as \$8,610,000,000. In this total is included the New York City valuation. The value of the church property in the country ten years ago was \$679,630,139. The valuation of New York City real estate in 1899 was about one-third of that of nine great States, including New York, and nearly five times the entire value of the church property of the country in 1890. The increase in the city's real-estate valuation has been more than \$60,000,000 in excess of the value of the church property in the United States ten years ago.

This matter of increased valuation is as important as the tax rate, because additions to either mean increased burdens of taxation. Remissness in enforcing claims also amounts to the same thing. It is comparatively easy to rob the individual taxpayer under form of law. Corporations, with the power that organization gives them, can not only resist extortion, but are also able to refuse to pay just dues to the city. Nearly every department of the local government has on its books unpaid claims against corporations. The pigeon-holes in the finance and law departments are filled with dust-covered papers referring to these matters. Tammany, partly for fear, partly for favor, and partly for funds, will not seek to enforce collection. If the many hundreds of thousands of dollars due on these accounts were paid into the city treasury the weight upon the tax-payers would be lessened. But for the reasons just stated, payments for some franchises, rents, and licenses are not demanded.

The extravagance which has produced the one-hundred-million-dollar tax levy is illustrated in the administration of the department of taxes and assessments. The estimate of this department's expenses in 1896 was \$170,720, of which \$22,000 was for salaries of commissioners; \$125,170 for salaries of secretary, deputy, and employés, and \$2,750 for contingent expenses. The one-hundred-million-dollar tax levy of 1901 allows this department \$334,450, of which \$36,000 is for salaries of commissioners; \$293,450 for wages of deputies, clerks, and employés, and \$5,000 for contingencies. Feitner gets \$8,000 per year, and four other commissioners, all mere Tammany pensioners, and in no degree recognized as specialists in values, are paid \$7,000 per year each. Of the twenty-two persons in the branch office of the Borough of Queens—eighteen more than are needed—nine are residents in Manhattan. This is a mere symptom of Tammany's selfishness. These offices are supposed to be part of the patronage of the Queens politicians.

In the Queens borough office the chief clerk is paid \$3,500 per year, while the chief clerks in the Manhattan and Brooklyn borough offices are given but \$3,000 a year each. Thereby hangs a tale. This chief clerk in Queens was secretary of the department during the previous administration. He was very competent. Feitner and his associate commissioners discharged him soon after they assumed office, and they put in his place a man without training or knowledge of the work. Appeal to the courts was taken by the discharged official, and his reinstatement was ordered. Instead of dispensing with the new appointee the Feitner board retained him on the pay-roll, and detailed the reinstated man to the Queens office, where he has nothing to do except watch his associates, who would be glad to get something against him. That is why Queens—the tax valuation of which is but one-thirtieth of that of Manhattan—has the highest priced chief clerk.

The tax department has gone even beyond the Tammany proportion of increase in expenses. If other departments had added to their budgets in the same percentage as the tax commissioners have augmented their pay-rolls the tax levy for 1901 would be \$144,000,000, a long way toward an excess of fifty per cent. over the one-hundred-million-dollar budget that has actually been made.

The candle is being burned at both ends. With its one-hundred-million-dollar tax levy, and its seven hundred and

forty-three million dollars increase in the real-estate valuation, Tammany has both hands in the pockets of the tax-payers. This condition cannot continue. Plunderers and plundered alike are aware of this fact. Both see that there must be an intermission. The plunderers will continue their work as long as they can. They will not give way voluntarily, but will fight to the end every effort made against them. All the foes of municipal economy and of municipal morality will struggle to protract the carnival of moral and money corruption, expecting to be beaten sometime, but craving for the postponement of defeat.

There are signs which indicate an immediate uprising of the plundered people. The result may be the overthrow of Tammany rule. But mere overthrow will not secure lasting reform. Bishop Potter recently declared that the things most needed to accomplish the purification of the city were organization, vigilance, and persistence. The first would seem to be the most difficult to obtain. But experience has shown that organization of the forces of right is comparatively an easy matter when the people are awake to the need for reform.

Vigilance and persistence, however, are rarer qualities. When a victory for reform has been obtained the people go about their ordinary business and soon forget to be vigilant and persistent in watching the administration of city affairs. The Tammany robbers have already convinced themselves that in the event of defeat—and they will do all they can to avoid defeat—in the campaign of 1901, they will enjoy their plunder until the next municipal campaign, when, because of the lack of vigilance and persistence on the part of the people they hope to return to power. These two qualities are the most valuable of humanity's endowments.

EDWARD ERSKINE.

Christmas Feasts for the Poor.

FEEDING THE GREAT ARMY OF THE DESTITUTE OF NEW YORK—AN OPEN PURSE IN OTHER CITIES ON HOLIDAYS.

THOUGH it is not yet ten o'clock on Christmas morning, there are forty or fifty men and two or three women standing in line outside of the Five Points House of Industry. They are the skirmishers of New York's army of the outside poor. They stand uneasily and with much shifting, several of them leaning against an iron railing. There is a look of stolid, listless patience on every face; all appear resigned to the five hours' wait that must come before dinner. Why are they here so early? It is because those first in the line will be first served.

There are always from 50,000 to 100,000 people in New York out of employment. Most of these are, or try to be, deserving. All of these unfortunate ones know what hunger means. Some of them progress and develop in this knowledge until death from starvation brings the case to the official notice of a coroner. Yet the citizens of New York mean to be generous with this army of the hungry. Wealthy people donate large sums, people of average means give what they can afford, and even sympathetic children give pennies of pocket-money to the various charities and funds pledged to fill the empty stomachs of a great city at cheerful Christmas-tide.

So it happens that thousands of men, women, and children who have not known the meaning of satisfied hunger in many days, are fed to repletion on the greatest holiday of the Christian year. Take this little line of men and women that has formed so early in the day. They come from one of the most populous and poverty-submerged sections of the city—that which centres in and extends from Mulberry Bend. Here is the Five Points House of Industry, famed for its work among the otherwise hopeless children of Gotham. The children are inside, sheltered and well cared-for. We shall see them later. Out here in the crowd some of the hungry men and women are the parents of some of the children inside. These grown-up unfortunates are known as the "outside poor." Truly they are "outside" in everything. But on Christmas, after a certain hour, they are to be fed as fast as they can crowd inside.

By eleven o'clock the line reaches down to the park, has doubled back, and a third line is starting. There are a dozen policemen here to keep order, but they are not needed. The crowd has brightened up a little with the increase of numbers. Some of the apathy is gone. Children of the Bend are racing up and down the street, playing, screaming, and chaffing easily selected victims in the line.

"Hey, mister!" shouts an urchin to a wretchedly seedy old man, "your bank-book is sticking out of your pocket!"

There is a titter. Old George has been around the Bend for twenty years, and no one ever knew him to have as much as a quarter at one time. But here is a different kind of a case a little farther down the line—a push cart peddler who is known to earn the wonderful average of four dollars a day. As he can do no business to-day he is making the best use of his time by trying for a free dinner. A policeman spies him, knows him, and advises him to step out. The peddler protests and clutches at the railing, but the policeman hustles him from the line. The ejected one goes down to the end of the line and steps in again, only to be once more hauled out by another policeman. These blue-coats know their crowd individually, and there is very little use in attempting imposition.

There are men and women in this hungry, silent line who have made palpable efforts to "spruce up" in honor of the occasion. Here is a man who has obtained soap in some way, and his face and hands are as clean as they were a year ago, or ten years ago. Here is another man who has a fairly clean collar—turned, of course—and his threadbare neck tie shows evidences of painstaking arrangement. At least a third in all the long line have some pride and sensibility left. Point the lens of a camera at them, and witness how many turn their backs that their faces may not show in the photograph. There

are some here, of course, who have learned at police headquarters to abhor photography, but with most of these people their sensitiveness is due to pride. There are surprisingly few vicious faces. Nearly all of the 800 or 900 men and women in line by one o'clock are simply heavy stockholders in the hard-luck trust.

Just at one there is a pretty procession filing down the main stairway of the House of Industry. They are the children, more than 300 in number, who live in the home. Through the square hallway at the foot of the stairs comes the first squad, little fellows of four or five, with closely-cropped heads. The first lot are dressed in suits of checked gray. Here come some older boys in brown, and another squad in black suits. Each little detachment of shavers is in a different color and pattern of clothes, though their holiday rig is almost as nice as that of the little ones at home. These boys file through a wide doorway, and disappear behind the descending steps of the great dining-room.

Here come the girls. All are robed in the spotless white that we associate with graduation day. Yet you will notice that the first lot wear yellow hair-ribbons, the second pink, the third blue, and so on; for these girls are in detachments just as much as the boys are. They, too, disappear into the dining-room, and so perfect is the discipline that you hear not a murmur from the more than 300. Step into the dining-room and you will find all the young inmates sorted according to sex and age. They are standing at low tables spread with everything good to eat. At either end of each boys' table stands a boy monitor. The girls' tables are similarly provided with girl monitors. He who looks for vicious faces is sure to be disappointed. All the children are well-dressed, sweet, and self-reliant. It is a possibly strange fact that here the average of beauty is high among both the boys and girls, whose ages run from four to fourteen. If you have ever lost a son or daughter, look over this winsome young assemblage and keep your eyes dry if you can!

"Tap!" It is the bell of the superintendent. Every young head is bowed, eyes are closed, and hands are clasped. "Tap!" A murmur of sweet childish voices rises. They are repeating "grace before meals":

Be present at our table Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored.
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee!

"Tap!" for the third time, and spoons dip into the soup. There is no use in describing the dinner. It is just the same kind that you have at home. There is absolute silence throughout the room. If a youngster has slipped into the wrong place one of the monitors goes to him on tip-toe, whispers, and the right place is found. Sweet-faced women—volunteers who are used to giving up their own pleasures on holidays—bustle in and out with the turkeys, hams, oranges, and other good things that are needed to replenish the rapidly-emptying plates. Here and there a sigh goes up as an urchin who has eaten all he can hold looks around the table and regrets the limited capacity of his little stomach. The bell sounds twice. At the first stroke hands are once more folded and eyes closed; at the second stroke the glad murmur of "grace after meals" goes up:

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food;
And now, because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven!

Again the superintendent's bell. The children file out and are soon lost to view at the head of the stairs. They will rest a few minutes, and then what romping there will be! Fortunate indeed are these more than 300 children who have been rescued from the streets. They are housed, fed and clothed, educated, and taught trades. In the fifty years that the Five Points House of Industry has been doing this work more than 30,000 children have found temporary homes here, while nearly 50,000 have been taught and trained. It requires \$100 a day, all donated, to pay running expenses. It is worth it, for the results show that these little waifs snatched from the slums can be transformed into as sweet, pretty, intelligent, and good children as any. They become little ladies and gentlemen, and go out to useful lives. Several boy graduates are in the army and navy. The girls become nurses, saleswomen, clerks, or skilled operators in work-rooms.

It is time to get back to the crowd outside—the grown-up waifs for very few of whom is there any hope. There are more than a thousand of them by this time. The apathy is gone from their faces, to give place to the wistful eagerness of the famished who have caught the whiff of food. Inside, the busy volunteer waiters have whisked off the white table-cloths and the tables are being raised. The pretty porcelain dishes have disappeared, and in their places are tin plates and cups, for the table manners of the undisciplined grown-up waifs verge on the violent.

All is ready. The street door is thrown open. What a surging crush there is! Now the policemen are needed to keep order. A hundred hungry ones are to be admitted at a time, and not one in excess of that number gets by the blue-coats. The hundred range around two tables. No grace is said; these people wouldn't be able to wait for it. They simply gobble. A woman of forty, in the old calico dress of three summers ago, with a torn cloak that covers it down to the knees, slyly abstracts some food from her neighbor's plate, adds it to her own, and slips it into a bag under her outer garment.

"Don't do that," objects one of the sweet-faced waiters. "Put it back on the table."

"Don't stop me," begs the woman in calico. "I don't care to eat, but my children at home—"

"Put the food back. Eat all you can of it here. When you are through come to me and I will see to it that you have enough to take home."

And the same message is given to other parents present. Many who are not parents are given packages of food to finish elsewhere at their leisure. One hundred passes out and another hundred elbows in until 1,500 or so of these adult waifs have been fed. The little, disciplined strays must have their supper by the time that the last of the grown ups have started plodding toward the Bend.

Newsboys are young business men whose time is occupied in the daytime, not even holidays excepted. Down in Duane

Street is that great pile of red brick known as the Newsboys' Lodging-House. It should be called a club, for that is what it is. The 125 boys who live here are among the keenest, brightest merchants of New York. They are self-supporting and self-respecting, and here they have a home with all the pleasures of a club—such a club as newsboys can afford. On Christmas Eve they have a supper founded on the giblets of to-morrow's poultry. On Christmas night itself each boy is given the clubman's privilege of inviting friends. Between five o'clock and late in the evening 1,500 file, by relays, into the dining-room and eat the meal of the year. The boys who belong to this fine little club may average fourteen or fifteen years of age. Some of their guests have seen but four or five years of life. The most paternal care is taken of these tiny chums. Big Fellow will cut up Little Shaver's meat and summon the waiter to bring more turnips. Bend over one of these little fellows and ask him if he can eat the enormous pile on his plate.

"Sure!" complacently answers the little fellow, whose eyes are barely above the level of his plate. He does eat it—and calls for more. Superintendent Rudolph Heig, and his wife, the matron, make it a point of honor to see to it that every boy has all he can eat, and a trifle more. They are both lovers of boys. When the young newsdealer thinks it time to find another occupation he asks the advice of the superintendent. "Go into the army," says Mr. Heig. Or: "The navy is a splendid place for a young man." This Newsboys' Lodging-House is a veritable incubator for patriots. Ask Mr. Heig, and he will tell you with moist eyes the proud military records of some of his former boys.

Over in Broome Street, not far from the Bowery, is the Protestant Episcopal Mission. This institution devotes 364 days to looking after grown-ups in poor health or luck. On Christmas the building is turned over to a Christmas-tree romp for the little ones. Down in the heart of Chinatown, at nineteen Doyers Street, where the Midnight Rescue Band holds forth for the moral rehabilitation of the most unfortunate of our women, these women come on Christmas Day merely to look on at the joy of the children of the near-by streets over their Christmas-tree and presents. And there are numbers more of institutions and missions through the city where both the inside and the outside poor are given the good-cheer of enough food and the joy of receiving gifts.

The blessed custom of holiday dinners for the submerged million is growing in America. In Chicago, on Thanksgiving Day, Isaac Woolf, one of the leading merchants, but once a newsboy, fed thousands of these bright little fellows. The Noonday Rest gave a turkey-dinner to a thousand girls the day before Thanksgiving, and other organizations did their best in similar ways. In Boston the Little Wanderers' Home gave banquet cheer to hundreds, as did a dozen other institutions. In Louisville, Ky., the newsboys came in for the grandest feast in all the city. In Philadelphia the programme of dinners and vaudeville shows for the poor was an astonishingly lengthy one. The biggest of all was the banquet to 4,000 inmates of the hospital and almshouse. Atlanta's newsboys were fed without price at the Sheltering Arms Restaurant. Denver, too, treated the newsboys as favorites on Thanksgiving. GERALD HILL.

The Last Centennial Celebration of the Century.

WHAT may probably be regarded as the last of the series of centenary celebrations having a national interest and significance, beginning with the exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, was that held at Washington, D. C., on December 12th. This date marked the one hundredth anniversary of the transfer of the seat of the Federal government from the Quaker City to its present site on the Potomac.

The changes which have taken place in the outward and material aspects of Washington during the hundred years of its life as the home of our national law-makers have been typical, in a degree, of the growth and prosperity of the nation itself. The opening of the century found it a poor, straggling, lonesome, and somewhat forbidding huddle of buildings, with great sloughs of mud for streets at one season of the year, and heaps of shifting sand trying to answer the same purpose at another season; the close of the century sees it one of the most beautiful and well-ordered cities in the world, with a splendid system of broad, finely-paved avenues and public driveways lined with private residences and public buildings unsurpassed in their architectural grace and beauty.

This analogy fails, however, at several important points. The advancement of the nation in wealth and power has been going on pretty steadily and regularly ever since its foundation. The growth of Washington was slow and halting through many dark and discouraging years; it remained crude, unsightly, and uncomfortable as a place of residence long after many other American cities had expanded and adorned themselves with many things conducive to their happiness and well-being. It was not, in fact, until after the Civil War that Washington cut itself loose from its joyless, somnolent, and unprogressive past and began to blossom out into a city worthy of its noble name, its historical associations, and its dignity as the capital of a great and powerful nation. It has attained that standard now, and its future is full of the promise of still more glorious achievements.

The ceremonies on December 12th were marked with quiet simplicity and impressiveness. They began with a reception at the White House at ten o'clock, given by President McKinley to the Governors of the various States and Territories in attendance at the celebration. Speeches were made at this by Governor Shaw, of Iowa, and others. This was followed by a military parade from the White House through Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, where, in the hall of the House of Representatives, commemorative addresses were delivered by Congressman Richardson, of Tennessee; the Hon. Seneca E. Payne, of New York; Senator Daniel, of Virginia; Senator McComas, of Maryland, and Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. Senator Frye, of Maine, presided.

A specially interesting feature of the reception at the exec-

utive mansion in the morning was an account given by Colonel Theodore Bingham, superintendent of public buildings and grounds, of the plans formulated for the enlargement of the White House. A model of the mansion and a proposed addition occupied a prominent place in the East Room, by which Colonel Bingham was able to illustrate the improvements and additions desired. Of all the records he had been able to find of extensions, that prepared under the supervision of Mrs. Harrison came nearest, he said, to fulfilling certain guiding principles considered as necessary to be followed in any design for an extension, not only on account of their own propriety, but to meet the views of the great majority of the American people. Mrs. Harrison's plan, he said, consists of buildings about the size of the present house, one on the east side and one on the west side of the White House grounds, connected to the present mansion by curved wings—the quadrangle being completed by rebuilding the conservatories at the south end of the grounds.

Our illustration affords a view of the building as it will appear after these improvements are made. The present mansion will be left intact, and will be given up almost entirely to official uses. The added wings will be fitted up for residence purposes, including commodious halls, reception-rooms, and family apartments. The estimated cost of the enlargement is \$2,000,000, a sum which, it is hoped, Congress will appropriate at its next session. It is hardly probable that any serious objection will be made to this expenditure, since the fact is generally recognized that the present executive mansion is wholly inadequate for present needs.

A Christmas Court-martial.

THE night was dark and threatened rain,
No stars were in the sky;
We caught him hiding in the lines—
A Filipino spy.
A slender youth, with sloe-black eyes
Brimful of frightened tears;
We turned him over to the guard,
I fear, with callous jeers.

Next morning—it was Christmas, too—
The sun was scorching hot,
A drum-head court was called; the spy
Was sentenced to be shot.
Erect before the officers,
He still disdained to speak,
Although a single crystal drop
Impearled his olive cheek.

Upon a long and hurried march
In light array, you see
We couldn't take the boy along.
So stood him to a tree,
Told off the little firing-squad,
And ordered it in line.
(One gun was empty in the lot,
I hope that it was mine!)

Birds in the branches overhead
Sang softly in the heat;
The grave, a trench of steaming clay,
Gaped yellow at his feet.
He faced us with a dauntless air,
Although his lips were white—
Our grim old sergeant looked away;
He couldn't stand the sight.

A flash, a roar, a cloud of smoke,
And headlong to the ground
He fell, face downward in the grass,
And died without a sound.
We turned him over on his back,
And death the truth confessed,
For through his open jacket peeped
A woman's tender breast.

We heaped the mould with gentle hands
Above the gallant heart
That in a girlish bosom dared
To act a hero's part,
And when the mound was neatly smoothed
I saw the sergeant strew
Half-shamedly on the naked earth
A purple flower or two.

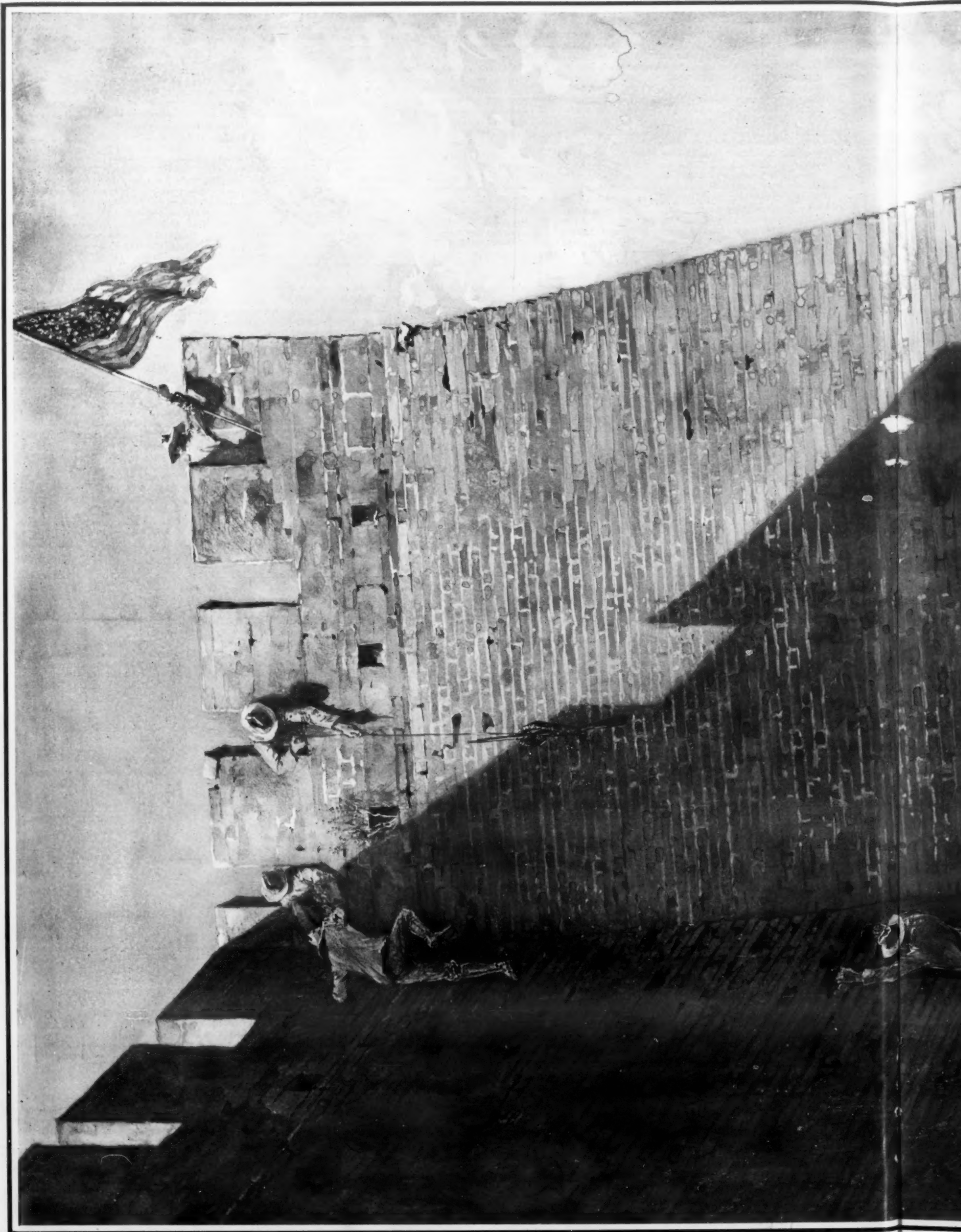
Our guns and knapsacks ne'er before
Seemed such a heavy load.
With silent tongues we plodded on
Along the muddy road.
But many a soldier tried unseen
To dash a tear away
For her, the Filipino spy,
We shot on Christmas Day. MINNA IRVING.

A Soldier's Opinion of "Leslie's Weekly."

CORPORAL JOHN A. BURBY, of the Ninth United States Infantry, writes an interesting letter of his experiences in China. The letter appears in the Sandy Hill (N. Y.) *Herald*, and concludes:

I have subscribed for *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. If you want to get the original war pictures, that is the paper to get. *LESLIE'S* artist (Sydney Adamson) was at the front all the time, and I saw him take views of the walls here, and was told that he had a fine collection, which were to appear in print at a later date.

This is not the first opinion of the kind that has been written home to the American press by the heroic soldiers who represent the United States in the international relief column that fought its way to Peking. These soldiers know who the fighting artists and correspondents are that have the best pictures and the most life-like descriptions of battles, marches, and bivouacs. Corporal Burby's opinion is that of all the American officers and soldiers who served in China, and with whom, thanks to his pluck, persistency, and ability, Mr. Adamson is a prime favorite in the field. No present is more welcome to our soldiers and sailors than a copy of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. It will be sent postage free to any American soldier's or sailor's address for three months on receipt of one dollar, six months for two dollars, or a year for four dollars. A highly-appreciated holiday present from home.





AMERICAN SOLDIERS PLANTING "OLD GLORY" ON THE WALLS OF PEKING.

HOW THE GALLANT FOURTEENTH INFANTRY SKILLFULLY CLIMBED THE ALMOST PERPENDICULAR RAMPARTS AND SECURED A POSITION FROM WHICH THEY WERE ABLE TO OPEN A DESTRUCTIVE FIRE ON THE CHINESE WITHIN THE LATTER'S OWN WALLS.—DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN CHINA, SYDNEY ADAMS.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

The Foot-ball Season Reviewed.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF OUR SELECTED ALL-AMERICAN TEAM AS THEY SHOULD BE PLACED.—Photographs by Pach Brothers, R. L. Dunn, and C. L. Slosson.



CAMPBELL (HARVARD),
LEFT END.



BLOOMER (YALE),
LEFT TACKLE.



BROWN (YALE), LEFT
GUARD.



WRIGHT (COLUMBIA),
CENTRE.



HARE (PENNSYLVANIA),
RIGHT GUARD.



STILLMAN (YALE),
RIGHT TACKLE.



HALLOWELL (HARVARD),
RIGHT END.

THE foot-ball season of 1900 has closed with results that are making the sport dearer to the public heart than any other popular game. There is reason for this popularity. The intercollegiate committee on rules has so legislated that the old-time brutal elements have been eliminated. Science has taken the place of mere strength, and, while it is to-day no nursery game, foot-ball has ceased to be a pugilistic encounter.

Reviewing the great gridiron contests which have taken place this fall, one realizes the existence of greater team work than has ever before been exhibited. The successful eleven have been those in which "star" players have lost much of their individuality by merging it into the whole work of the team. Hare, of Pennsylvania, is somewhat of an exception to this rule, yet the Waterloo which he and his men met at the hands of Harvard shows that the day of a one-man play has passed. The watchword of a successful eleven now is, "All together!" Interference has improved wonderfully in offensive play. One style of attack which has been used with the best result is the "tackle-back" play as exemplified by Yale. This operation is closely related to the dying "guards-back" formation, used too much by Pennsylvania. It is so made that it can be rushed at any part of the line, or around the ends. Allied to this play is the "delayed pass." When five men are back of the line and the ball is snapped back, it is for the opposing team to determine which of the runners has received the pig-skin from the quarter-back.

The formation is made more puzzling when part of the back field plunges into the line and the rest make for the end. The "guards back" was primarily invented for line-bucking. Its weakness has been found out by Harvard when bracing up the centre of the forward positions with the men behind the line. But one can never tell where the "tackle-back" is going to strike. The play is brilliant in its invention and operation, and will be taken up generally next year and used until some coach finds a counter-play for it. Another important feature which has been used in offensive work is "hurdling." Weekes, of Columbia, attained prominence last year in this respect through the coaching of Sanford. Other college eleven have adopted the play, and the required distance can usually be made through the centre in this way.

As far as defensive work is concerned, the "charging" of the line which Lewis, the Harvard sharp, taught his team, was learned better by Yale, and stood her in good stead in the New Haven game. As I have said before in these columns, this "charging" is like getting the "drop" on one's opponent. Agility can thus be used to offset weight, and we shall see teams with light sets of forwards outplaying stronger eleven by the use of the "charging line."

One question can very readily be answered in glancing back over the season's playing. No one doubts that Yale is so far ahead in the standing of the various college eleven that, like the yacht *America* when she won the international cup over the *Isle of Wight* course, "there is no second"! The Olympian gods seem to us latter-day individuals to have been creatures magnificent in stature. So it is with past Yale foot-ball teams. "When Heff was in college," the alumnus of Eli would say, "then were the halcyon days of foot-ball glory." Yet when one comes to study the New Haven team of this year in its entirety and individually, one can point out no greater eleven in the history of Yale's athletics. The season was begun with a plethora of material. Coaching was done harmoniously on typical Yale lines, and the team was trained to go through a hard series of games and come out in perfect physical trim, with just ten points scored against her and not a battle lost. When one considers the high grade of foot-ball which obtains in at least eight or nine colleges in America, the record of Yale is wonderful.

Next in the standing of the year comes Harvard. While she could not have beaten Yale this year, her poor showing at New Haven was due to the long period between the Pennsylvania and Yale games. The breaking of training at Cambridge, and the general slump which overcame the Crimson after beating "Pennsy" in such style, seem to indicate poor training, as I said in my criticism of the Yale-Harvard game. Third place goes to the University of Pennsylvania. Had she but been taught a new set of tricks by Coach Woodruff for her meeting with Harvard, and had she dropped the "guards back," which Harvard solved completely last year, University of Pennsylvania would have taken the place of the Cambridge eleven in this season's rating. She was the favorite up to the very moment of her line-up against Harvard, and she should have won.

Although Columbia was beaten three times, by Harvard, Pennsylvania, and Yale respectively, we cannot do otherwise than accord her a position next these three 'varsity eleven. No team for many years undertook such a schedule as the Blue and White, and no team, with the exception of Yale, ended the season in such prime physical condition. With a line up which had played but two days together, Columbia went

against Harvard. Then "Penn." was when the was two or three weeks more developed. The struck their pace held the best foot-over stood on a score of 5-12. was not up to the on October 27th. Columbia. She HALE (YALE), FULL BACK, continued to improve right up to the Indian game on Thanksgiving Day. Had she played Harvard when Yale did, the score would have been in favor of Columbia.

For the first time since foot-ball was introduced at Princeton, her team has been crowded from its position among the "Big Four." Beaten by Cornell, Columbia, and Yale, the Tigers must be placed as far down the list as sixth, Cornell taking place next to Columbia. The lack of good material was the cause of Princeton's poor showing. Every college and university must have an occasional off-year in athletics, and Nassau will try to forget the fall of 1900. Cornell beat Princeton for the second time in two years, and would have pushed Columbia for her place had it not been for the whippings the Ithacans experienced at the hands of Lafayette and Pennsylvania. She ought to have won both of these games. Houghton, the Cornell coach, is a Harvard graduate, and should have learned Harvard's solution of the "guards-back" formation, which Lafayette and "Pennsy" both used. Lewis, even, went to Ithaca after the lost game at Easton, and tried to help Percy Houghton prepare Cornell's defense with Harvard ideas. But Cornell went down at Philadelphia as if the University of Pennsylvania's favorite play was something sprung upon the team for the first time.

So this will be the standing of the 'varsity eleven for the season of 1900: First, Yale; second, Harvard; third, Pennsylvania; fourth, Columbia, and fifth, a close race between Cornell and Princeton, with Cornell leading, because of her well-deserved victory over the Tigers.

My choice of an all-American team differs from the selection I made last year of an all-Eastern eleven, only in the positions which were made empty by graduation. Wright, the heavy but speedy Columbia guard, I place at centre. This was his position last year, for one reason. Moreover, there has not been an A No. 1 centre-rush presented on any team in the land this fall, not one who is worthy of a position on an all-American eleven. For a third reason, Brown, of Yale, and Hare, of Pennsylvania, are fine enough players to take care of the guard places, letting Wright go in at centre. I put Stillman, of Yale, once more in as one of the tackles. Hillebrand, of Princeton, has been graduated, and I was seriously considering J. Lawrence, of Harvard, for the empty place until I saw Bloomer, the Yale freshman, play against Princeton. He gained more ground with the ball than any other man on the team in the "tackle-back," and put up a magnificent defense. I kept my eyes on him during the Harvard game. Then his place on this team was clinched. To Bloomer, of Yale, I award the other tackle position. No finer ends can be found than the speedy Harvard pair, Hallowell and Campbell. Last year the latter Cambridge player was the foremost end rush among the eleven. And so he was this year up to the Yale game, when he seemed out of

and was beaten. downed Colum-former's team weeks more de-New-Yorkers against Yale and ball team that has gridiron to the Of course Yale top notch of form Still neither was Columbia, continued to im-prove right up to the Indian game on Thanksgiving Day. Had she played Harvard when Yale did, the score would have been in favor of Columbia.

him. He is without a peer as a defensive player, and in every game had a hand in the downing of the opposing runners. How he developed punting to a high degree is an old story. Harold Weekes, his running mate, made the touchdown against Yale last year, and was the only man who scored in that manner against the great New Haven team this fall. He has no equal on the gridiron as a running half, and his work in a broken field as a dodger has not been approached in a long while. When he had "found" himself this year he proved to be sure in handling punts, and he saved a quantity of touchdowns from being made against his team by his grand tackling of runners who had passed the rest of the Columbia men. Most certainly we must give the full-back position to Hale, who in one season has developed into such a player as will be remembered always in his special capacity of line-plunger.

Thus we have a team complete in every department of the game, with the steadiest of snappers-back in Wright, bulwarks of defense in Brown and Hare, both of whom can advance the ball, too. This applies especially to Hare. Bloomer and Stillman are a ground-gaining pair of tackles, who can also hold their parts of the line when the ball is in the other team's possession. Hallowell and Campbell are harder to get around than Cape Horn in a gale, and they interfere beautifully and get down under kicks in grand style. There are Daly as a general and quarter-back, the two Columbia men as "star" half-backs, and Hale as full-back. For kicking, Hale was not a success, but with Daly, Hare brought back of the line, and with Morley, the punting department would indeed be complete. Brown should captain the team.

It is very interesting to note at the wind-up of every foot-ball season how the experts of the game choose their all-American teams. I give those made up by several papers. The best all-around team which the New York *Sun* has chosen coincides with the choice I have made; but I cannot be said to have followed the lead of the foot-ball editor of that journal, as my selection of last fall stands now in every position except in the case of a man's graduation.

Herewith I give the All-American teams of several publications:

THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

Hallowell, Harvard, right end; Stillman, Yale, right tackle; Hare, Pennsylvania, right guard; Wright, Columbia, centre; Brown, Yale, left guard; Bloomer, Yale, left tackle; Coy, Yale, left end; Daly, Harvard, quarter-back; Sawin, Harvard, right half-back; Weekes, Columbia, left half-back; Hale, Yale, full-back.

BROOKLYN DAILY "EAGLE."

Coy, Yale, right end; Stillman, Yale, right tackle; Brown, Yale, right guard; Wright, Columbia, centre; Hare, Pennsylvania, left guard; Bloomer, Yale, left tackle; Campbell, Harvard, left end; McCracken, Pennsylvania, right half-back; Sawin, Harvard, left half-back; Hale, Yale, full-back; Daly, Harvard, quarter-back.

THE EVENING "TELEGRAM."

First All-American Eleven, as Men Played.

Hale, Yale, full-back; Chadwick, Yale, right half-back; Weekes, Columbia, left half-back; Daly, Harvard, quarter-back; Campbell, Harvard, left end; Bloomer, Yale, left tackle; Brown, Yale, left guard; Olcott, Yale, centre; Hare, Pennsylvania, right guard; Stillman, Yale, right tackle; Hallowell, Harvard, right end.

Second All-American Eleven—An Ideal Team.

Hale, Yale, full-back; McCracken, Pennsylvania, right half-back; Ellis, Harvard, left half-back; Daly, Harvard, quarter-back; Campbell, Harvard, left end; Bloomer, Yale, left tackle; Brown, Yale, left guard; Wright, Columbia, centre; Hare, Pennsylvania, right guard; Stillman, Yale, right tackle; Hallowell, Harvard, right end.

THE "SUN."

First Eleven.

Campbell, Harvard, left end; Bloomer, Yale, left tackle; Brown,

Yale, left guard; Wright, Columbia, centre; Hare, Pennsylvania, right guard; Stillman, Yale, right tackle; Halliwell, Harvard, right end; Daly, Harvard, quarter back; Weekes, Columbia, left half-back; Morley, Columbia, right half-back; Hale, Yale, full-back.

Second Eleven.

Smith, West Point, left end; Wallace, Pennsylvania, left tackle; Teas, Pennsylvania, left guard; Sargent, Harvard, centre; Sheldon, Yale, right guard; Lawrence, Harvard, right tackle; Coy, Yale, right end; Fincke, Yale, quarter-back; Sawin, Harvard, left half-back; Chadwick, Yale, right half-back; McCracken, Pennsylvania, full-back.

CHARLES CHAPIN SARGENT, JR.

Inside Points on Foot-ball "Fakes."

TROY, December 15th, 1900.—EDITOR LESLIE'S WEEKLY: So Nevada Agnew, the dear thing, has been to a foot-ball game and thinks that it is brutal and inhuman, so there! Dear me, dear me! Now, indeed, the college boys must stop playing the game and take up with "Puss-in-the-corner" and "Blind-man's-buff," unless, perchance, dear Nevada decides that the latter is also too rough. But, Mr. Editor, is it not strange that there are so many thousands of cultured and refined people in this country who take a delight in watching the game which shocked Nevada? Does it mean that all the men and the women that one meets at the Yale-Harvard game, or at the Army-Navy game, have the instincts of the brute and rejoice exceedingly to see their fellow-creatures mutilated and well-nigh killed on the gridiron?

Perhaps, however, if the tender-hearted Nevada could be induced to change her determination not to go to another game of foot-ball she might be led to change her views upon the subject. Like a good many other persons, she has written a lot of nonsense regarding a subject of which she knows nothing. Were she more familiar with the game of foot-ball as it is played, she would realize that the man who is writhing on the ground is merely obeying the orders of his captain to "do a little faking" that his team may recuperate and recover its collective breath. She would also know that the man who limps so painfully from the gridiron is bluffing to a very considerable extent in order to be spared the humiliation of having the public know that he has been retired in favor of a fresher and more valuable player.

If Miss (or is it Mrs.?) Agnew would only take the trouble to learn something about the subject concerning which she writes so glibly she might in the course of time learn to distinguish the ball occasionally, and to know that the "rough-and-tumble fight" of which she chatters does not really exist in foot-ball. But it would probably take her a long time to do this, for evidently her eyesight is exceedingly bad, or otherwise she would not have seen two men faint away in that Philadelphia game.

Now, Mr. Editor, cannot you be induced to labor with dear Nevada and endeavor to have her rescind the action of her inner consciousness, to the end that she may go to another game next year, in charge of some person who knows foot-ball and who can explain certain things to her, of which she is so ignorant at present? Try it, please. But if you should not succeed, turn the job over to some one else. We cannot afford to see foot-ball placed under a taboo, and unless Miss Agnew can be placated it seems to be doomed.

Yours very truly,

"AN OLD FOOT-BALL PLAYER."

How "Old Glory" Was Planted on the Walls of Peking

(From our Special Correspondent and Artist in China.)

PEKING, November 10th, 1900.—During the recent siege of Peking, when Colonel Daggett, of the Fourteenth Infantry, gained a position at the foot of the wall with E Company of his command, he had either to advance or abandon his position. To advance meant only one thing—scaling the wall. It was a daring effort, and the first man who climbed that thirty feet with fingers and toes barely holding him to the masonry, knowing naught of what awaited him at the top, yet daring all for his flag, can well be counted among the heroes of the United States Army. Trumpeter Calvin P. Titus, of E Company, Fourteenth Infantry, volunteered for this work. He reached the top in safety. Captain Learnard, the regimental adjutant, followed, and after him came Lieutenant Gohn, in command of the company, and Lieutenant Hanson.

Guns and belts were handed up, passing through the hands of two men clinging to the wall. Then a rope was made by linking gun-slugs and canteen-belts, when more guns and ammunition were pulled up. On the ramparts, immediately at top of the bastion where Company E gained the wall, is a heavy piece of masonry that looks like a gun-platform. Luckily this sheltered the men from a raking rifle-fire poured in from an immense square building on the Tartar wall. The parapet on the inner side of the wall was high enough to shelter kneeling men from a direct fire from Chinese houses, and from two oblique fires, one from the big tower just mentioned, and the other from a gate-tower on the eastern Chinese city wall.

When Colonel Daggett realized that the wall was gained, and that sufficient men were up there to hold the section, he sent for the flag. John B. Dederich, Colonel Daggett's mounted orderly, brought the flag furling in its black case across the stone bridge over the canal, exposed to a heavy fire, and soon the stars and stripes were floating gracefully over the ancient walls of Peking.

When the colors first opened to the breeze the men cheered as men never cheered before, and the Fourteenth Infantry had written a brilliant chapter in American history. A little later H Company ascended at the corner bastion, which is surmounted by a tower. They were subjected to a heavy fire from the same buildings that sheltered E Company's assailants. In one case a shell struck the ramparts directly in front of a group of H Company's men. When the dust cleared away it was found that no man was hurt. Lieutenant Mullay commanded H Company. Lieutenant Gilbreth was second in command. I watched these men of H Company as they scaled the walls and listened to the bullets cracking as they struck the stone or whistled clear in the sunny air, and I wanted to yell for sheer excitement. I had been in a cavalry fight that morning, when the air fairly buzzed with bullets, and when the fire opened on our right and rear we had to retreat; I had seen forty odd Japanese field guns pouring in a deadly hail of missiles to the Tartar city; but this was the best of all; the true spirit was here. It made one's blood tingle to see each man feel his way up, up, till he reached the last, most difficult place, and then was grasped and pulled over the parapet, ready to add another musket to those cracking along the wall.

When the Fourteenth Infantry left their position on the wall they had driven out all the Chinese who had been firing from

groups of houses about 600 yards away inside. They had sent word which resulted in Captain Riley's shelling the pagoda over the gate on the east wall, which silenced its fire; they had materially reduced the fire from the big tower on the Tartar wall; and then they helped to clear the Chinese city and open the way to the legations.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

In the Graveyard of Centuries.

TO THE NINETEENTH.

We dig thy grave in the Isle of the Past,
Away from the noises of men.

We lay thee down where the Seld and the Done
Lie low with the Never-again.

We cover thee o'er with the glory and shame
All-earned in the reign of thy years;
Each sod of fame bears the kiss of our pride,
Thy sins bear the moisture of tears.

We mark the spot with the legend or name
Which tells of thy greatest and best,
To shine far off to the men on the shore,
That they may be guided and blessed.

Then sail we back to the living and life,
And leave thee in peace with the dead—
Back where the world at new Century's feet
Lays jewels she took from thy head.

A selfish world in her haste may forget,
But men do not leave thee alone;
Their memories kneel on the green of thy grave
Till Death stretches green on their own.

Rest thee in peace by the side of the years
That lie in the hush of the past

Till Time, worn out, in a tottering barque
Draws in at the isle and makes fast. M. WORK.

The Message of the Nineteenth to the Twentieth Century.

(Continued from page 514.)

priceless revelation from heaven known as the Bible, with its exhibition of Divine love in the person of Jesus Christ, its wise precepts and its adaptation to all the peoples on the face of the whole globe. I exhort that it be spread and be read everywhere, so that the Twentieth Century be wiser and purer and stronger and grander than all its nineteen ancestors.

As executors of this my last will and testament I appoint all Christian churches and ministers, all conductors of a fearless and truthful press, all faithful parents, all righteous rulers, all lovers of humanity, and all who practice the Golden Rule. Done under my hand and seal, on this thirty-first day of December, 1900.

XIX.

Third Avenue

A Message of "Unbounded Hopefulness."



REV. DR. JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

force in life, Christianity has broadened and sweetened its work, brotherhood is becoming a fact instead of a theory. Some of the great wars of the century, like the Civil War in America and the Spanish-American struggle, have widened the bounds of freedom. The inventions which have distinguished the last hundred years are a prophecy of still greater achievements in the mechanic arts during the century to come. The world has been unified to a marvelous degree. This work the twentieth century must continue until men shall brothers be the world over. The youth are to be congratulated who enter upon their life-work at the dawn of the new era. They may well hope for great things and undertake great things for God and humanity. The mighty evolution which has been going on for the last ten decades will not halt when the new century opens, but will continue and widen. Life will be more complicated, but better worth living. The twentieth century will bring the world very close to the time when nations shall be evangelized, when education shall be universal, when co-operation shall take the place of heartless competition, and when all men shall see that the law of life is the law of love.

John Henry Barrows

President Oberlin College.

The Horse, a Profitable Attraction.

IN spite of the alleged decline of the horse as a useful if not an absolutely indispensable servant of man, the value of this noble animal as a drawing-card for fashionable shows seems to be on the increase. The recent horse show in New York is said to have netted the handsome sum of \$100,000, the largest in the history of these exhibitions. Perhaps this is another illustration of a "blessing" which grows brighter as it takes its flight.

Grand Central's Just It.

ANYTHING MORE CENTRAL OR FINER THAN THE NEW STATION!—RIGHT AT THE PULSING HEART OF THE UNITED STATES—"WELL," SAYS THE BOSTON MAN, "IT BEATS OURS, BUT WE'VE GOT THE PUBLIC LIBRARY"—JUST WAIT AND SEE A LIBRARY IN FORTY-SECOND STREET.

A BOSTON man who saw the New York Central's Grand Central Station in New York the other day for the first time since it had been renovated, improved, and rearranged, looked about the new marble waiting-room and sighed.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the New-Yorker who had met him at the train.

"There's nothing the matter with it. That's the trouble," said the Bostonian. "It beats ours, with these magnificent marble walls, that ceiling—the elegant simplicity of it all. But it is hard on us Boston folks who have been able to take you New-Yorkers sight-seeing to our new terminal and know that in one thing you would have to admit that we were just a little ahead of you."

"But that's all over now," added the Boston man, as he continued to walk about the waiting-room, admiring it and commenting on it with the real Bostonian's knowledge of what is the right thing in architecture. Then he read the names of the great cities engraved in the walls and remarked that every one of them had been honored by the New York Central's having their name so placed. The thought just then of the Boston Public Library seemed to cheer him up a bit, and he couldn't deny himself the satisfaction of referring to it to offset the New-Yorker's pride in his railroad-station.

"Yes, you've undoubtedly got a great library," said the New York man, and then he led his friend from the station along Forty-second Street to Fifth Avenue, and, pointing to the southwest corner, said: "Just watch that spot for the next four or five years and then you'll probably see a public library worthy of being within two blocks of the Grand Central Station. In the meantime just enjoy the library in your own town as much as you can. It's great and a credit to Boston. But you see right here in this neighborhood you are in what is to be before long the most important section of the greatest city in the country."

"Why, do you know that that Grand Central Station is within from half a minute to fifteen minutes' walk of seventy-seven hotels, many of which are nothing less than palaces, eighty-five clubs that include in their membership all the men in this country who have accomplished anything, who constitute what somebody has called America's aristocracy of achievement. And also within that same area there are thirty-one theatres. There you have your New York, the famous New York that every American must come to at least for a little while or he won't die happy."

"Every business day of the year there are over 300 passenger trains arriving at and departing from this Grand Central Station, loaded with these pilgrims from all parts of the country to their greatest city, to say nothing of the hundreds of thousands of business men and women whose homes are in the suburbs and whose work is in the city. They have found the solution of the rapid-transit problem in their commutation tickets. And from under the cover of the Grand Central Station the commuter or the pilgrim from across the country can take the trains of the Third Avenue Elevated Railway to all parts of the East Side, from the post-office, City Hall, Brooklyn Bridge, and the Battery, to the Harlem River and the annexed district in the Borough of the Bronx. Immediately in front of this station he can take either of eight different street-car lines and reach practically any part of Manhattan Island for five cents."

"The statistics on this point of train service are interesting and significant," said the New-Yorker, handing his friend one of the New York Central's "four-track" brochures, which show that from the Grand Central Station at Forty-second Street there are twelve trains per day to Buffalo, nine to Niagara Falls, ten to Chicago, seven to Cleveland, six to Detroit, three to Indianapolis, three to St. Louis, three to Cincinnati, two to Toronto, four to Montreal, three to the Thousand Islands, four to the Adirondack Mountains, four to the Berkshire Hills, two to the Litchfield Hills, three to the Catskill Mountains, eight to Saratoga, and in addition numerous express trains to local points on the line.

"Just think what that first statement means—a dozen trains a day to Buffalo. Why, all New-Yorkers will be able to enjoy that Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo next year as easily as if it was to be in Central Park. The New York Central will take him there in nine hours. When the time comes the railroad company will arrange special service, and there is already a new night train, in both directions, between this city and Buffalo and Niagara Falls, called the 'Pan-American Express.'"

"That runs over the line of the Empire State Express, the most wonderful train that runs on rails—the train that went 436½ miles in 425 minutes and 45 seconds. That record was made, you'll remember, in an experimental run to East Buffalo on September 14th, 1891, and it marked an epoch in railroading. The result was cabled to every railroad centre in the world, and the newspapers made a nine-day wonder of it. The New York Central did better than that, and made that extraordinary service a permanent feature by the establishment of the Empire State Express, one of the fastest regular trains in the world."

And then the New-Yorker took the Bostonian to his club for dinner.—From the New York Sun.



OUT WITH THE OLD LIGHT, ON WITH THE NEW.
Robert E. Lee, New York.



FORT MEADE, SOUTH DAKOTA—PHOTOGRAPHED AT MIDNIGHT ON NEW
YEAR'S, 1892 (THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES' EXPOSURE).
Captain C. F. Kieffer, Fort Thomas, Ky.



A NEW YEAR'S SCENE AT PASADENA, CAL.—WASHING AND PACKING ORANGES
FOR MARKET.—Grace C. Wilson, Detroit.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER.) THE NEW CENTURY'S FIRST CALENDAR.
L. E. Offutt, Memphis, Tenn.



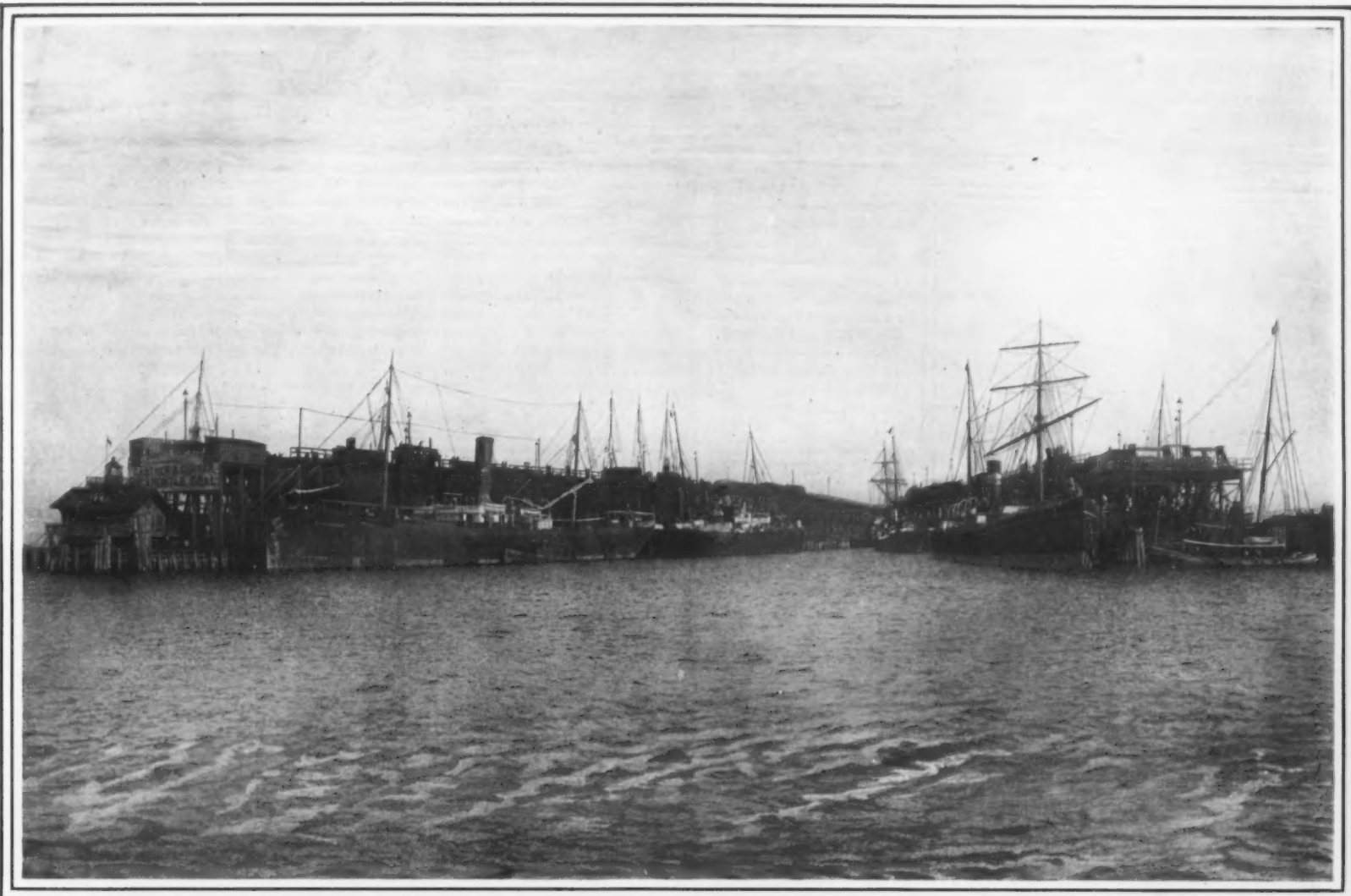
THE POPULAR NEW YEAR'S SPORT.
Sara W. Holm, Sedalia, Mo.



THE NEW BABE GREET'S THE NEW CENTURY.
William O'Shea, New York.

OUR AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—TENNESSEE WINS.

[SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.]



NORFOLK AND WESTERN RAILWAY PIERS FOR SHIPMENT OF POCAHONTAS COAL, LAMBERT'S POINT, NORFOLK, VA.

The New South—"Pocahontas."

THE New York Tribune is right in stating that the Old World in the next decade will be even more dependent upon the New than it is now, in regard to the use of American coal. We are fast making inroads upon the foreign markets with the famous Pocahontas smokeless, semi-bituminous coal, the best American steam coal, which is said to be fully equal if not superior to the best steam coal of Great Britain, the grade known as the "Cardiff," from the Welsh mines.

The product of the Pocahontas flat-top coal-mines of Virginia, about 300 square miles in extent, in 1899 amounted to about 5,400,000 gross tons of coal, 1,650,000 tons of which were converted into coke. This enormous output is handled by the Norfolk and Western Railroad Company, and by them landed at Lambert's pier, Norfolk, Va., U. S. A., located in Hampton Roads. There the coal is loaded upon the ocean steamers for shipment to foreign ports from the railroad piers. (See illustration above.)

The Norfolk and Western Railway Company for several years past have had at Lambert's Point, Norfolk, Va., two of the largest coal-piers on the Atlantic coast, but the great demand for Pocahontas coal has necessitated their building a third pier, which is now under construction, and is expected to be completed April 1st, 1901. This new pier will be the largest and best-equipped coal-pier in this country. It is to be built of steel, will be 866 feet in length, and be located just south of the present piers. It will have an average height of seventy feet above high water, and be provided with fifty-four chutes arranged to load coal and coke quickly in the hatches or the bunkers of the largest merchant steamers. The pier will rest on steel and concrete foundations—slips on both sides of the

pier—and an entrance-way will be dredged to a depth of thirty feet at low water. The large one-hundred-thousand-pound cars used by the railway company to deliver coal to this pier will be hauled from the foot of the same to the top by means of stationary engines and cables. Cars will be handled on the top and returned to Lambert's Point yard by gravity.

The New York Herald states in a recent issue that the Navy Department has found it cheaper to ship coal to our foreign stations than to buy it abroad. The French government are making trial trips of cruisers belonging to Admiral Richard's squadron, laden with Pocahontas coal, while this coal has twice been the subject of interesting correspondence in England, the first time being between the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, the Earl of Rosebery, and the British ambassador at Washington, Sir Julian Pauncefote, in which "Pocahontas" was commended as being undoubtedly one of the best coals mined in America for the generation of steam. The next occasion was between the Marquis of Salisbury, K. G., etc., prime minister of Great Britain, and the British consul-general at Rio de Janeiro. The latter calls the attention of Lord Salisbury to the opportunities open to the Pocahontas mines of America, and expresses a fear (well founded, in view of the heavy shipments of coal to South American ports from Virginia) of losing even a part of the annual average import of coal at Rio, in extent 500,000 tons, ninety-five per cent. of which has formerly been supplied from English mines. The Cardiff chamber of commerce, having received a copy of the dispatch from the British foreign office, held a meeting to ascertain what could be done to prevent the American brand from displacing their home product. How well they succeeded I do not know. It is becoming generally known, however, that not only are the South American ports open to us, but the mar-

kets of Italy, southern France, and the Mediterranean ports generally, consumers of 9,000,000 tons of bituminous coal annually, are ours to enter and conquer.

The governments of the United States and Great Britain have officially indorsed Pocahontas coal, the Cramp Ship-building Company use it on all government ships built by them, Secretary of the Navy Long issued an order to the commanders of American navy yards to use only this coal on all trial trips of government cruisers, and the White Star, the Cunard, and other foreign passenger and traffic lines have used it for years on their east-bound trips.

The United States Navy Department sent letters to the commanders-in-chief of the various squadrons of the Atlantic coast asking for the name of the best American coal for use on their respective ships, the reasons for the same being given when possible. Pocahontas coal was given the preference in 117 out of 123 answers received, and it will doubtless be interesting to our readers to state that the reasons, briefly summed up, as follows, explain the established and increasing popularity and remarkable steaming properties of the natural product of the Old Dominion State, which is smokeless and contains more heat units to the pound of coal, and will evaporate more water, hold the fire longer, and keep up steam better than any other coal. In addition, it makes few clinkers and burns to a fine light ash.

So it would seem that the mineral products of mother earth, particularly those of the States comprising the territory known as the New South, are keeping pace with the commercial and industrial enterprises of America, in point of growth and development, in the home market, with a magnificent prospect of excelling, in years to come, in the chief foreign markets of the world.

CHARLES ELLEY HALL,
General Staff Correspondent.



1. George Backus as "Lientenant Mobray." 2. Burr McIntosh as "Philemon Hennion." 3. Robert Drouet as "Colonel Brereton." 4. A. S. Lipman as "Lord Clowes." 5. Carl Ahrendt as "Colonel Rahl." 6. Mary Mannering as "Janice Meredith."

MARY MANNERING IN "JANICE MEREDITH," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.—ACT III. THE DRINKER HOME, HEADQUARTERS OF COLONEL RAHL, THE HESSIAN COMMANDER AT TRENTON—ARREST OF COLONEL JOHN BRERETON, OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S STAFF, AS A SPY.

An Atrocious Act of Vandalism.

WHEN, in the first week of December, 1900, a vandal disfigured the canopy that covers Plymouth Rock, so that it will need to be rebuilt, in whole or in part, he was directing the

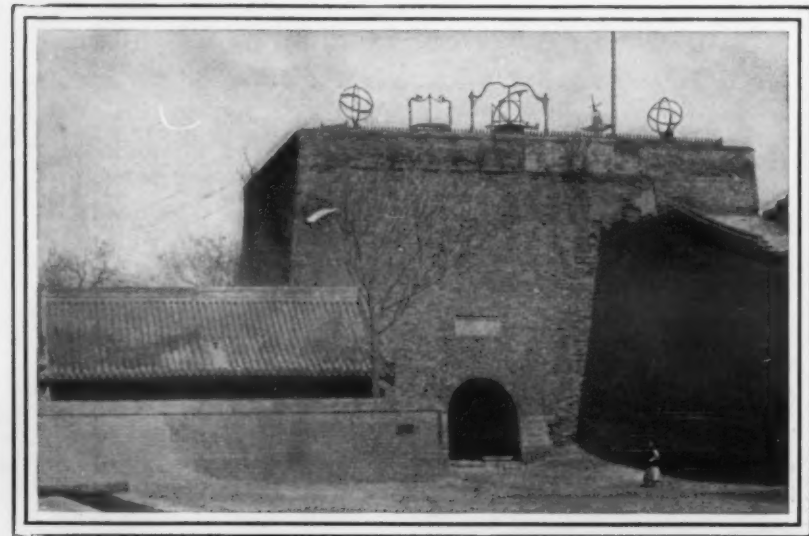


THE CANOPY OVER PLYMOUTH ROCK RECENTLY DAMAGED BY VANDALS.

blows of his hammer or stone against the most noted boulder in Christendom, "the stepping-stone of New England and of American civilization." If it had been the tearing down of the American flag, invoking the shooting on the spot of the vandal, it could not have been a more wanton outrage against a symbol that all true Americans hold dear. Fortunately, the identity of the Rock has been established beyond all doubt. Thousands of visitors every year make it a shrine. Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant knelt upon the rock and kissed it. The canopy over it was a beautiful specimen of granite work, fifteen feet square on the ground, thirty feet high, and cost about \$35,000. In the upper part is a vault, containing the fragments of bones which were thrown up from pilgrim graves in 1855, while laying the public conduit on Cole's Hill. It is an act of madness and grossest criminality to outrage the feelings of the American people by desecrating and injuring such a spot and such a stone.

The Outrageous Looting of Peking's Famous Ancient Observatory.

CABLE advices report that China has been robbed of her magnificent old art treasures by French and German vandals. The famous old instruments which for centuries have stood on the old observatory tower at Peking have been removed and boxed up by the orders of the French and German commanders, and billed for Berlin and Paris. It is the perpetration of such inexcusable and indefensible outrages that gives the Chinaman cause to plume himself and to claim that his civilization at least has taught him to respect and preserve the ancient land-marks; they give him cause to claim that the so-called civilization of the West has little in it which he can adopt to his benefit.



THE FAMOUS OBSERVATORY AT PEKING, LOOTED BY THE ALLIES.

The ancient observatory which has just been looted was one of the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most interesting, sights in the Chinese capital. It dates back to the building of the modern city by Kublai Khan in A. D. 1280, and was built for the accommodation of the Persian and Arabian astronomers and astrologers that the great Mongol conqueror brought back with him after his invasion of the West. At the time it was

built the observatory tower marked the southeast corner of the city wall, and so it stood until the time of the Emperor Yung-Lo, the great Emperor of the Ming dynasty, who rebuilt the city walls, extending the eastern wall about 500 yards farther south, so that the old observatory tower now stands abutting the inner face of the wall that distance north of the present corner.

The instruments which stood on the top of the tower were cast after models prepared by the Jesuits Ricci and Verbiest, as the result of a dispute which arose in A. D. 1669, over the correctness of the calendar that had been issued by the Chinese astronomical board. They were ordered by the Emperor Kang-Hi, the greatest Emperor of the present Manchu dynasty, who ruled from 1662 to 1723. Kang-Hi, after a careful investigation of the reports on the calendar made by his Chinese board and the Jesuit priests, found the latter so far ahead in knowledge that he made one of them president of the board and dismissed all the Chinese members in disgrace. Following the elevation of Verbiest to the head of the astronomical board, a number of other Jesuit astronomers came out from France, bringing with

Indian givers, and that they had come to secure the return of his old present.

GUY MORRISON WALKER.

Feeding the Pythons.

A SNAKE DINNER AT THE BRONX PARK ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.

AMONG the many rare and interesting exhibits in the new and extensive zoological garden at Bronx Park, New York, there is none which has such a fascination for the average visitor, and attracts so many sight-seers the year around, as the collection of reptiles in the snake-house. One reason for this is that this building contains the largest and most valuable gathering of the serpent family to be seen anywhere in the world. No menagerie and no zoological garden anywhere approaches this in the number and variety of its captive snakes and other reptiles. Here may be found representative snakes from almost every land under the sun, varying in size from the tiny grass-snake of our northern meadows to the monster pythons from tropic jungles, and in venomous qualities from the comparatively harmless



FORCIBLY FEEDING A PYTHON WITH RABBITS, TO KEEP IT FROM STARVING.

them two of the instruments that have just been removed, a celestial globe, and a large bronze azimuth, as presents from Louis XIV. to the Chinese Emperor.

In addition to these instruments there were a number of quadrants and other instruments for determining latitudes, and a species of transit instrument, these latter being entirely of Chinese invention and manufacture. There were also some beautiful bronze settings and mountings for telescopes, but the telescopes themselves have long since disappeared. There was a magnificent sun-dial, which like all the other instruments was mounted on and supported by immense bronze dragons of exquisite workmanship, all arranged in curious writhing postures, and with rampant crests.

In the court-yard, at the foot of the old observatory tower, stood two splendid planispheres mounted on chained dragons of most curious design and workmanship. These were the rarest treasures of all, for they date back to the thirteenth century, and were made by the order of the Mongol conqueror himself. They showed that even at that early day the Chinese possessed a perfect knowledge of casting in bronze, for these instruments are of the finest workmanship and equal to anything producible in the world to-day. The bronze circles on these planispheres show the Chinese method of dividing the year, and prove an advanced knowledge of astronomy by the Chinese at that time. Many of these famous instruments, while old and worn, were still being used. In the tower itself was a water-clock or clepsydra, with a set of copper tanks cast and held in the most beautiful of dragon-wreathed bases.

The removal of these superb astronomical instruments, none of which are less than 200 years old, is excused on the part of these modern vandals by saying that as the court was not likely to return to Peking, such beautiful instruments should not be exposed to the possibilities of injury which might occur when that city was no longer the capital, but it seems rather, as one high Chinese official has said, that these Powers seem determined to make the re-occupation of Peking as the capital impossible. The French, indeed, might find a better excuse by claiming that King Louis XIV. was an

water-snake to the dreaded cobra of India, whose bite, as a rule, means certain and instant death. These and hundreds of other creatures of all degrees of hideousness, reptilian cunning, and ferocity, are to be seen here in all their native vigor and activity, though safely restrained from each other and from the world outside in cages or dens heavily barred and faced with thick glass. Among the specially interesting specimens are several Gila monsters from New Mexico, a number of large alligators, a cage full of monster rattlesnakes, several boa-constrictors, some immense lizards, specimens of the terrible *fer de lance* from the West Indies, copperheads, adders, moccasin snakes, and a number of beautifully striped and colored serpents from the tropics.

Our illustration shows what is, no doubt, the most interesting and exciting event to be witnessed in the snake-house—the feeding of the pythons. Three of these huge fellows are in one den, the largest of the three being twenty-seven feet six inches long, and the shortest twenty-three feet six inches. Any one of these has power enough in his tremendous coils to crush an ox. The particular scene represented in our illustration is somewhat out of the ordinary. Ten men are here engaged in forcing a dinner of rabbits down the unwilling throat of the largest python. The creature, a female, has refused to eat and might finally die of starvation unless compelled to swallow food. Her royal highness has therefore been overpowered and dragged out of her den into the corridor, where it takes the united strength of ten men to hold her while a keeper armed with a stick pushes four freshly killed rabbits down her throat. This dangerous and exciting operation had to be repeated twice before the python would retain the food. The process, of course, made the monster furious, and after her return to the den it was deemed necessary, as a measure of precaution, to keep visitors away from that part of the building for the remainder of the day. It is hoped that it will not be necessary to feed the python in this manner more than two or three times more before it will take its meals in orthodox fashion. All three of the pythons have had this lesson to learn.

After a Day's Hard Work

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

It is a grateful tonic, relieving fatigue and depression so common in midsummer.

An Excursion

into the country, out camping, fishing, or just a picnic, will be incomplete in outfit unless supplied with Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. In tea, coffee, and many summer beverages it is delicious. Don't buy unknown brands.

HOPES are never realized where ambition is greater than strength. Fortify your system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'.

Cheap Power for Manufacturing Industries.

NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE OHIO RIVER VALLEY OF WEST VIRGINIA.

CHEAP fuel means cheap power, and cheap power is the chief factor of economical production and consequently of successful industry. The manufacturer who has command of inexpensive power need not worry about low prices and close competition, since the only other vitally important item of the cost of production, labor, skilled or unskilled, always seeks the place where it is in demand.

The western water-shed of West Virginia along the Ohio River and the line of the Ohio River Railroad offers the cheapest power known in the shape of natural gas and coal. Indeed, the low price at which this element of the industrial problem is obtainable is surprising to any one not familiar with what is to-day being accomplished at Wheeling, New Martinsville, Parkersburg, Huntington, and other manufacturing communities along the Ohio River Railroad.

Natural gas is supplied to manufacturers in this section at prices varying from eight to twenty cents per thousand cubic feet. Where the manufacturer puts in a pipe line of his own, the cost will in no instance exceed eight cents per thousand feet, and will average about four cents.

Used in a gas engine, ten to twelve cubic feet of natural gas will produce one horse-power for one hour. Thus one thousand horse-power for ten hours a day for a year of 300 days will cost the user who has his own pipe line from \$1,500 to \$1,800 per year, or \$1.50 to \$1.80 per horse-power per year. If he buys gas of the local company, the cost will average fifteen cents per thousand, and will be from \$4.50 to \$5.40 per horse-power per year.

Used under the best tubular boilers, with the best condensing engines, seventeen to eighteen cubic feet of natural gas will produce one horse-power for one hour. That is, under the same conditions one thousand horse-power for ten hours a day for a year will cost \$2,550 to \$2,700, or \$2.55 to \$2.70 per horse-power per year. If the gas is obtained from the local company at fifteen cents per thousand, the cost will be \$7.65 to \$8.10 per horse-power per year.

The calorific equivalent of natural gas is an important consideration, inasmuch as its freedom from impurities and ease of handling render it especially valuable in glass and steel manufacturing. Long and accurate tests have proved that 16,000 cubic feet of gas under combustion produce the same continuous maximum of heat as one ton of coal. The cost of gas to the manufacturer in these lines does not anywhere in this section exceed eight cents per thousand feet, and the cost of coal in bulk to manufacturers does not exceed \$1.50 per ton. The initial expense is therefore nearly the same for either fuel, but as natural gas involves no cost of handling, and does not clog up furnaces like coal, the economy of its use, estimated at from twenty-five to forty per cent., is manifest.

Water power is much more expensive than power from natural gas. The interest on the initial cost of a well-constructed dam and the repairs exceed the total annual cost of a gas-engine or steam-engine power-plant in this section.

Cheaply as power from natural gas is now obtained, it will eventually be had in a more economical way. The gas lands of Western Virginia are from five to fifty miles away from the manufacturing communities in which the gas is utilized. It is now brought down in pipes and distributed to consumers from central plants. This is wasteful, inasmuch as a pipe line once laid is spoiled by rust in course of time and cannot be taken up and used again in other localities. Gas will always be piped to steel, glass, and other kinds of plants, but eventually that portion of it now used for light and power will be consumed in the production of electricity at or near the gas wells, and the power so obtained will be transmitted by wire to the points where it is to be utilized.

That the supply of natural gas in West Virginia will sooner or later be exhausted must be admitted. At present, however, it is estimated that there is in this section a supply for more than fifty years ahead, with twenty times greater consumption than now. As the life of a factory or plant is rarely more than twenty years, those manufacturers who use it for fuel are not alarmed. When it is exhausted, however, there is an enormous supply of coal in this district, now obtainable at less than \$1.50 per ton, and likely to fall in price, from which a perfect substitute for natural gas can be manufactured at a cost of less than ten cents per thousand cubic feet. This will assure people who come to the Ohio River valley of West Virginia that their grandsons will not suffer pecuniary loss through the exhaustion of the supply of natural gas.

For heating, lighting, and cooking, natural gas has enormous advantages. Light a gas jet and your furnace and cook-stove are stoked. A match sets your grate to burning. Used under a mantle it gives a clear white light, the next best thing to daylight, and the cost is trifling. To heat, light, and do the cooking for a large house costs an average of about \$4 a month for the year.

COAL.

There are about 16,000 square miles of coal development in West Virginia. This is what is known as the "Pittsburg Seam," or Western Pennsylvania coal, being identical with and a part of the great vein which produces the Connellsville coal. This immense coal area is naturally tributary to the Ohio River Railroad, for the other railroads which penetrate the region are obliged to encounter heavy adverse grades, which render it impossible for them to pull long trainloads.

The coal lands afford many opportunities for money-

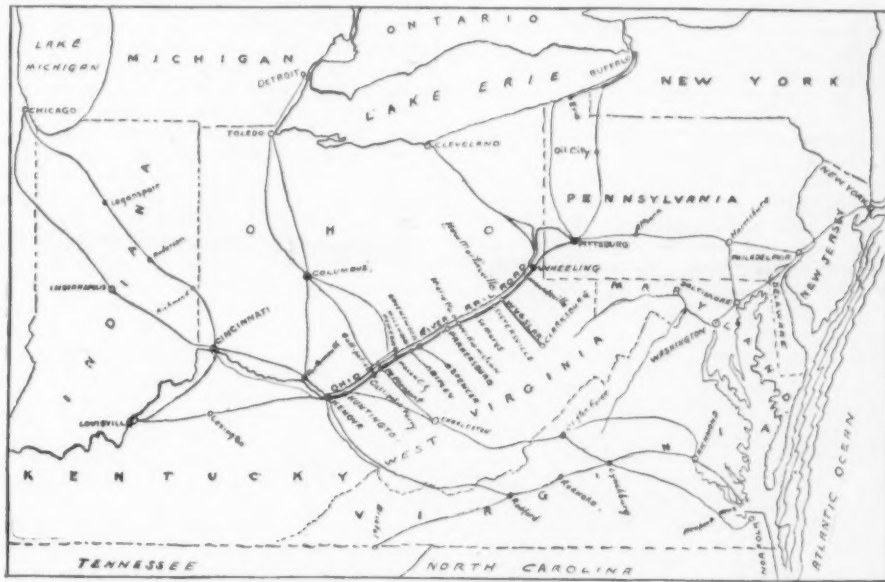
making. A wealthy operator, for instance, will buy at \$100 per acre 10,000 acres of coal lands averaging 16,000 tons to the acre, of which 12,000 tons per acre can be taken out and sold. The cost to him is thus \$1,000,000 for 120,000,000 tons of coal. He then leases the land in fifty and hundred-acre holdings for small operators, who mine the coal and pay him a royalty of six cents per ton. The large operator thus realizes \$7,200,000 on an investment of \$1,000,000, all other items of expense of handling being very small. The smaller operators in turn make a profit of about ten cents per ton on hundred-acre leaseholds containing 1,200,000 tons of merchantable coal, and realize \$120,000 by the operation.

A small operator must have capital enough to house, feed, and pay his miners. This is often supplied by coal-land owners to experienced men of good character and ability. As a matter of fact there are many men in every part of this section who came here without means and now have independent fortunes realized in this way. The opportunity is still open, for the undeveloped coal area still amounts to over 10,000 square miles.

PETROLEUM.

West Virginia is to-day the leading petroleum-producing State in the world. One sees oil-well derricks everywhere. The newspapers are filled with accounts of "gushers," new producing districts, and oil quotations. Oil-well speculation is a most attractive and, on the average, most profitable enterprise for men of moderate means.

The ordinary mode of operating is as follows: Ten or a dozen men join in a little company, each contributing about \$500 to a capital stock of \$5,000 to \$6,000. The company then takes a lease of land supposed to be oil land, agreeing to pay the owner one-eighth of all oil produced in place of a fixed rent. The drilling of the well is done by contract with professional drillers at a cost



MAP OF THE OHIO RIVER RAILROAD, ITS BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS.

of from eighty cents to one dollar per foot. As oil here is struck at from 1,000 to 2,000 feet depth, the cost of this item can be easily estimated. The well is then piped by the company, and production begins. As some "gushers" have been known to start off at 10,000 barrels a day and keep it up for a number of days, one can see the chances of making money with the oil of this section ruling at \$1.05 per barrel.

TIMBER.

West Virginia is to-day the only State which has an abundant supply of spruce timber. In other States the supply has been exhausted by the makers of wood pulp for newspaper paper. In the manufacture of hard-wood lumber, West Virginia is the leading State in the Union.

Men sometimes become rich against their own will in this country. Some years ago a Michigan firm bought up a large tract of timber land in this section and soon after grew sick of their bargain, there being then no railroad facilities and no demand for the timber for wood pulp. They tried to sell the land at any price, but were prevented from carrying out negotiations to that end by a lawsuit and an attachment of the land. The suit lasted seven years, in the course of which the land gained over \$1,000,000 in value, and was thus sold at that profit.

Immense acreages of timber lands are in the hands of individual owners, who desire nothing so much as the establishment of small and large saw-mills and wood-working plants. When the right man presents himself with a definite plan of operation, it is to their interest to give him every opportunity to turn the vast forests of spruce and hard woods they own into mercantile products. A really capable man need not have much money of his own in order to become an independent manufacturer on these lines.

WHY WEST VIRGINIA IS UNDEVELOPED.

West Virginia is the only State in the Union with great undeveloped natural resources of coal, timber, oil, and natural gas. This is partly because it was originally

the policy of the great trunk lines which cross it to cultivate through traffic with the grain-producing States of the middle West and neglect the up-building of local industries. Indeed, for many years men would not go into manufactures here because they could not be assured of cheap and regular transportation for their products. Another cause was the fact that West Virginia's natural wealth is like that of Pennsylvania, and for many years that State was able to supply all the coal and oil needed for domestic use and export. Now that Pennsylvania is no longer able to supply the demands of the world in those lines, West Virginia has taken up the task, and that so vigorously that this State is now the first State in the production of oil and natural gas, first in the production of hard-wood lumber, second in the production of coke, and nearly second in coal.

A POOR MAN'S COUNTRY.

There is no place in the world where a man of brains, energy, ability, experience, good character, and persistence has so good a chance to become prosperous as in the Ohio River valley of West Virginia. It is a lucky thing for the present generation that their fathers and grandfathers jumped over this section of the country in their eagerness to grasp and utilize the farming lands of the middle West. The man who is now manufacturing in some Eastern centre, where coal—and consequently power—is a crushing item of expense; he who is working for another on a good salary or high wages, and can only save for the rainy day by grinding economies; these men, especially if they have a little money, can find plenty of openings for enterprise, and can gratify a natural ambition for prosperity and independence by taking advantage of the opportunities which are so plentiful here.

For people who have small fortunes, which, with the present prices of investment securities, bring in insufficient interest returns, there is an abundant opportunity to invest in substantial manufacturing and industrial investments, which, with equally good security, return three and four times more profit than in the developed sections of the nation.

There is no need of calling the attention of the very rich to the advantages of West Virginia; they know all

about it. During many years they have been building railroads, drilling oil and gas wells, operating coal mines and utilizing the raw-timber lands of the State. They have profited on a large scale; but they have not touched, and will not go into, the smaller but equally profitable lines of industrial enterprise which are now open to men of smaller means.

IMPORTANT CITIES AND TOWNS.

There are a number of prosperous cities and towns on the Ohio River Railroad in which manufactures can be profitably located. All of these are remarkable for the number and quality of the private houses and for the large proportionate wealth of individual citizens, accumulated by taking advantage of the industrial opportunities offered by this section of West Virginia. Among these are New Martinsville, Parkersburg, Huntington, and Clarksburg.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

West Virginia is no place for a lazy man or a fool. A man must have good character, experience, ability, and energy. If he has a little money, all the better. If he has much money and is ambitious, he can accomplish great things. The openings comprise almost every line of human endeavor, but of course the best chances are in the line of industrial enterprise.

Steel furnaces can be operated profitably in any town on the Ohio River Railroad, natural gas being the best and cheapest fuel for steel-making.

Glass manufacturers can find good openings in any town or city along the line. There are practically inexhaustible deposits of glass sand in the Big Sandy River, near Huntington. This, with the use of natural gas, gives the glass industry an immense advantage.

A gas-engine plant would be successful on a large or small scale.

A manufactory of electric lamps and electric specialties can be established and carried on to great advantage in this section.

Lamp-black can be made more cheaply than in most places.

Ornamental iron works, brass works of every kind, machinery works, and all lines of metal industry can be cheaply established and profitably carried on.

Wood-working establishments, wood-pulp works, paper manufacture, and all lines of industry in which cheap timber is an important factor, ought to be established here.

Automobiles, carriages, and bicycles can be turned out very economically and at a great profit.

There is an opening for any one who understands the manufacture of machine oils and special petroleum products.

Woolen, cotton, and rubber goods can be made profitably.

Specialty manufacturers can turn out their products to the greatest possible advantage.

A factory to turn out builders' materials could be operated profitably.

THE OHIO RIVER RAILROAD.

Among the transportation facilities of the Ohio River valley of West Virginia, the most important is the Ohio River Railroad, which runs from Wheeling to Huntington and Kenova, with through connections to the East and North by way of Pittsburgh, and to the South and West from the junctions at Huntington and Kenova. The passenger service, including branches, has thirty-eight daily trains. From a distributing standpoint its location is exceptionally favorable, inasmuch as the Ohio River Railroad is the western boundary of the Trunk Line Association and the eastern boundary of the Central Freight Association. Having, therefore, access to the territory of each association and affiliations with both, the company is able to guarantee to shippers a favorable adjustment of freight rates in all directions.

The company was chartered, in 1881, as the Wheeling, Parkersburg and Charleston Railroad, a title which was changed to the present name a year later. In 1886, it was completed and in operation as far as Point Pleasant, and in 1888 the entire line as far as Huntington was finished.

The first ten years of its history (1884 to 1894) showed a constant growth in gross earnings, but were not of any great advantage to the stockholders, as there was a large bonded debt the interest of which had to be paid, and there were large maturing car-trust obligations which had to be met. During three of those years the net income did not come up to the expenditures. The other years showed relatively small profits, which were very properly invested in improvements.

In 1894, when the present management took charge of the road, there were gross earnings of \$712,430.92, but that sum failed to meet the expenditures of the year. The road-bed and equipments were at that time in rather bad condition, the earnings of previous years having been insufficient to properly maintain its way and rolling stock. During the next five years large gains were made, the gross earnings in 1899 amounting to \$1,192,596.61, and the net profit to \$138,713.18.

The annual report up to June 30th, 1900, made to the Interstate Commerce Commission, shows that the gross earnings were \$1,341,364.26, an increase of \$325,181.67. The net earnings were \$496,200.08, an increase of \$103,602.19. The year's business closed with a surplus of \$166,665.36, an increase of \$100,039.83, and it may be added to this that \$106,525.26 was expended for betterments and improvements, and charged to operating expenses during the year. The gross earnings per mile of road were \$5,999.48. The number of passengers carried, earning revenue, was 755,096. The average passenger earnings per train-mile were 91.456 cents. The number of tons of freight carried, earning revenue, was 886,606. The average freight earnings per train-mile were 236.279 cents. The average number of tons of freight in each train was 334.29 tons, and the average tons in each loaded car was 16.58. Four new locomotives and two new parlor-cars were purchased at a cost of \$46,000.59. 59,726 new ties were laid, 1,734 tons of 70-pound and 854 tons of 75-pound new rails were laid during the year. The funded debt of the company was reduced by the payment of equipment obligations amounting to \$36,313.80. The renewal of ties, laying of new rails, construction of new culverts, filling in of trestles and renewal of bridges have put the railroad into first-class condition physically. But for these large payments for improvements, dividends would have been paid this year on its capital stock. Thus in a little over five years the Ohio River Railroad has risen from a condition bordering upon bankruptcy to the position of a first-class railroad, thoroughly equipped according to the best standards, and able to pay its stockholders a good income on their investment.

THE WEST VIRGINIA SHORT LINE.

The Ohio River Railroad has now nearly completed a new branch line from New Martinsville to Clarksburg, known as the West Virginia Short Line, which holds a strategic point in the railroad system of West Virginia. From Clarksburg the Short Line runs westward on a grade of fifteen feet to the mile, through thirty-three miles of coal lands where the seams range from nine to twelve feet in thickness and average 12,000 tons of merchantable coal to the acre, this coal being the Pittsburg seam or Western Pennsylvania coal. From Clarksburg twenty-five miles westward the new line runs through a continuous coal area, all of it being above the railroad, thus being the more easily mined and loaded on cars. Along this twenty-five-mile section there are 30,000 acres of coal, containing 360,000,000 tons of merchantable coal. For a distance of eight miles further westward, there is a continuous area of coal which lies below the level of the railroad, but can easily be reached by shafts. This area is reckoned to contain fully 10,000 accessible acres, in which there is 120,000,000 tons of merchantable coal.

There are numerous valleys running down to this road on each side of the line. In the course of a few years branches will be built up these ravines, and a further coal area will be opened. It is estimated that fully 400,000,000 tons of coal will thus be added to the supply to be marketed by this new line.

It should be noted here that the coal mines of this district can be operated at one-half the expense involved in mining coal in Pennsylvania, owing to the fact that the coal is on the surface, and the width of the seams is such that the miner can take down all the coal in the seam while working from the bottom.

Freighting coal from the Clarksburg district to Wheeling has hitherto been difficult, the grades on the

lines hitherto operated being so great that only twenty cars could be pulled by one locomotive. By this new line the distance is shortened, and the adverse grade being but fifteen feet to the mile, one engine can pull sixty cars, each loaded with fifty tons of coal.

From a point fifteen miles west of Clarksburg the Short Line runs through about forty-five miles of oil and gas fields, which have been tested and proved.

About 200,000 acres of virgin timber land in Harrison and Wetzel counties will be opened to commercial use by the Short Line. This land is now held at from \$5 to \$10 an acre, and affords an excellent chance for lumbermen, who may purchase 100 to 500 acre tracts, put up saw-mills, and manufacture the timber into lumber for the market.

A number of villages of from 200 to 1,000 inhabitants are scattered along the line. These are at present distributing points for coal, gas, and oil fields. The line will eventually be one long "Stringtown" village from end to end as it runs through a narrow valley, and the people who operate or labor in the coal, oil, and timber tracts will be compelled to spread their homes on either side of the railroad.

As the town of New Martinsville, where the Short Line joins the Ohio River Railroad, is on the Ohio River, it is probable that a considerable volume of the products of the section thus opened will be marketed by water carriage from the junction.

AID GIVEN TO MANUFACTURERS.

Material assistance is given to manufacturers who locate in the cities and towns along the line of the Ohio River Railroad. The Industrial Department of the company will cooperate in a practical manner with business men who seek a field for their capital, experience, and ability.

The Presidential Morgue.

THE second defeat of William J. Bryan for the Presidency of the United States serves to recall the fact that few candidates of a party once defeated are ever nominated for the same office a second time. Grover Cleveland, defeated for a second term, it is true, was renominated, but he had once been President, and his success had emboldened his supporters to believe that he could again succeed. With Mr. Bryan, Henry Clay stands as the only Presidential candidate, not having once held the office, who has ever been renominated, and curiously enough he also stood among the very few men who, after their defeat for the Presidency, still remained in political life.

By far the large majority of defeated candidates for the office of President have sunk into political oblivion, and it would appear that this oblivion was in the majority of cases courted rather than avoided. Mr. Bryan, therefore, stands alone, save for the company of Henry Clay and Grover Cleveland, in his desire to remain a leader in the political arena. Samuel J. Tilden, who came nearer to the Presidency without reaching it than any other man, retired at once after defeat to private life, and a few months after the seating of Hayes Mr. Tilden carried through an important business enterprise that netted him millions. He spent his last years in serenity among his books, declining even to take part in political discussions.

Going back to 1800, one finds Aaron Burr, who was defeated by a hair's breadth for the Presidency, turning an Ishmaelite, with his hand against all mankind. He never re-entered politics, but after plotting unsuccessfully to establish an empire in the Southwest, and killing Hamilton, he practiced law in New York City, and died at an extreme old age. George Clinton defeated for the Presidency, afterward became Vice-President, and still later Governor of New York, while De Witt Clinton, who was defeated by Madison, also became Governor of New York. Rufus King and W. H. Crawford both went into voluntary political oblivion following defeat, and William H. Wirt, a brilliant lawyer and orator, defeated by Jackson in 1832, died within a year.

General Cass, a fine old Democrat, defeated by Taylor in 1848, served in Buchanan's Cabinet, but never sought a renomination, and when General Scott was defeated by Pierce in 1852 Scott went back to his work, merely saying, "Frank Pierce was a good soldier with me in Mexico, and he ought to make a good President." From all of these John C. Fremont differed, for his was indeed a checkered career. Defeated by Buchanan, his military career proving a failure, through pure ill-will toward Lincoln he accepted a nomination by an independent party, but his own good sense demonstrating to him that his candidacy meant the defeat of the Union cause, he withdrew and was never heard of again in politics.

Breckinridge and Douglas were two wrecks left on the Presidential shores in secession times. The former never appeared in the arena of public life again, and Douglas, after undergoing a tremendous strain in the canvass of 1860, died and was generally mourned. General McClellan emerged but once from his political retirement after the defeat of 1864, and then to be a candidate for Governor in New Jersey. He was elected, and after serving his term retired to private life. Horatio Seymour took little part in politics after the crushing defeat administered by Grant in 1868, and Horace Greeley died a month after his defeat in 1872.

General Hancock was never heard of in a political convention after the election of 1880, and even Mr. Blaine went back to his literary work without further political aspirations after the defeat of 1884. Mr. Cleveland was looked upon as a Moses by his party and was resurrected in 1893, while General Harrison, when defeated, retired quietly to resume his practice of the law. The career of Henry Clay, who, with Mr. Bryan, stands as the one Presidential candidate defeated and renominated, is still well remembered. After defeat in 1824 he was in the Cabinet and the Senate. Defeated by Jackson in 1828, he was cheated out of the Whig nomination in 1840, and it was his own fault that he met defeat in 1844. Still, during all his career of unsuccessful seeking he remained the idol of his party until the time of his death.

Is Mr. Bryan to follow Clay's unsuccessful strivings and his successful attainments? GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

The Perilous Situation in China.

ALL China is in a ferment. The delay of the peace negotiations and the demands made upon the Empress as conditions precedent to peace are so impossible that the Chinese people

have become convinced that they are made for the sole purpose of prolonging the trouble. It should be remembered that the uprising has been confined to parts of three provinces around the Chinese capital. The great bulk of Chinese people have not been in sympathy with the Boxer movement, but have regarded it as one of those local disturbances so common in China. For this reason the great mass of the Chinese population looked with sympathy, or at least indifference, upon the expedition of the allies against Peking, for they felt that the Powers were entirely justified in making such a movement.

But beyond that, they have felt that the Powers should not go. The imprisoned legationiers being relieved, the Chinese people of the southern and western provinces felt that the foreign troops ought to have been withdrawn, but the bloody and harsh punitive expeditions that have been ravaging the country since the relief of Peking have satisfied the Chinese that the whole movement has for its final purpose the subjection of the people and the partition of the empire, and the people all over the country are clamoring for war against the whole civilized world, as the desperate but sole means left to them of preserving their country and their institutions.

As the relief of Peking taxed the resources of the Powers they may well fear the result of such an uprising as threatens, if the Chinese people are forced to resort to such a measure. The demand for the execution of General Tung Fu Hsiang, Governor Yu Hsien, and Prince Tuan at the present time is simply a gigantic piece of folly. It is vain for the Powers to insist that they have agreed upon it, and therefore that China must comply. Under existing conditions the Emperor and Empress are powerless to comply with these demands, and the Powers themselves are unable to enforce them.

When the members of the court fled from Peking they were accompanied by General Tung and his Mohammedan army, under circumstances which practically made the court the prisoners of the general. Their first resting-place was at Tai Yuan Fu, the capital of the province of Shansi, and the Governor of this province was the notorious Yu Hsien, who was the prime mover and chief conspirator in the whole uprising. Both General Tung and Yu Hsien were largely under the influence of Prince Tuan. While the court remained in Shansi, they were largely in the power of Governor Yu, and it should be noted that the edicts removing him from office and degrading him were not issued until the court had moved on into Shensi, the next province to the west.

The province of Shensi is noted for its large Mohammedan population, and it is the home of General Tung and his army, which is largely composed of Mohammedans. General Tung has himself been a successful rebel in the past. It was he who organized the great Mohammedan rebellion in the province of Kan Su, at the time of the Japanese war, and the rebellion was not put down until the Empress bribed General Tung to abandon the rebels and accept a commission in the imperial army. At the head of the imperial forces, he then proceeded to put down the rebellion by a campaign of extermination. After the rebels were completely wiped out he marched his victorious army down to Peking, was received with every mark of favor by the Empress, and his army, which is one of the worst aggregations of thieves and cut-throats that has ever been gathered together, has been camped just outside of the capital ever since, preying off of the surrounding villages.

He is now in his home province, the scene of his former triumphs; the prestige of his name is great, and he is surrounded by the great clans of his faith. The court at Sian Fu is absolutely in his power. It is only by means of General Tung and his army that the Empress is able to command any respect from the people, or to enforce any edict. With all the demands that have been made on her for General Tung's execution, she has not yet indicated by one word that she has ever received any message concerning him. In all her replies she has not even mentioned his name; indeed, she dares not, and any attempt to punish him would simply drive him to desperation and cause him to break even the slack allegiance that he now acknowledges to the dynasty. After such an attempt there can be no doubt but that he would again raise the standard of rebellion, assassinate both the Emperor and Empress, and declare himself the founder of a new dynasty. He would then gather around him all the reactionary and anti-foreign elements and begin a war of extermination against all foreigners.

In the present state of mind of the Chinese people there can be no doubt but that he would secure such a following all over the empire that the Powers would be hopelessly overwhelmed. The only way to save China, yes, the only way to save ourselves, is to abandon our impossible and stupid demands. There is no question but that the arch-conspirators have merited the punishment demanded, but the only way in which this punishment can be secured is to first deliver the Emperor and Empress out of their hands. The punitive expeditions should be stopped at once, and whatever agreement or concessions are necessary to secure the return of the court to Peking should be made. The rulers of China have never been lenient to those advisers who have led them into trouble, and the Emperor and Empress can safely be left to deal with those whose bad advice has made necessary their flight from their capital, and caused them to "lose face" before their people.

It is possible that General Tung would attempt to secure pledges for his personal safety before he would allow the Emperor or Empress to escape out of his control, but the Powers need fear no necessity for breaking their pledges, for it is unreasonable to those who know the Chinese to think that either the Emperor or the Empress would respect promises wrung from them under duress, and it is a safe venture that within one year from the time the court is safe again in the capital there will not be one of those conspirators for whose heads the ministers are now clamoring, who will not have received his just deserts. The populace of China are thoroughly aroused, and the power and influence of those pro-foreign viceroys who have succeeded in preserving quiet in their districts are about exhausted. Their own future is too uncertain for them much longer to stand out against the rising tide of public opinion.

The Powers must make peace at once or all China will rise in one of those outbursts of rage and desperation, the last resort of a people fighting for national existence.

GUY MORRISON WALKER.

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

NEW YORK, December 19th.—The public is in the market, that is certain. Men are buying stocks who never bought them before. The phenomenal rise in Standard Oil, from about \$150 a share in 1892 to over \$800 a share now; the more recent jump in the stock of the Pennsylvania Coal Company, which rose in two weeks from \$400 to \$625; the increase in a single week of \$100 a share in the stock of the City Bank of New York; all have exercised a wonderful stimulus in promoting speculative feeling. Combined with this is the masterful arrangement, to which I called attention long ago, by which J. Pierpont Morgan, James J. Hill, the Vanderbilt interests, and a few other leaders in Wall Street have reached all-embracing agreements to prevent rate-cutting by competing transcontinental and Western lines, the competing trunk lines in the East, and, finally, the competing coal and railway lines in the anthracite and bituminous regions. It only remains for these great operators to succeed in an effort now being made to bring conflicting steel and iron interests into harmony, and thus to complete the greatest capitalistic combination this country has ever seen.

It is evident that the leaders have not relieved themselves of all their accumulation of securities, and especially those they bought when they were exploiting and sustaining the industrial combinations two years ago. No great bull movement has ever yet culminated without taking in all the odds and ends known as "the cats and dogs" of the Street. The phenomenal rise in Wabash common, in Erie common, and in other of the cheap and almost valueless stocks which have lain dormant during the excitement of the past few years, indicates that the bull fever is reaching its climax. If the common prediction of a further advance after New Year's, in view of the enormous disbursements of money in dividend and interest payments at that time, is fulfilled, as many expect it will be, while many others believe that it will afford a cover for the bears to sell, it is difficult to understand how it can be greatly prolonged. If it should continue during several months there will be but one end, and that will be disaster of the same kind as that which has always followed unprecedented and unjustifiable expansion.

No prophet is infallible. Those who predicted a great rise in stocks after election were right in that prediction. They are now predicting a great rise in January. History repeats itself sometimes, but another rise in the market, already so high, will carry with it signals of danger, which I advise my readers to watch with the utmost care. If it enables them to dispose of stocks which they have been carrying at a loss, it will be their opportunity to save themselves. Let their margins be generous and let them watch the outlook daily, for the next wave of speculation will be the highest and probably the last for some time to come.

How absolutely unexpected and unaccountable the recent rapid rise in stocks has been was singularly illustrated by a conversation I had with the president of one of the largest banks in the United States. Early last week he said that the situation of the money market was so critical that prominent bankers were anxious about it, and he declared that the approaching bank statement might be bad enough to wipe out the reserve; and yet, at the close of the week, when the bank statement appeared, it was distinctly favorable, and stocks went kiting again. When our oldest and most expert bankers, men whose judgment in the Street has been regarded as almost infallible, utterly fail to comprehend the situation, is it a wonder that the shrewdest investors and the oldest veterans in speculation are inclined to give up the puzzle?

"T." Chicago: Not for investment.

"W. H. S." Atchison, Kan.: No quotation.

"C. B." Alton, Ill.: None is published to my knowledge.

"W. P. S." Burlington, Ia.: Not very highly at present.

"J." Grand Island, Neb.: I would have nothing to do with the party.

"Subscriber." Terre Haute, Ind.: I think unfavorably of both propositions.

"F." Minneapolis, Minn.: Fair. (2) Yes. Prefer Missouri, Kansas and Texas firsts.

"J. B. E." Sing Sing, N. Y.: No quotation, and, as far as I can ascertain, no real value.

"G. B. F." Kittanning, Penn.: The parties you name have no rating with the commercial agencies here.

"Druggist." Chicago, Ill.: The Liquid Air Company stock is not an investment and will prove to be a very poor speculation.

"M. C. R." Toledo, O.: It is a dangerous market to venture in at present. I think Baltimore and Ohio has excellent prospects.

"Yzetan." San José, Cal.: Not first-class. (2) Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway. (3) The mercantile agencies will only give information to their subscribers.

"H." Milwaukee, Wis.: I would have absolutely nothing to do with the Alaska mining proposition. It is one of many similar schemes, none of which has been successful.

"P." Sioux City, Ia.: I hesitate to advise the short sales of any of the strong investment securities. So many of them have been taken out of the Street that the market is quite bare.

"G. J." Amityville, L. I.: Yes. Missouri, Kansas and Texas preferred, Southern Pacific, St. Louis and San Francisco common. (2) Good only in an active market.

(3) No; not if the market maintains its strength.

"A Cleveland Reader": The three stocks you mention, purchased on declines, ought to be excellent investments.

(2) Yes. (3) I regard the Chicago and Alton 3½s as a purchase for permanent investment. (4) Yes.

"W." Haverhill, Mass.: I can find no trace of it in the stock market. (2) I regard American Smelting preferred with favor as an industrial investment, though I think its price has been advanced to some extent by manipulation.

"D." Oshkosh, Wis.: "Buyer three" and "seller three"; in other words, a three-days' option. (2) Rumors of its consolidation with strong interests advanced the copper stock and also reports of its greatly improved prospects.

"T. A. T." Chicago: I think very little of it. No transactions are reported. (2) Any broker will buy unlisted stocks for you. (3) Your letter was erroneously addressed to "Hermit." It should have been addressed to "Jasper."

"D." Florence, Mass.: I would have nothing to do with the mining proposition or any other that is put upon the market at the ridiculous price of twelve cents a share. The chances in all such cases are a thousand to one against you.

"D." Hackensack, N. J.: No. (2) Its future is jeopardized by the large number of outside establishments engaged in the manufacture of rubber goods. (3) I think favorably of Southern Pacific for a long pull, if bought on declines.

"L. R. H." Willimantic, Conn.: I regard the Wheeling and Lake Erie bonds favorably. (2) Wheeling and Lake Erie first preferred sold last year as high as 64 and as low as 45. There has been much manipulation of the stock, but it has merit if bought on reaction.

"McK." Albany, N. Y.: I would not advise dealing with the concern. You can get your own report from a mercantile agency. (2) LESLIE'S WEEKLY for six months is \$2. On the news-stands the price is ten cents. By subscribing you get it regularly and for a little less.

"D." Wheeling, W. Va.: Not at present. (2) Republic Iron and Steel has no bonded indebtedness, but it has \$27,000,000 common and \$20,000,000 preferred stock. The dividends on the preferred are no doubt being earned, but the concern is largely over-capitalized.

"E. H." Ithaca, N. Y.: Yes; for speculation. No one can tell what will be done by the directors on the dividend question. (2) Only for speculation in an active bull market. A dividend on the first preferred is said to have been earned, but the statement of the figures has not yet been made.

"G." Chicago, Ill.: I do not regard United States Rubber Company preferred favorably as a permanent investment, though those who control it insist that it is cheap at prevailing prices. Would not advise your selling at a loss, but would take a profit at the first good opportunity.

"L." Depere, Wis.: The market is in such a condition that I do not wish to advise either the purchase or sale of the stocks you mention. If the wild temper of speculation continues both will advance, though there is little doubt that insiders in American Sugar would prefer a decline rather than an advance in that stock.

"T." Boston: I have referred your complaint to the publisher. (2) Your judgment is that of many prominent men on the Street. (3) Keene's operations are very carefully concealed, but in the temper of the market he can put up Rubber or any other industrial if he takes it in hand with the concurrence of other manipulators.

"R." Chicago, Ill.: You can protect yourself only by dealing with reputable brokers. (2) Your question has been answered several times in this column. You will find it answered in the last issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. (3) All reputable brokers deal in all of the leading stocks and bonds. (4) The regular commission is one-eighth of one per cent.

"D." Cincinnati, O.: Ultimately, I think, Northern Pacific common will show the greatest decline of the three stocks you mention. The enormous capitalization of Continental Tobacco makes the common stock vulnerable on the short side. Its earnings are said to be large. (2) I would have a larger margin and operate with fewer shares.

"R." Vacaville, Cal.: I have endeavored to make inquiries concerning the company, but no knowledge of it can be had on the Street. It is a close private corporation. As a stockholder you have a right to know something regarding its conduct and condition. A commercial agency will no doubt make a report for you. Perhaps you can obtain it through your bank.

"M. C. O." New York: The issue of the new stock will of course naturally make the additional stock sell at lower prices. (2) It is impossible to get at the inside business of either Colorado Fuel or Tennessee Coal and Iron. Their reports are neither complete nor satisfactory. (3) Answered elsewhere in this column. (4) Yes; if the buoyancy of the market continues.

"J. S. C." Cincinnati, O.: I advise you either to operate through some broker in Cincinnati, whom you know to be trustworthy and in good standing, or else to operate on your own judgment. I certainly would not trade with any of the men you mention, who are flooding the country with circulars seeking accounts with which to speculate on the basis of sharing in the profits but not the losses.

"A." Racine, Wis.: You must make a cash deposit with your broker and he will operate immediately on receipt of your orders. Of course you can deal as readily on a cash basis as on margins. The commission is one-eighth of one per cent. (2) Answered elsewhere in this column. (3) That is a matter of special observation. Follow news reports of railroad earnings, combinations, industrial conditions, and so forth.

"R." Washington: Not rated by the mercantile agencies. (2) A correspondent of a good house is all right. (3) A cheaper and better book for your purpose is the "Manual of Statistics," published by Charles H. Nicoll, which costs \$5. Poor's Manual is far more expensive and no better. (4) There are no sure things in Wall Street on either side. Watch the suggestions of this department regularly and proceed carefully.

"H." New Haven, Conn.: Amalgamated Copper has paid two per cent. quarterly. The Tamarack last year paid ten dollars a share. Boston and Martane paid \$36 a share. On the dividend-paying basis, Amalgamated has the preference. Many believe that the Standard Oil interests, which control it, intend to put it much higher, but their purposes of course can only be made public by themselves and are subject to change at their volition.

"W." Patchogue, N. Y.: I regard both bonds as fair investments with prospects of an advance. Would not sell unless you have a better opportunity for investment. They are not first-class, but they are good. (2) Excellent cheap bonds that ought to sell higher on their merits are the St. Louis and San Francisco 4s, Missouri, Kansas and Texas second 4s, Reading general 4s, St. Louis and Southwestern second 4s, and Wabash Deb. bonds.

"D." Wheeling, W. Va.: I am told that the earnings of American Tin would justify the payment of dividends on the common, but at this writing no authoritative statement regarding the dividend can be obtained. Many believe that the industrials will all be advanced before the market gets its final break. If so, it will be a good time to get rid of all your common stock. I should much

rather have the preferred. (2) I regard Baltimore and Ohio favorably.

"Raven." Green Rapids, Mich.: You may have to wait some time, but eventually you will cover without a loss. Meanwhile, if the bull temper continues, get into the market a little on that side in emergent opportunities. Missouri Pacific on declines ought to give you an excellent chance. (2) Yes, I believe in C. and O. for a long pull, unless the entire market breaks. (3) Yes; if it reaches me. I am sometimes called out of town for a day or two. Always glad to favor my readers.

"G." Chicago, Ill.: On a decided decline, take in the strong investment securities which have been paying regular dividends, such as Union Pacific preferred, St. Louis and San Francisco first preferred, Atchison preferred, and any bonds now selling between 70 and 90 of the standard class. The next upward movement is likely to advance most of the cheap speculative stocks that have been inactive so long. I believe in Missouri Pacific and Manhattan, even at present prices, for a long pull.

"S." Owensboro, Ky.: Several books are published that give full reports of earnings, stock, and bonded obligations of railroads and other corporations, but these would not be of especial value to any one except a student of finance or one who has an intelligent comprehension of the workings of Wall Street. No book published will make a successful speculator of any man. Success in that field of work, as in all others, comes from experience, and, as a rule, a man must pay for what he gets in that line.

"Inquirer." Washington, D. C.: Answered in previous article. (2) Impossible to predict to a day, but ought to occur soon. If not, the advance may be renewed for a few months. (3) Everything depends upon market conditions. Obviously no one can tell when the lowest or highest prices are reached. (4) No two sections are alike in their earning capacity. (5) "The Manual of Statistics, Stock Exchange Hand Book," published by Charles H. Nicoll, 220 Broadway, will serve your purpose, I think. (6) No; not as a rule.

"Bicycle." Grand Rapids, Mich.: You are in a better situation to judge of the prospects of the new company than I can be, because of your intimate knowledge of its affairs. If they are managing it on economical and conservative lines, as you believe, and if the managers are themselves heavily interested, and if there is not too much water in the stock, it should have a future value. It is not well considered on the Street. (2) The capitalization of Republic Iron and Steel is very large and if I had a good profit on my preferred I would take it, especially because of the uncertainties of the iron trade.

"W." San José, Cal.: We cannot always have prosperous times. A day of reckoning is inevitable. Its date is only a matter of uncertainty. (2) Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway; Redmond, Kerr & Co., 41 Wall Street; and Spencer Trask & Co., 27 Pine Street. (3) Twenty per cent. is the customary margin. I would be careful about Southern Pacific. The other two stocks you mention have gone too high in the judgment of many experienced observers, but the temper to trade is carrying people off their feet and puzzling even the most experienced financiers. (4) Be patient and bide your time.

"S." Cincinnati, O.: You can ascertain the active low-priced stocks by looking over the quotations given in *extenso* every morning in all the leading New York papers. The prices and the transactions are all given. (2) Few stocks fluctuate five points in either direction within a month with any regularity. (3) It is easier to trade in 100-share lots than in broken lots, because stocks are usually sold in 100-shares and prices are better for the buyer when he buys and for the seller when he sells, if he has a round lot to offer. (4) Your plan of selling on an advance and buying on reactions is a good one. The difficulty would be to tell when the market has had its fullest advance or decline. Only experience and observation can teach that. If you trade in eight or ten stocks you will be kept busy in the market.

"M." Sioux City, Ia.: Financiers are puzzled at the strength of the Street. Prices have been carried completely beyond their expectation. Some of the leading holders of Northern Pacific and Atchison sold out much below present prices. Most of them believe that both stocks are too high and must ultimately sell lower. When that time will come is as puzzling to them as it is to me. It is known that both are reporting operating-expenses at an abnormally low percentage of cost. This would look as if the net earnings were somewhat fictitious. This has been the suspicious feature regarding these two stocks. It would have been well when the market got away from you on the short side if you had operated a little on the long side. If the strength of the market continues you can operate probably with success in Missouri Pacific and possible balance your account.

"Gopher." Minneapolis, Minn.: I regard American Ice preferred as one of the best of the investment industrials. On its earnings it ought to sell higher. If I had bought at the highest figure, I should even up by buying additional shares now. The suit against it has not injured it intrinsically but only speculatively. Its recent absorption of the Boston Ice Company adds much to its business. (2) I think well of the income bonds you mention, and they may sell higher as bonds are in demand. (3) Many thanks for your complimentary words. It is a pleasure to know that my readers believe in my purpose to be fair, conservative, and strictly honest. (4) The obligations of my contract forbid. (5) I think well of Diamond Match as long as it is handled as conservatively as it has been. (6) San Antonio and Aransas Pass bonds are not a first-class security, but with the improvement of business in the South all Southern bonds are showing a tendency to advance. I would not be in a hurry to sell.

"C. W." Kansas City, Mo.: The shadow over the market is tight money at home and abroad. (2) Sugar and Tennessee Coal and Iron are two of the most treacherous stocks in which to deal that I know of. Information received one day regarding them is contradicted the next, and I therefore only advise regarding them when I am absolutely positive of my position—that is, as positive as one can be. I think Sugar preferred is a good investment on reactions. The bearish talk by some of the insiders on Sugar indicates that they may be short of the stock and want to depress it. (3) It does not look reasonable that Northern Pacific common should sell at around 80, while an acknowledged and pretty well established dividend-payer like Union Pacific preferred should only sell about the same price. Both are four per cent. stocks. Either Northern Pacific common is too high or Union Pacific preferred too low. (4) The fact that the tip is common everywhere in favor of a bull movement after the holidays makes some suspect that the bears are waiting for their innings about that time, but many conservative operators honestly believe that if money is easy we shall have a sharp upward spurt in January and February.

JASPER.

THE WORLD OF AMUSEMENT.

THE Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard has accustomed all true lovers of French literature to expect every year the sensational event of a French play put on the stage by the students of Harvard University and members of the Harvard Cercle Français. Last year it was a comedy by the author of "Cyrano"; this year, a comedy by Hauteroche, a contemporary of Molière, "Crispin Médecin," and a small play by Eugène Labiche, the modern author, "Un jeune homme pressé," were selected, with the following cast:

"Crispin Médecin," comedy in one act by Hauteroche, arranged by Truffier, of the Comédie Française. *Mirobolan*, A. Champollion, '02; *Géralde*, L. Wilmerding, '01; *Crispin*, P. D. Haviland, '01; *Lisidor*, H. Schenk, '04; *Un chirurgien*, L. de Koven, '04; *Simon*, De Koven, '04; *Féliante*, R. B. Bowler, '02; *Alcine*, F. Watson, '02; *Dorine*, F. B. Thompson, '04; *Lise*, R. K. Thorndike, '02. "Un Jeune Homme Pressé," comedy by E. Labiche. *Dardard*, W. D. Haviland, '03; *Ponbrichet*, P. D. Haviland, '01; *Colardeau*, A. S. Dixey, '02.

The ballets, which in former years were the feature of the Harvard Cercle Français plays, were omitted this year, as the two plays were too long. "Crispin Médecin," by the way, belongs to the répertoire of the Comédie Française. The performances took place at Brattle Hall, Cambridge, December 17th, and at Union Hall, Boston, December 20th and 21st. The patronesses of these French plays of the Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard are:

In Cambridge: Madame Agassiz, Mrs. William Bancroft, Mrs. T. W. Higginson, Mrs. Edward Pickering, Mrs. Richard H. Dana, Mrs. William Lawrence, Mrs. G. P. Baker, Mrs. R. D. Ward, Mrs. Sumichrast, Mrs. Bocher, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Brun, Mrs. Carr, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Gilman, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. B. F. Goodrich, Mrs. Peabody, Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Ropes, Mrs. Toy, Miss Longfellow, Miss Grace and Miss Sarah Norton, and Miss Irwin.

In Boston: Mrs. Gordon Abbott, Mrs. Bryce Allan, Mrs. F. L. Ames, Mrs. Oliver Ames, Mrs. Francis Amory, Mrs. William Amory, Mrs. F. H. Appleton, Mrs. W. Appleton, Jr., Mrs. Apthorp, Mrs. G. H. Ball, Mrs. J. C. Bancroft, Mrs. W. C. Baylies, Mrs. Boylston Beal, Mrs. Joseph S. Bigelow, Mrs. A. Bowditch, Mrs. C. Boyden, Mrs. E. B. Bryant, Mrs. William S. Bullard, Mrs. J. A. Burnham, Mrs. W. Burnham, Mrs. A. T. Cabot, Mrs. R. Cary, Mrs. A. Cochrane, Mrs. A. Coolidge, Mrs. J. R. Coolidge, Mrs. James Crafts, Mrs. S. V. R. Crosby, Mrs. Allen Curtis, Mrs. C. P. Curtis, Mrs. de Forest Danielson, Mrs. T. L. Davis, Mrs. L. Devens, Mrs. R. C. Dixey, Mrs. E. W. Donald, Mrs. E. S. Draper, Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. R. W. Emmons, second, Mrs. W. Endicott, Jr., Mrs. J. C. Fairchild, Mrs. D. Fay, Mrs. J. B. Fenno, Mrs. J. T. Fields, Mrs. A. Flagg, Mrs. E. Frothingham, Mrs. F. Forbes, Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Mrs. E. S. Grew, Mrs. C. Guild, Jr., Mrs. G. G. Hammond, Jr., Mrs. F. L. Higginson, Mrs. H. L. Higginson, Mrs. H. S. Hunnewell, Mrs. O. Iasigi, Mrs. S. Orne Jewett, Mrs. C. H. Joy, Mrs. H. P. King, Mrs. Hartman Kuhn, Mrs. Horace Lamb, Mrs. A. A. Lawrence, Mrs. Thatcher Loring, Mrs. T. K. Lothrop, Mrs. C. Lovering, Mrs. C. Lowell, Mrs. E. Lowell, Mrs. J. Lowell, Mrs. G. H. Lyman, Mrs. F. G. Macomber, Mrs. G. von Meyer, Mrs. G. Mifflin, Mrs.

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Miss May Irwin's new play at the Bijou, "Madge Smith, Attorney," is hardly an improvement on its predecessor. So popular and talented a woman deserves something better.

Rudolph Aronson has just closed with Jacob Litt for the production of the Waltz King, Johann Strauss's, posthumous and merry operetta, "Wiener Blut," at the Broadway Theatre, on January 21st next. Miss Amelia Stone, the prima-donna, has just arrived from Germany for rehearsals.

The novelty in the amusement line in New York this winter is the children's theatre at Carnegie Lyceum, where Christmas plays for children are presented. The leading characters are taken by professional actors, assisted by the graduating students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. The orchestra is composed of children, and Franklin H. Sargent, the lessee, may be trusted to see that the entertainments are refined and delightful.

The "Old Guard Ball" will take place Thursday evening, January 24th. For years this gathering has brought together the most distinguished men in political and military circles. Several governors from near-by States, as well as many prominent military organizations from Boston, Charleston, New Haven, and others from Maine to Texas, will be present. The grand march is a most beautiful sight, with the brilliant costumes of the soldiers mingled with the beautiful gowns of the women and the magnificent music furnished by the two famous Old Guard bands of two hundred pieces.

The success of Mary Mannering in her initial engagement as a star at Wallack's, in the rather weak play of "Janice Meredith," is a compliment to a deserving, painstaking, accomplished, but not great, young actress. The popularity of the romantic Revolutionary story which has been dramatized for Miss Mannering's benefit has also something to do with the success of her engagement. The setting of the stage is elaborate and beautiful, and the company supports Miss Mannering acceptably, although but little conspicuous work is done by any excepting the star. Burr MacIntosh, Carl Ahrendt, A. S. Lipman, and Amy Ricard, especially the first-named, render excellent support. Miss Mannering's numerous friends testified

by bountiful applause their appreciation of her as well as their enjoyment of her new play. I am glad to say one thing that cannot be said of some other performances at our New York theatres, viz., that Miss Mannering's play is clean and decent. Would that there were many more of which the same might be said.

I am glad to see that the New York Times takes up the suggestion I recently made in favor of a reduction in the prices of admission to our first-class theatres. It says truthfully, "The prices of tickets to see good plays well acted are now so high in this town that the poor man, if he goes to a first-class play-house at all, must sit in the top gallery and peep over the rail." The theatrical managers of New York, who have not had altogether a prosperous season thus far, should learn that there is more money in popular prices than in an exorbitant tariff. The American and the Murray Hill theatres, where first-class plays are presented to crowded audiences who pay only fifty cents for the best of seats, show what popular prices will do. Larger crowds and longer runs, at lower rates, would bring more money to the managers, and the inspiration of a large attendance would call out the best there is in the players. Of course there are great artists worth paying two dollars to enjoy from an orchestra chair, but the charge of two dollars to hear some of the vagrant stars now conspicuous in the theatrical firmament is absurdly preposterous.

The artistic integrity of Coquelin was best revealed by his wonderful performance of *Cyrano*, at the Garden Theatre. It is by all odds the best thing he has done thus far in his engagement. In *Cyrano*, the master-work of the master artist, Edmund Rostand, the self-sacrifice of love, the noblest of human passions, is disclosed with wonderful power. *Cyrano* is a lover. Nature has marked him with a nose which is a disfigurement. He loves *Roxane*, but he conceives that no man with such a face could be loved by a beautiful woman. Yet he hopes and waits with an agony of patience for a word of encouragement from *Roxane*. That her heart fails to reveal the truth until after *Cyrano* has made every sacrifice up to the point of life itself, is a striking revelation not of woman's indifference but of her ineptitude, superficiality, and lack of sympathy. It is the best of the emotional parts which Coquelin has undertaken. It is intensely trying, but he sustains it throughout with a vigor and a clearness of perception such as the stage seldom witnesses. The strength of the characterization lies to a great extent in its revelation of *Roxane's* weakness, her lack of woman's wit, her fatal self-consciousness, her selfish environment, which make her indifferent. She cannot or does not discern the splendid passion of the soul, the strangest and strongest of human experiences, which inspires every word and action of her devoted but unappreciated lover. While Coquelin was superb in "Cyrano," Bernhardt had little opportunity to display the quality of her talent. Nothing that will follow "Cyrano" can give Coquelin a higher place in his art than he holds in the minds of those who witnessed this performance.

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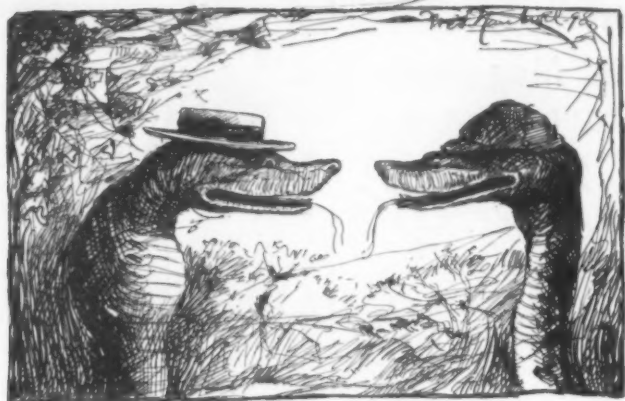
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LESLIE'S WEEKLY



Christmas 1900

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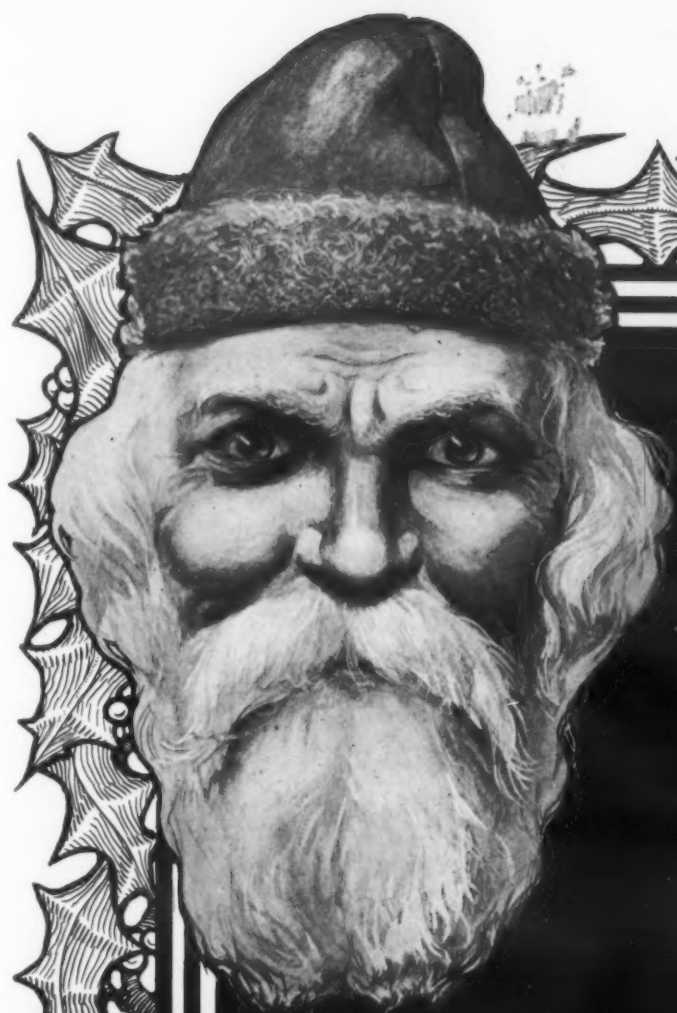
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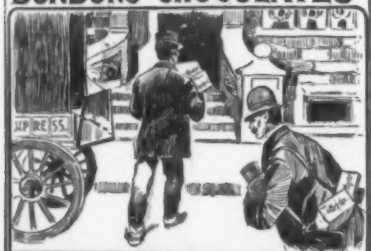
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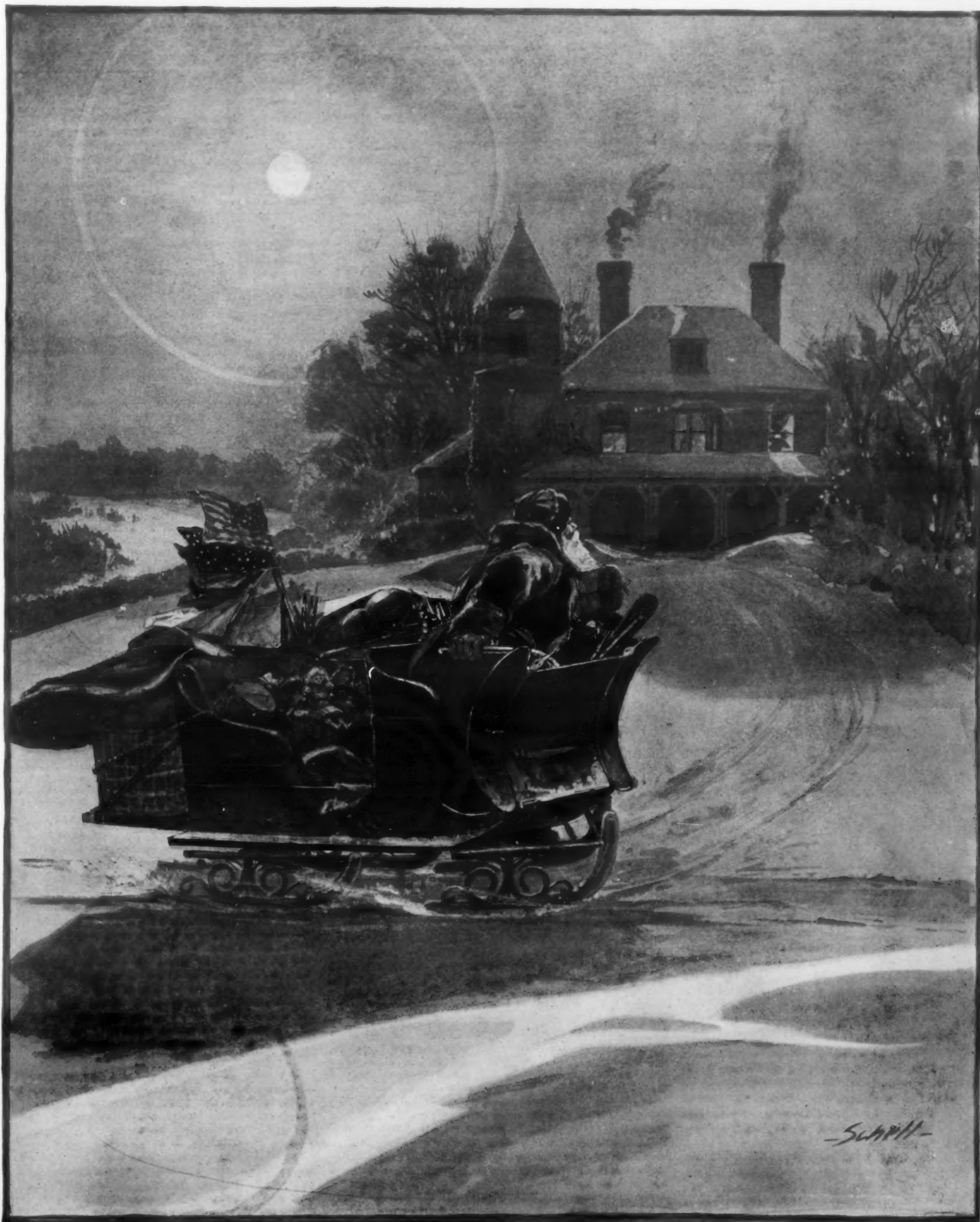
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LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Vol. XCI—No. 52.
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1900.

PRICE, 25 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
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Santa Claus Up to Date.

LAST night, when the Christmas came into the land
With the chime of a clock in the tower,
I peeped from my window and out on the lawn,
And watched through the magical hour ;
And what do you think that I spied in the night,
A spirit of frost in the air?
Kris Kringle : ah ! yes, but as silent as stone,
For the reindeer and bells weren't there.

But up on the seat of an automobile
With runners—a queer little sleigh—
Old Santa Claus gripped at a lever or two
And steered in mechanical way.
No dash-away deer and no prancing of hoofs,
No tossing of horns in the light,
No crack of the whip at the speed-along team,
No tinkle of bells on the night.

But swift as an arrow the queer little sleigh,
All laden with candy and toys,
On runners of rubber sped up to the house
With never a semblance of noise ;
And up on the roof, like the sticky-foot fly,
The Kringle rig driver was drawn,
Till Santa had filled all the stockings below,
Then glided back on to the lawn.

No word to the deer with the pit-a-pat feet,
No tossing of horns in the light,
No crack of the whip at the dash away team,
No tinkle of bells on the night :
But up on the seat of his automobile
With runners—a queer little sleigh—
Old Santa Claus gripped at a lever or two—
And, children, he's off—and away!

ALOYSIUS COLL.

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The Last Christmas of the Century.

(By President Charles F. Thwing, Western Reserve University, Cleveland.)



CHARLES F. THWING.

THE last Christmas of the century is a fitting opportunity for the reading of some of the more significant lessons of the hundred years.

The last Christmas of the century helps one to interpret the unity of life. If Newton's great discovery helped man to understand that every part of the material universe is bound to every other part

by the bonds of fixed law, the great discovery of Charles Darwin has caused man to believe that all living beings are joined together in origin, progress, and destiny. The law of evolution is a law of the oneness of life. Out of the lower have come the higher orders of being, and out of the higher are to come orders yet higher, in a succession the upper relations of which are now visible only to the eye of faith.

The suggestions of the progress of living beings contained in the first chapters of Genesis have become yet more impressive and significant when read in the light shed by the "Origin of Species." Life is one in origin, progress, and destiny. Though the scientist does not consider it a part of his duty to interpret the nature of this origin or of this destiny, yet he sees nothing to oppose, and much to commend, the assurance that the beginning and the ending of all life lies in Him whom man reverently calls God.

The lateral unity of life, as well as its perpendicular, is also impressed by the last Christmas of the century—the oneness of man with man, as well as his oneness with all orders of being. The world has become a very small world. Each part exists for and through every other part. The force of steam and of electricity unites the continents. The merchant and the missionary alike prove that India, Japan, and the islands of the South Sea have close relations with America, England, and Germany. India is ruled from London, and the Philippines from Washington. The federation of the whole world is no longer a dream. The advantages and disadvantages of this increasing intimacy the present is not the time to discuss; one contents one's self with the bare statement of the significant truth.

This unity of life takes on yet higher relations. If the first Christmas that ever was gave the Messiah to the world, the last Christmas of the nineteenth century is witnessing to the power of a belief in a God who is no longer apart from his world, as a clock-maker is apart from his clock, but of a belief in a God who is present in his whole world, as the spirit of a man is present in every part of his body. That God dwells in and fills his universe with Himself—the doctrine of the immanence of God—has become a common belief. A Christian pantheism has possessed the heart of many. This belief is a fitting application and enlargement of the truths which radiate forth on the first Christmas from Bethlehem.

But despite the sense of the increasing unity of all life, there is also a deepening realization of the slowness of the progress of life from its lower to its higher orders. The time required in the advance of a race from barbarism to civilization represents rather geological aeons than human periods. The time, too, required for the advance of civilization from its simple elements to its nobler and richer parts and relations is measured by the centuries and the tens of centuries, and not by single years. The last Christmas of the nineteenth century is giving us an assurance that time does not count for much in the development of the plans of the universe made for it by its Creator, Preserver, and Benefactor. A thousand years are to Him as a day, and a day as a thousand years. Man is settling down to the belief that the perfection of the race is not to be achieved in the twentieth or any other single century. Life is short, and the art is so long to learn, as Chaucer suggests; and man becomes content to make his little

contribution to human betterment. There will be enough left for the endless generations to do before the earth again becomes an Eden.

The slowness of progress in a world—which this, as every Christmas, proves its Creator still has an interest in—arises now, as ever, from the presence of evil. We have not done much toward expelling evil from the best possible universe, although we have done something. Selfishness is not so selfish as once it was. Sin is not so devilish as once it was, although it is sufficiently devilish. All men's good is more commonly each man's rule than it used to be. "Philanthropy," "humanity" are more inspiring and moving rallying-cries than in the former centuries. The world is lifting itself out of its bog of sensualism. But aside from these general conditions of progress, be they ever so slow, two special causes should be named as very serious obstacles to the advancement of the race. They are greed and militarism.

The love of money has for more than three thousand years been one of man's supreme passions. Whether struggled for as an end in itself or as a means to some other end, either good or bad, money has been one of the moving ideals of the race. But in this century it has apparently come to possess a fascination and to exercise a power greater than ever in all the centuries. The love of gold is a microcosm of the materialism of the race. But, when viewed in its higher relations, it is at once to be said that money is a microcosm of the spiritual power of man. For from it may be drawn the highest elements of a noble civilization. It may be transfused into the means and the method for the highest progress of humanity. Used as a means for securing a noble end, money takes on the nobility of the end.

But it is more difficult to discover the soul of goodness and a spirit of hopefulness in the current militarism of the nations. Europe is one great camp. The presence of one large army in one of the great Powers necessitates the keeping of an army a little larger in each of the other great Powers. The effect of the vast military systems of Germany, Russia, and France on the life of these people and on their civil and social institutions, such as the family, the school, literature, is evil, and only evil. It means the exhaustion of the higher forces of civilization. It means that forces which ought to make for human happiness and betterment are either not working to secure those mighty results or are directly and positively contributing to human misery and disintegration. If at the time of Christ's coming into the world the Roman empire was at peace, it is sad—doubly sad—that in the Christmas of the year of our Lord of 1900 the spirit of militarism is so rampant and riotous.

If from the vantage-ground of this Christmas one turns one's eyes to the next century, remembering the struggles, the triumphs, and the defeats of the former times, it becomes evident that the race is still to ascend. Onward and upward is its pathway, though slowly it may walk therein. But as one considers the slowness of this advancement, the question leaps to the pen whether some new force may not again enter into the life of the race, a force well-nigh as potent and transcendent as came into the race nineteen hundred years ago. Is it not possible that the God who dwells with and loves men may, in a form now unknown or undreamed of, come to help man to lift himself into the noblest and richest life?

Surely it is possible. Surely, too, it is more than possible that man himself will in some supreme moment secure for himself power and triumphs which, under common conditions, would demand centuries. In this, the last Christmas of the nineteenth century, every true man can look forward with exultation to the progress of the race, either by slow, steady gains, or by mightiest movements which are as swift as the goings forth of the sun and as gentle and beneficent.

Charles F. Thwing.

Peculiarities of Presidents' Messages.

WASHINGTON and Adams read their annual messages to Congress. Jefferson sent written messages to Congress, and established a custom which has been followed by every President since his day. The reason which the Federalists assigned for this innovation was Jefferson's lack of effectiveness as a reader or talker. Naturally the annual messages were much shorter in the early days of the government, when its interests were fewer, than they have been in recent years. Washington's first annual message comprised about 1,000 words. Mr. McKinley's recent message comprised 22,000 words. Mr. Monroe's annual message of December 23, 1823, which contained the hands-off-the-American-continent warning to the outside world (the Monroe doctrine), has been mentioned oftener, has figured in more connections, has been spoken about in more languages, and has had a greater influence on the politics of the world than any other expression ever emanating from an occupant of the White House.

Mr. Buchanan's annual communication to Congress in 1860, just after Lincoln's election and while secession and civil war were seen to be imminent, was awaited with greater interest at home and abroad than any other stated Presidential message before or since, for the warning to the Holy Alliance sounded by Monroe in 1823 came unheralded. Lincoln's annual messages summarizing the progress of the war, and outlining the government's hopes and fears, were widely read on both continents. Arthur, in his message of December, 1881, made a new departure by omitting all mention of the South as a section, which was one of the evidences that civil-war issues were vanishing from contemporary politics.

Mr. Cleveland's message of December, 1887, was the only stated communication from President to Congress in the whole history of the country which confined itself to one topic, the tariff. McKinley's recent message was the longest ever issued by any President, and it had fewer positive recommendations than were found in any annual message since Buchanan's in 1860.

The most important special messages were Madison's in 1812, in favor of war against England; Jackson's in 1833, warning South Carolina that nullification by armed force was treason, and would be dealt with as such; and Polk's of 1846, which brought on the war with Mexico. The most important Presi-

dential proclamations were Washington's in 1793, holding the country neutral in the war between England and France; Jackson's of 1833, against the South Carolina nullifiers; Lincoln's of 1862 and 1863, decreeing emancipation; and Cleveland's in 1894, which called out fierce protests from Governor Altgeld, but which suppressed the Debs insurrection in Chicago.

The Plain Truth.

No less than nine Jews obtained seats in the House of Commons as the result of the recent election in England. Considering the fact that the Jews form only an insignificant fraction of the total population of England, this number of the race elected to Parliament is nothing less than astonishing. No other portion of the community is so largely represented. The fact bears conclusive testimony to the splendid moral, civic, social, and political character of the modern Jewish race.

Sir William Hunter, of London, in his recently-published volumes on the "History of British India," says: "America starts on her career of Asiatic rule with an amplitude of resources, and with a sense of moral responsibility which no previous state of Christendom brought to the work. Each Western nation has stamped on its Eastern history the European ethics of the age when its supremacy was won. In the splendid and difficult task which lies before our American kinsmen, they will be hampered by no Portuguese Inquisition of the sixteenth century, nor by the slave colonization of Holland in the seventeenth, nor by the cynical rule for the gain of the rulers which for a time darkened the British acquisition of India in the eighteenth. The United States, in the government of their dependencies, will represent the political conscience of the nineteenth century. I hail their advent in the East as a new power for good, not alone for the island races who come under their care, but also in that great settlement of European spheres of influence in Asia which, if we could see aright, forms a world-problem of our day." Comment on this truthful and almost startling expression is obviously unnecessary.

While our American consular system has its weaknesses, arising, for the most part, from an application of the vicious "spoils" doctrine, it would be easy to single out many individual instances of recent date where our consular representatives at various points have acquitted themselves, under the most trying circumstances, in a manner reflecting the highest credit upon themselves and upon their country. A conspicuous instance of this kind was the conduct of the American consul at one of the Chinese ports in the early part of the present troubles in that quarter. No other means being within reach in the emergency this consul with true American generosity and resourcefulness, chartered several ships at his own risk and at an expense of \$6,000, advanced from his own purse, for the rescue of the imperiled missionaries and other foreigners. In addition to the Americans who were saved, there was a larger group of English missionaries, three Roman Catholic bishops, the French consul and wife, 224 persons in all, who owed their escape from a perilous situation to this consul, who, with noticeable modesty, has refused at all times to permit public mention of his splendid conduct. The fact is that our consuls abroad, as a whole, are better than the system under which they are appointed, and the case just mentioned is one of many which might be cited to prove it.

The Good Roads National Association is hopeful of obtaining an appropriation of at least \$150,000 from the national government this winter, to be expended under the direction of the Department of Agriculture in building sample roads in different parts of the country and stimulating public interest in the subject. The sum asked for ought to be promptly granted. In no other direction and for no object can a portion of the public revenues be expended which will bring such practical returns. America has suffered greatly in years past, both in purse and reputation, by reason of its wretched and uncivilized methods of road-building. It costs American farmers about twenty-five cents a ton to haul loads over our roads, while in Europe it costs only a little over eight cents a ton. The National Road Association has already done much to better this state of things throughout the country, and its plans for the future, as set forth before the recent annual meeting of the association in Chicago, are such as to insure still greater improvement. Among other things, it appointed a committee to assist in drafting bills to go to thirty-five different Legislatures meeting in January, and in each of these there will be submitted three bills affecting roads. The association also has a committee of one in each of the 3,700 counties of the United States, and each one of these is to appoint a committee of one for every township. Such energetic, practical, and public-spirited work as this deserves the heartiest support and commendation.

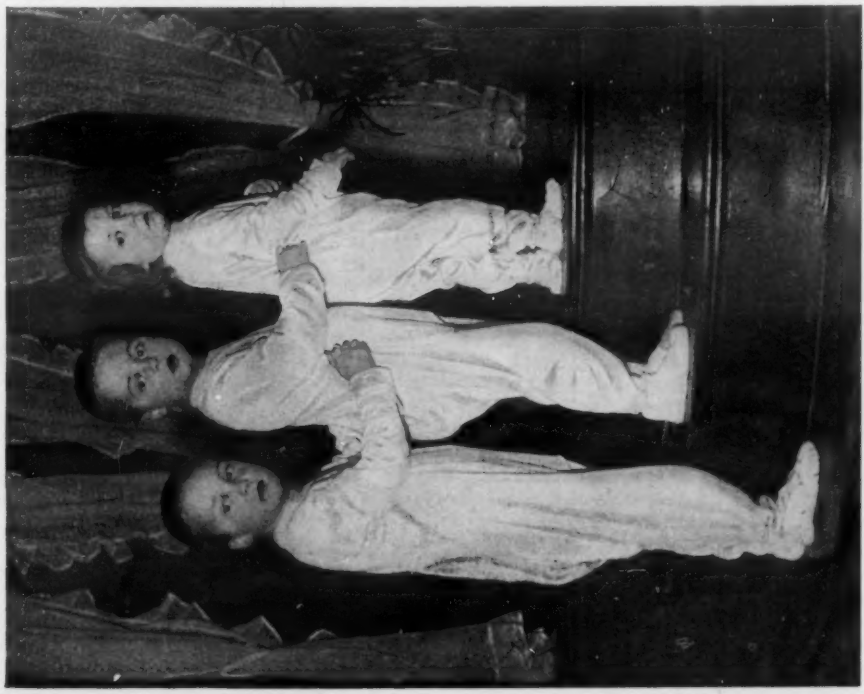
A hopeful and encouraging sign of the times in the sphere of religious thought and activity is the plain, direct, and emphatic way in which many of our most eloquent and influential preachers are calling attention to the duties and responsibilities of wealth. Such religious leaders as Bishop Doane, Dr. MacArthur, Dr. Maltbie Babcock, and others, who number among their regular members and auditors many prominent financiers and capitalists, have not hesitated to speak the truth upon these points with force and clearness. A notable utterance in this line was that given a few days ago by Rev. Morris Kemp at a mid-day service in the pulpit of old St. Paul's, New York. "One of the great foes of our social system," said Mr. Kemp, "is the unwarranted combination of wealth, a combination whose sole aim is gain, no matter what the cost be to the poor. Another danger is the passing of the great wealth of a rich man to those who parade it for no good purpose. Wealth is the god, the idol, of too many men for the good of the nation. A righteous God never meant for one man to have all that he could get unrighteously and for the purpose of indulging in waste. He never meant that one man should benefit at the expense of the poor employé." These are truths which cannot be impressed too deeply upon the minds of our wealthy men and women at the present time. The dangerous and self-seeking demagogue whose stock in trade is violent and indiscriminate abuse of the rich would be deprived of his only excuse for being if these warnings of the pulpit were heeded.



FISHING FOR PRESENTS—AN ENGLISH CHRISTMAS CUSTOM.

Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by Gordon H. Grant.

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CHRISTMAS EVE—"GOOD-NIGHT, MAMMA!"
Flashlight by H. A. Blodgett, St. Paul, Minn.



BABY'S FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE.
Mrs. Henry Macher, East Rutherford, N. J.



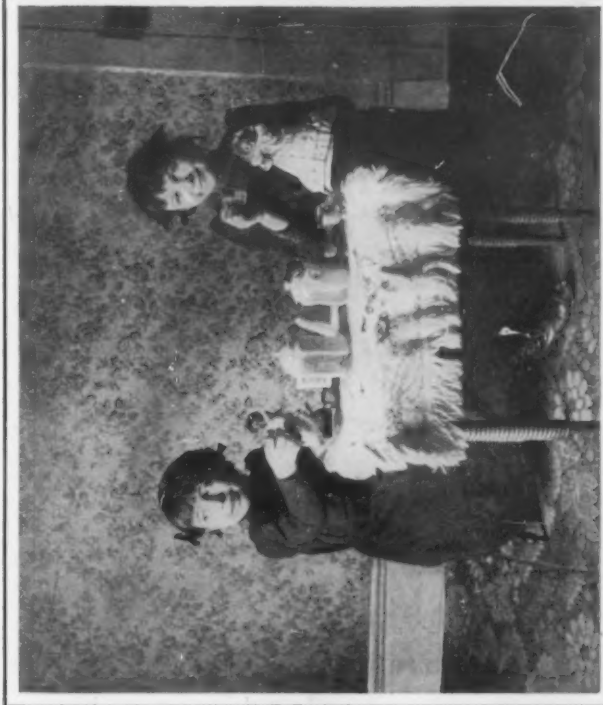
(THE PRIZE-WINNER) PAUL GETS HIS FIRST ECSTATIC GLIMPSE OF SANTA CLAUS'S
WONDERFUL BOUSTY.—Miss Minnie McGill, New York City.



HER CHOICEST CHRISTMAS GIFT.
A. J. Locke, Upper Montclair, N. J.



"CHRIS'MUS DON'T CUT NO ICE WID US."
Mrs. B. E. Stevenson, Chillicothe, O.



TAKING TEA WITH THE CHRISTMAS DOLLIES.
J. W. Thompson, Jr., Ashland, Penn.

OUR CHRISTMAS AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.—NEW YORK WINS.

(SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.)



ESTABLISHED 1823.

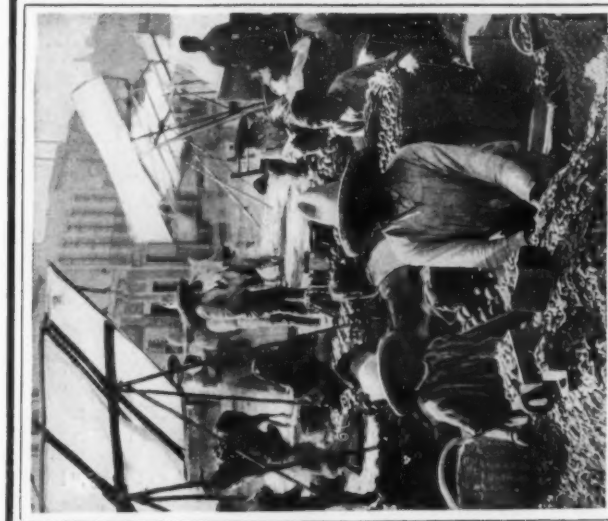
WILSON

Whiskey.

THAT'S ALL!



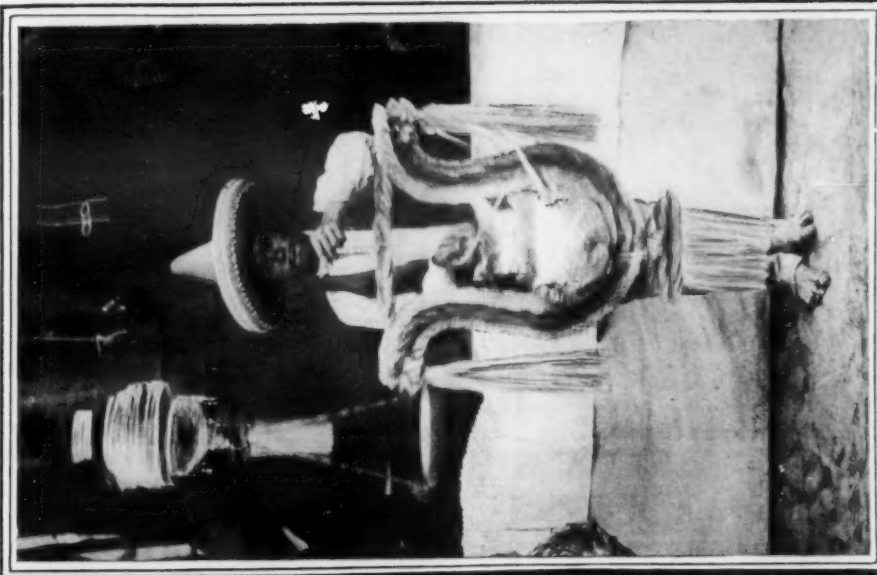
MARKET FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.



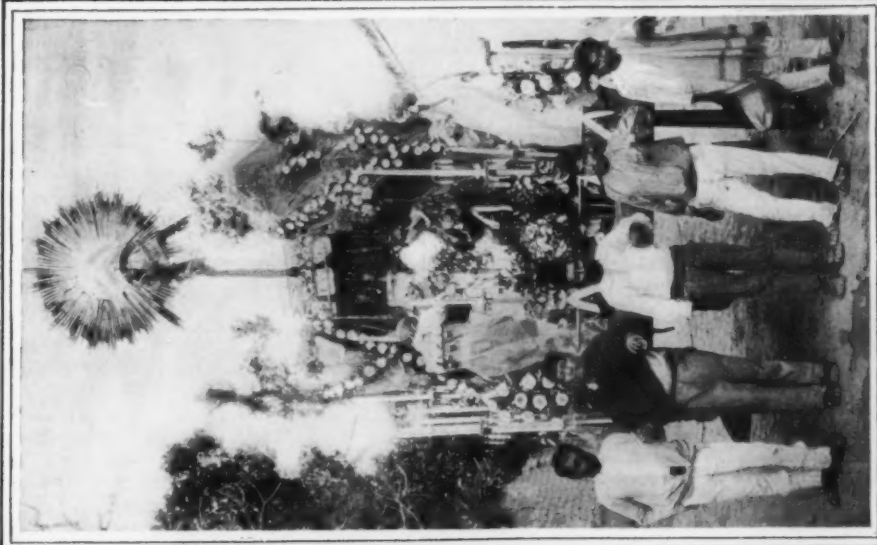
THE NUT, ORANGE, AND FRUIT MARKET THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.



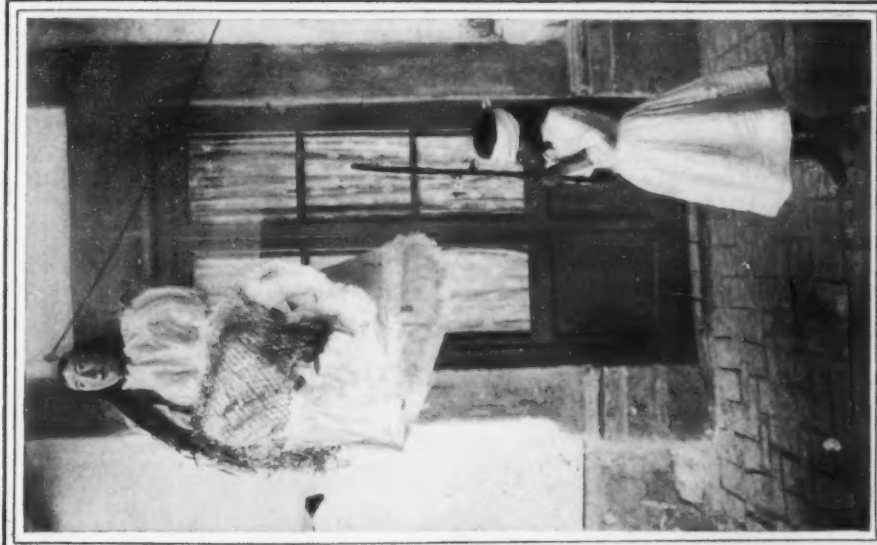
ONE OF THE CURIOUS PIÑATA MARKETS, A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS ATTRACTION.



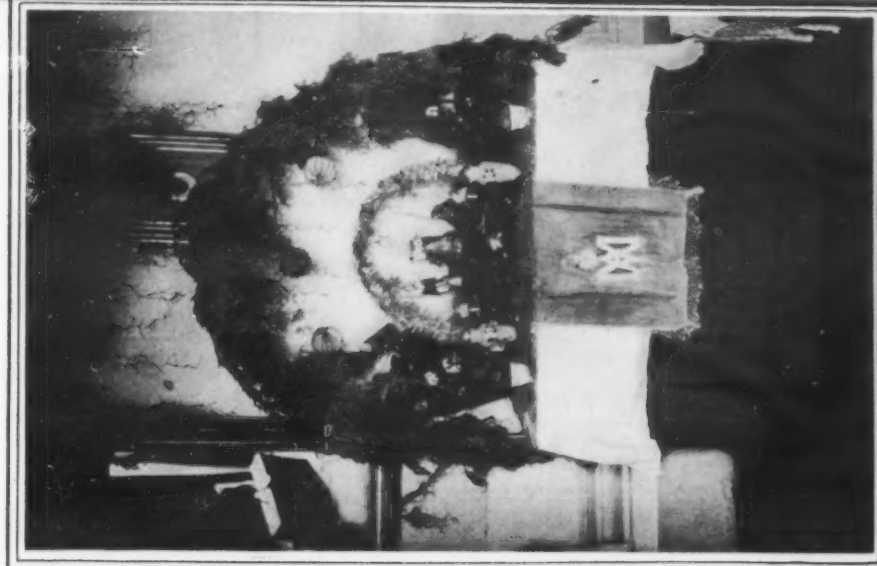
A VENDER OF PIÑATAS.



A CHRISTMAS FLOAT AT QUERETARO, SIGNIFYING THE MYSTERY.



A CHRISTMAS EVENT IN MEXICO—BREAKING THE PIÑATA.



THE ALTAR DE LOS PEREGRINOS, ON CHRISTMAS.

CURIOUS CHRISTMAS SCENES IN MEXICO.

THE DAY IS CELEBRATED WITH SINGULAR RELIGIOUS FESTIVITIES AS WELL AS WITH FEASTING AND REJOICING.—[SEE PAGE 500.]

HIS MAJESTY'S GENTLEMEN.

A CHRISTMAS TALE OF WASHINGTON'S CROSSING OF THE DELAWARE.

By H. IRVING HANCOCK.

(See full-page illustration by T. Dart Walker.)

As the door opened, Jessica started up eagerly. It was only black old Morris who entered. He came in as if blown by the gust of the Christmas tempest that ruled out-of-doors. Melting snowflakes on his shabby old blue coat of livery shone like diamonds in the light of fire and lamps. There were lines of commiseration in the negro's face.

"No sign of Mr. Akers yet?" asked Jessica in a tone that betrayed the hopelessness of her question.

"Deedy no, Miss Jesska," answered old Morris. "'Pears jess laik Marse Billy got odder business to-night. He ain't got no time fo' dat dinner dat we've spent so many days a-gettin' ready fo' him."

"I know he'll come if there's any possible way for him to do it," Jessica declared, stoutly. "Of course, if General Washington has work for him to do, Mr. Akers isn't the kind of man to let his country go clear to ruin for the sake of a girl—not even when the girl is myself. Keep a sharp lookout for Mr. Akers. The dinner will take care of itself—if Mr. Akers comes to eat it. If he does come, bring him in here to the fire at once. Have Sambo ready to take his horse the instant he arrives. Are you sure Mr. Akers will be able to see that lantern from the road?"

"He sho' will, Miss Jesska," replied the negro, glancing at the window outside of which hung the largest lantern on the place. Its rays shone through the panes, casting a soft glow over the table. Only a glance was needed to make sure that the table had been set in the expectation of company. All was there except the viands. Old Morris's wife, Sue, was keeping the food hot in the kitchen. Upstairs Mrs. Dorward, Jessica's mother, lay ill in her chamber, attended by Morris's daughter, Chlorinda. Mr. Dorward had been absent more than three months on business connected with the cause of the Colonies, and the date of his probable return was not yet known to his wife and children. Mrs. Dorward, Jessica, Robert, a little man of nine years, and Prudence, the six-year-old baby of the family, lived on this great country place, protected only by their four negro retainers, one of whom was the old man and another an impish, indolent young rascal of sixteen.

In New Jersey, half a mile from the Delaware River, stood the Dorward mansion. In the quaint old dining-room, on this Christmas night of 1776, there was an air of festivity that was in keeping with the spirit of the day. Yet all depended upon the hoped-for guest. Billy Akers had won Jessica's consent to a betrothal. Then the Revolution had started and had delayed their happiness. Billy wanted to fight. Jessica wanted him to fight. Billy was considered the best scout with General Washington's command. Only thrice since the day of Bunker Hill had he succeeded in seeing his sweetheart. Now the American cause was almost an assured failure. Washington was on the farther side of the river, and menaced by the British. Cruel Rahl was in command of the ruthless Hessians at Trenton, and the plans of the enemy seemed not only to doom Philadelphia but the best part of the American army. Congress had fled to Baltimore in a panic.

But Jessica gave little thought to the cause to-night. Days before she had received word from Billy that he would, God permitting, spend some part of the Christmas day with her. She had not seen him in seven months. Proud as she was of the splendid part Billy had played under Washington, Jessica's womanly heart fairly ached for another sight of her big, manly idol.

"This is such a very odd Christmas, isn't it, sister?" asked Prudence, looking up after a study of the fire. "No tree, and not a single gift, except Aunt Sue's cake."

"These are days of war, nunny," broke in Robert. "It is no time for presents when men need all their money for lead to shoot into the King's soldiers."

"But is it right to shoot the King's soldiers?" questioned Prudence.

"Oh, you little rebel!" retorted the boy. "Don't let the committee of safety hear you say such things as that. If I were only big enough to fight! Now, when Mr. Akers comes to-night—"

"If he does come, dear," broke in Jessica, softly.

"Of course he'll come," said the boy, quickly. "Didn't he say he would? Billy never broke his word yet."

Then all three heard the stamping of heavy boots, a loud, cheery laugh, and Jessica sprang to her feet trembling from head to foot. Ere she had time to stir, the door was flung open and six feet of strapping, stalwart young American manhood strode into the room. Robert busied himself, for a moment or two, in looking out of the window. Prudence scuttled to the fireside and pretended to be staring at the embers, though her bright eyes peered sideways through her curls at the meeting of the lovers. "Jessica!" "Billy!" There was a hearty smack, a soft purring. Robert disdained to look on, and wondered how men could make such simpletons of themselves. Prudence thrilled with delight; her sharp little ears heard many a murmured word, and she wondered how it would all seem when she grew up to be big like Jessica, and had a Billy all her own.

After the fifth embrace—watchful Prudence counted them—Billy Akers turned to the children.

"Prudence, dear little sweetheart, come here and kiss me," an invitation which the child lost no time in accepting, and, folded in that strong embrace, she was quite sure that it was right for such men to kill the King's soldiers, or to do anything else that pleased them.

"Robert, you little rebel, come here and shake hands with me." Robert obeyed with alacrity, starting with all his capacity for admiration at this famous scout of the great General Washington. Old Morris, who had discreetly hid just beyond the doorway, at last shambled into the room.

"Now, be quick, Morris, with that supper," ordered Jessica, her voice trembling with happiness. "And bring up that best wine of Rennes that father said was to be opened to-night if—"

"If I made you happy with a sight of me," laughed Billy, loudly. "Jessica, lass, mayhap I ought to be ashamed for saying of it, but it's more happiness to be here than to win a battle. It was only by the smallest chance that I was able to get here to-night," he added in a low voice, and then whispered in his sweetheart's ear:

"I have been doing some famous scouting for Washington these last two days. What do you think he is doing, lass? He is crossing the Delaware to-night—he and all our ragged army. Oh, the British will rave in the morning when they find that he has escaped out of their net, leaving his camp-fires burning to deceive them. The army will pass within a mile of here. Before daylight Washington will have fallen upon Rahl at Trenton, and will have crushed the whole miserable Hessian den. I have been feeling the way for two days, lass, and to-night I crossed the river ahead to see if there were any of the enemy's patrols as far away from Trenton as this. Not one! Not one! This night's work means the turning point for the Colonies. I have reported to Washington, and he has given me an hour here with you, sweet Jessica. Then I must be in saddle again, and using my sharpest pair of eyes. A lively handful of work waits us at daybreak!"

"But if General Washington should fail?" trembled Jessica.

"The cause would be done for!" muttered Billy, his voice hoarsening in an instant. "If we lose to-night, the Colonies are doomed. King George would triumph. We freemen would wear for ages Britain's yoke of slavery. God helping me, I would not live through such a night! When the Colonies die, I die with them!"

"And so would I," broke in Robert.

"God bless you, so you would," came the hearty answer. "Child though you are, Robbie, you're an American and you carry a man's heart in you!"

"Please, sister," said Prudence, very softly, "I'd like to be brave enough to die too, for the Colonies."

In came Morris, bearing a steaming dish fresh from the care of Aunt Sue. Out on the porch, and then in the next room, came the heavy stamping of many feet. Old Sue's shriek of terror sounded, while a bellowing voice demanded:

"What nest of rebels have we stumbled upon here?"

"The King's soldiers!" whispered Jessica, tremblingly, pushing away her lover's hand that he might the more easily reach his pistols.

"The Hessians!" growled Billy, turning white with rage. "If they discover that Washington is crossing the Delaware they will give the alarm. God help us! This may mean the crushing of the Colonies. Oh, if I but had a dozen men here with me!"

"Dere's no rebels here," protested Aunt Sue's shaking voice.

"We'll soon find that out," asserted the brutal voice. Jessica gave Billy a swift, meaning look. Cocking one of his pistols, the scout knelt at the side of the table. Jessica sprang before him, resolutely facing the door. Robert jumped in ahead of her, his little fists clinched. Prudence, after the first flurry, halted in dazed terror before the big, redoubtable, even if crouching, Billy.

"Halt in the kitchen, men," rang the voice of command. Four English officers filed into the room. At their head came a man of fifty, or thereabouts, a florid-faced man with thick lips and small, cunning eyes. Though he wore the uniform of an officer of King George, there was nothing else about him to suggest the gentleman. Failing to see Billy and the cocked pistol, this man halted and cast a look of evident admiration at Jessica.

"Bless me!" muttered the intruder. "What pretty creatures these rebels against King George are!"

The two comrades who followed him wore the uniforms of the Hessians. The fourth officer of the group was a pink-cheeked, clear-eyed young Englishman. He looked respectfully at Jessica, and then, as if ashamed of his intruding presence, went to the fire to hide his embarrassment.

"What seek you here?" demanded Jessica, with heightening color.

"The welcome and good cheer that his Majesty's officers have a right to expect in a loyal subject's house. Are you such a subject?"

"Can you doubt it?" demanded Jessica, with an inflection of sarcasm.

"Gad, if I did," rejoined the brutish-looking Englishman, "I should be tempted to follow such a lovely rebel to perdition."

His two Hessian companions laughed boisterously at this jest, which they vaguely comprehended. The young Englishman at the fireside turned a deeper red. The commanding officer, regarding the girl's paling face through his glass, came a step nearer.

"You are glad to see us?" he asked, rather thickly. "You will ask us to make ourselves at home?"

"You are in the house of a loyal subject," replied Jessica, in a voice so cold and self-contained that she herself marveled at it. "You are gentlemen, since you bear the King's commissions. If you continue to show yourselves worthy gentlemen of the King you shall have no fault to find with our hospitality."

"Gad! That's the way I like to hear ye talk," leered the oldest man, once more regarding her through his glass. "Some fool brought a tale to Trenton that the rebels were trying some of their disloyal tricks to-night. We were sent out to look after the rebels, but we have found the tale to be a myth.

Hark ye, men," raising his voice, "ye will retire to the stables. In a short while ye shall have such refreshment sent out to ye as ye need. Ye will then make yourselves comfortable in the hay. We will stop here two hours, then ride to the river to see if rebels are abroad."

Out in the next room sounded the tramping of receding men. All four of the officers turned to make sure that the order had been carried out. Jessica found chance to bend low and whisper a dozen quick words in Robert's ear. Then the eldest officer turned to cast a swift look about the room.

"Denton," spoke he to the young officer at the fireside, "there is a closet door that stands ajar. To make sure that no rebels hide there, go ye and investigate."

Saluting, Denton swiftly crossed the room, peered into the closet, and came back reporting that no one lurked there. In crossing the room, Denton had failed to observe Billy, who had swiftly dodged under the table.

"It is well," acknowledged the commanding officer. "If we found any rebels here, as sure as my name is Colonel Brereton I would hang them all!"

"Gentlemen," cried Jessica in her most beseeching voice, and looking her loveliest, "is it not time to cease insulting a lone and loyal female subject of the King? If ye doubt my loyalty, turn and gaze at the portrait of King George over the door."

In an instant all the quartette obeyed. Jessica made an imperious sign to Billy. That ardent young fire-eater hesitated. Then, obeying a second and more forceful sign from her, he rose to his feet and glided noiselessly to the closet.

"Ha! ye are hoaxing us, ye rebel!" cried Brereton, turning and facing her a second after Billy's safe arrival in the closet.

"Where is the portrait of his Majesty?"

"Morris," she cried, "where is the King's portrait that hung there?"

She was staking all on the negro's intelligence. But the old servitor, though his voice and legs shook at the same time, stammered out:

"Missy Jesska, yo' mudder's powerful ill. Only an houah ago she done tole me to fetch dat po'trait up to her room, dat she mought gaze on it."

Ere any of the officers had time to dissent from this plausible explanation, Jessica, with a stamp of her pretty foot on the floor, ordered:

"Morris, you old dolt, must the King's gentlemen wait for entertainment in this house? Bring in the rest of the meal, or I shall beg Colonel Brereton to order his soldiers to deal with you as your seeming treason warrants."

"The commands of such a creature," announced the colonel, speaking with a slight hiccup as he advanced toward her, "shall always be obeyed."

He came very close, his bleared, amorous eyes feasting on this pure, girlish young face. Jessica turned even a shade paler, though she did not forget Washington on this crucial night.

"Remember, colonel, that you are a gentleman of the King," she warned.

"And therefore bound to pay slavish court to beauty," he leered.

"Not until you have proved your worth, colonel," she returned, coldly, next starting as she heard a low but unmistakable snort from Billy in the closet.

"How can I prove it?" demanded Brereton, halting but not removing his wistful eyes from the girl's face.

"By sharing the board of a loyal subject," replied the girl, forcing a smile. Courtesying low, she waved them to the table. Denton, with an equally low bow, stepped to the nearest place. The Hessians hesitated, but moved toward chairs as they saw Brereton vanquished for the moment by this American beauty. As Brereton clutched at a chair back, Jessica sank into a chair at the head of the table. Robert had vanished into the kitchen in Morris's wake. Prudence crouched in the corner beyond the fire. Seeing her, Denton rose, walked over and bent above the child.

"Fear nothing," he whispered, stroking the sweet curls. "We are the King's gentlemen." Next, he turned and walked back to his seat.

If old Morris had been afraid before, he was at his grandest now, as he came in bearing aloft a huge platter in either hand. He was followed by Sue, bearing more dishes. She halted at the doorway, waiting until her husband came to relieve her of the dishes. Brereton, who had dropped into the seat next to Jessica's, bent toward her.

"Wouldst give me an appetite?" he asked.

"In what way?"

Jessica's eyes looked straight into the Englishman's.

"A kiss," he insinuated.

"Not until you have pledged his Majesty's health in six glasses of our best wine," she answered, laughingly. "Morris, have you brought up the old wine from Rennes?"

"Deed I hab, Miss Jesska."

"Then fill the gentlemen's glasses."

Morris disappeared into the kitchen. There was the pop of a cork, after which the old negro returned to the dining-room. He filled four glasses.

"And yours, my beauty?" leered Brereton, leaning toward her.

"Mine the toast," replied Jessica, lightly, "and yours the libation."

Each of the officers got upon his feet, raising his glass.

"To the King's health," proposed Jessica.

"The King forever," replied four voices in deep unison. Jessica again turned pale as she heard an unmistakable sound in the closet. Billy Akers was such an unaccountably impulsive man!

"Gentlemen, do ye not opine that that toast is worthy of

another like it?" demanded Jessica. Morris filled the glasses. The officers drank standing.

"Morris," sounded Jessica's voice, "is that old Chartreuse in the kitchen?" She accompanied her question by a meaning look.

"Deed, Miss Jessica, I don't 'member."

"It may be in the cupboard," replied Jessica. "I will look."

Morris filled the glasses for the third time. After their long ride in the freezing, stormy night the King's gentlemen found the wine wonderfully soothing. As they imbibed, the girl rose and glided toward the cupboard. Billy's blazing eyes met hers.

"I'm coming out. I must kill that brute of a Brereton," whispered Billy as Jessica bent forward into the closet.

"And then," breathed the girl, "the rest, after they have killed you, will know that mischief brews. They will mount and ride to the river. They will find out that Washington is crossing. They will spread the alarm. Washington may be defeated, and the cause of the Colonies will be ruined forever."

"But if I do not kill that scoundrel, Brereton, he will insist on kissing you," came Billy's gasping whisper.

"When he does, kill him, if you care nothing for Washington's success to-night," replied the girl in a voice so low that Billy barely heard her. "I can suffer for my country. If you cannot, remember that I will never again look upon you except in contempt. Obey me this night, for when we are wedded you will insist that I must ever after obey you."

Giving her lover no time for further expostulation, Jessica stole back to the table.

"Gentlemen," she announced, "I am very sorry, but I now remember that the Chartreuse was finished at Thanksgiving. Yet surely this wine is excellent. Drink again to the King's health. Morris, is there not plenty of this wine of Rennes left?"

"A few bottles, Miss Jessica."

"Then take ye out enough of it to the soldiers in the stables. His Majesty's humblest servant should drink on such a night as this. Hasten, or ye will feel the whip to-morrow. Colonel Brereton, I beg ye to fill up the glasses of your comrades."

The glasses were filled and drained. There was a sleepy look in Brereton's eyes. Even Denton seemed affected by the long ride and hearty meal. One of the Hessians, leaning back in his chair, was snoring.

"Another glass to his Majesty!" cried Jessica. Denton and one of the Hessians obeyed her. Two minutes more, and the girl, pushing back her chair, darted to the closet.

"Come forth, Billy," she insisted, and as her lover stepped out into view she pointed to the four dozing officers.

"Laudanum!" she explained, triumphantly.

"And it was I who carried the message to Morris to put the drug in the wine," added Robert, who had stolen into the room.

"Wait but ten minutes, dear heart," asked the girl, "and you will find the men in the stables in the same condition."

Prudence stole about the room on tip-toe, staring at the King's drugged gentlemen.

"I am sorry for him," whispered the child, tugging at Jessica's skirt and pointing at Denton.

"He's a splendid fellow," declared Billy. "If I have my way, he shall be treated like one."

Jessica sank into a chair, trembling. Robert went to the window, crying just a little with joy. Prudence sank upon a stool and commenced to doze from the lateness of the hour. Billy, with one arm about Jessica and his other hand clutching the cocked pistol, paced the room. In fifteen minutes Morris stole into the apartment, looked at the officers and began to chuckle.

"Dem men out at de stable, Marse Billy," he announced, "dey ain't gwine gib yo' no trouble."

"God bless you, lass!" whispered Billy, pressing his lips against the girl's. "I'll go with Morris, make sure of his tidings, then get upon my horse and off to General Washington. I've missed my dinner, but you've saved your country, lass, on this Christmas night!"

After only seven more kisses Billy was out of the house, in the wake of old Morris. Ten minutes later Billy Akers, satisfied that the British scouting party could not reach the Delaware that night, galloped off through the storm of swirling snow to the river, and made his report to Washington.

At daylight Trenton was attacked. With a force that, by all the rules of war, was inferior, the American general assailed the Hessians and defeated them, taking many prisoners and many more stands of arms. Among the prisoners were Brereton's scouting party, easily taken by a half company of New Jersey volunteers within an hour after Billy had galloped from the Dorward mansion. The cause of the Colonies had been saved by one American girl's quick wit, daring and scheming. On the night following the battle of Trenton, General Washington, after hearing how Jessica Dorward had saved the American cause, granted Billy Akers a week's furlough.

At the end of three days Billy and Jessica were wedded. General Washington sent his own chaplain to perform the ceremony.

"Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes,"

BY ISAAC TAYLOR HEADLAND, PEKING UNIVERSITY.

THE nursery rhymes of the Chinese give us a new view of Chinese home life. Heretofore that people have been supposed to be as "solemn as a funeral." The children are described as sober little ones, playing at sober little games, none of which give them anything like vigorous exercise. The wife has been supposed to be downtrodden and oppressed, shut off from the world in the kuei men (women's apartments), having no influence either in the home or in the life of her husband, while little girls were either put to death when infants, sold as slaves, or had their feet bound, which made life miserable.

There is some foundation for all these general opinions, but when we take a glimpse at the nursery and hear the fond parents sing

My big son,
My own boy,
Baby is a sweet pill
That fills my soul with joy.

it gives us a new view of Chinese life and character, and makes us feel that the affection which causes our own hearts to throb

brings a like thrill to the Chinese nature. This same power is seen in other rhymes, where the child is told that

"He makes people die of joy,"

or, as literal translation would have it, "He makes people love



From "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes."
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him until it kills them;" or where a fond mother tells her friends that

"My flower's most charming
Of all those that charm,"

or still further, where she exclaims,

"Isn't this precious darling of ours
Sweeter than dates and cinnamon flowers?"

These same nursery rhymes do away with the idea that the Chinese are a solemn and serious people, without an apprecia-



From "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes."
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tion of humor, fun or frolic. Almost all their fun is dignified. The Chinaman never forgets that he is the "heir of all the ages," and as such he must act in a becoming manner, especially when in the presence of company. But those who have been



From "Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes."
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fortunate enough to catch him off his guard, or when he thinks himself unobserved by a strange and busy world, will hear things very unlike what they would hear in the West. He is es-

pecially fond of laughing at the nervous man, perhaps because so few of the Chinese are nervous. We are told of a certain individual afflicted in this way that

"A nervous disposition
He had when he was born;
To hurry to a fair one day,
He rose at early morn,
Put on his wife's green trousers
And started to the sale,
A riding on a donkey—
His face turned toward its tail."

The Chinaman has an appreciation of nature in all her varied forms, and sings to his children about a great variety of insects, birds and animals. He teaches the children how to distinguish the seasons of the year by the

MILKY WAY.

Where'er the Milky Way you spy
Diagonal across the sky,
The egg-plant you may safely eat,
And all your friends to melons treat.
But when divided toward the west
You'll need your trousers and your vest;
When like a horn you see it float,
You'll need your trousers and your coat.

In the same way the farmer teaches his boys at what seasons of the year they are to plant the various kinds of vegetables and grains, just as we teach our children the number of days in the months:

In Spring plant the turnip,
In Summer the beet;
When harvest is over
We sow the buckwheat.

One of the most attractive features of the rhymes is the way in which they utilize for the entertainment of the child, the same parts of the body as those used by our own grandmothers and nurses. We have in English two versions of rhymes for tickling the knee, similar to which is the following in Chinese:

One grab silver,
Two grab gold,
Three don't laugh,
And you'll grow old.

While the tickling of the neck, and the various parts of the face, furnish material for a rhyme quite equal to our own "fore-head bender," or "knock at the door, peep in," the Chinese have it:

Knock at the door,
See a face,
Smell an odor,
Hear a voice,
Eat your dinner,
Pull your chin, or,
Ke chih, ke chih.

The rhymes corresponding to our "Little pig went to market," are numerous and quite equal to our own, while the fingers are utilized in various ways to make rhymes corresponding to "This is the church, this is the steeple," etc. Indeed, I think those who are familiar with the Chinese rhymes in the original will admit that they are quite equal to our own. That they are so in the translation we can scarcely venture to hope. It is seldom that a translation is equal to the original. They are, however, unique, and present a brighter and more attractive view of Chinese character and life than anything we can say, or at least that we have said, about them.

An English Christmas Party.

HOWEVER popular the time-honored Christmas-tree, with its brilliant lights and glittering tinsel and precious crop of gifts, may be to both old and young, a change in the manner of distributing the presents is sometimes welcome. The tub of bran with its hidden treasures is always a favorite with the little ones; and who can stand aside and not be one of the excited, applauding youngsters when, after a great deal of thundering at the door, the jovial Santa Claus blusters into the room laden with his sackful of toys and sweetmeats?

Our illustration, by the well-known artist, Gordon H. Grant, pictures an English custom commonly called "fish-pond." A green cloth is hung across one end of the room, and paper fish stuck upon it. Behind this are all the presents properly labeled according to their destined owners, and a few favored "grown-ups" whose duty it is to hook on the fish. As each of the anglers lowers the line over the screen, he or she addresses the mysterious beings hidden behind in the following words:

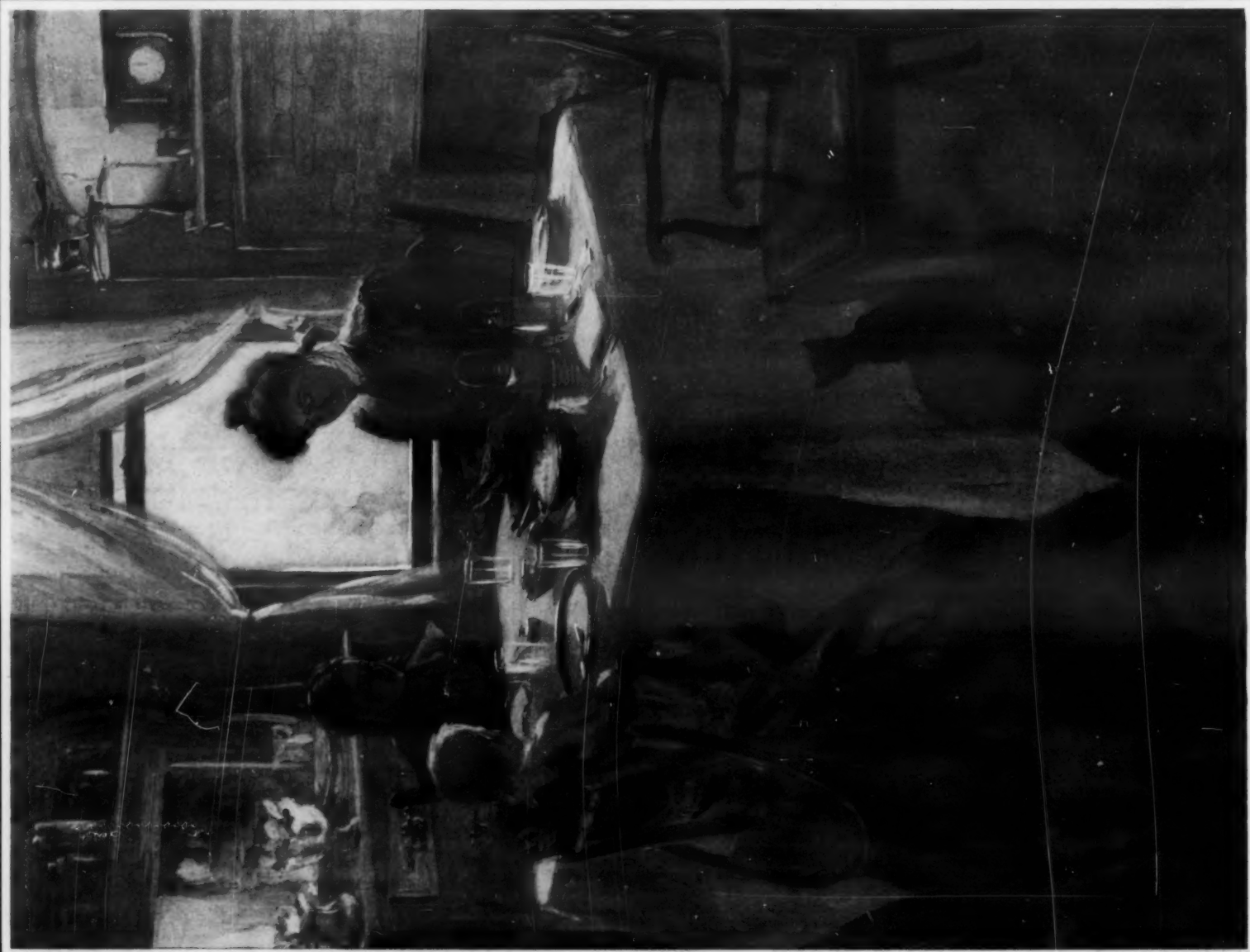
Here is a fisherman come to fish
With rod, hook and bait, and an empty dish;
So, please, little fishes, come and be caught—
Though my line is long, my patience is short.

The bait consists of a card with the fisher's name inscribed upon it, and some very queer-looking fish are caught thereby.

Looks into New Books.

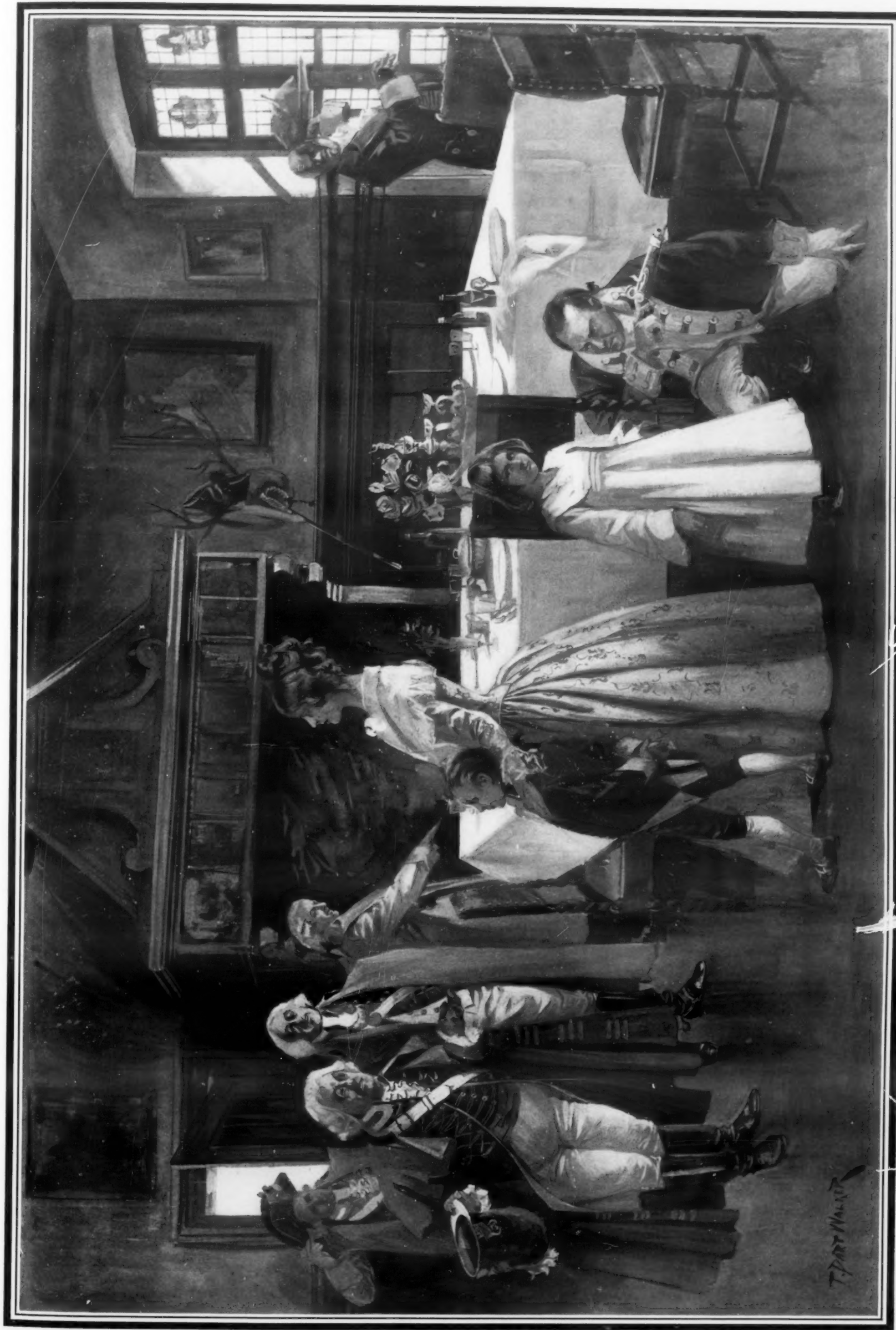
VOLUMES made up of brief excerpts in poetry and prose from the writings of noted men and women are common enough, but it is seldom that a book of this sort appears in which the selections give evidence of such rare taste and fine discrimination as in the case of a small volume now before us, bearing the title, "Proverbial Wisdom," compiled by Rev. A. N. Coleman, of No. 127 East 112th Street, New York. The proverbs, maxims, and ethical sentences contained in this book are the evident result of a wide and varied course of reading in ancient and modern literature, and cannot fail to give pleasure and profit to every thoughtful person who has the good fortune to obtain a copy.

In the volume, "Our Master's Church," Mr. Elmer Allen Bess endeavors to force upon public attention, through the medium of a story, certain fundamental principles derived from the teachings of Christ which he thinks would go far toward remedying existing evils in the church, in society, and the state. The principles are excellent in themselves, but their promulgation is not specially helped by Mr. Bess's method of presentation. He is a better preacher than a story-writer. The work, however, is not without decided literary merits, and the objects aimed at are worthy of all praise and encouragement. The Neely Company, Chicago and New York.



TWO CHRISTMAS DINNERS.

THE VACANT CHAIR AT ONE AND THE HOMESICK FATHER IN THE PHILIPPINES AT THE OTHER.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY FLETCHER C. RANSOM.



SUPPLEMENT TO "LESLIE'S WEEKLY," NO. 2363, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

THE INTERRUPTED CHRISTMAS DINNER—A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

Drawn for "Leslie's Weekly" by T. Dart Walker.

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MISS MULBERRY BEND'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY MRS. BAKER-BAKER.

CHUN-CHUN.

A CHILIAN CHRISTMAS MYSTERY.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

AMONG the loveliest port cities in the world, with a climate of perpetual beauty and balm, is Concepcion, Chili. It lies between the Cordillera, of which Mt. Villarica, stupendous Aconcagua, are the crystal domes, and the Pacific Ocean, of living red sunsets and almost unbroken calms. Valparaiso was so-called as being a "vale of Paradise," but the plateau of Concepcion answers to the same description. The lover of nature here finds the ideal of his heart, and rests content—nothing is wanting but *continuance* of life, and this is not wholly denied, for by a recent census of Chili there were found to be five hundred people who claimed to be more than a hundred years old.

I am about to relate a story told in part to me by another, but I give it in the first person, for stories read best in direct address.

About the time of the tragedy of Balmaceda, in the Argentine consulate, to begin my story, I found myself in Chili, as a collector of birds and orchids for an English institution. I had need of money for my own education, and certain schools in England and Germany helped students by giving them commissions to gather rare birds or plants in Brazil or in the valleys of the White Andes. So I went to Concepcion, around the Horn, on a tramp steamer, and in my search for rare birds I met with an adventure that long haunted me, and that I always relate as one of my best stories in story-telling hours.

I took rooms in an English house on the Andalien, a slow and silent river that empties itself into the serene Bay of Concepcion. The garden of the house, which was edged with myrtles, and fragrant with orange-trees, and filled with odoriferous plants, shrubs, and flowers, was an enchantment to one from the gray northern lands. The house was one story high, broad and covered with tiles, and incased a *patio* with a fountain. In the *patio* I made my first acquaintance with South American birds. The place flashed with golden and ruby wings, and the country around abounded with singing groves of myrtles and laurels and odoriferous trees.

I first studied the sea-birds, especially the white and the scarlet flamingoes, whose legs are so long as to enable them to wade through lagoons of great depth. The Indians make their ball dresses from the gorgeous feathers of these aquatic birds. I found here a curious "child-bird," which looked like a child in swaddling bands, and made collections of garcolas, whose feathers are used for soldiers' plumes.

I here met with some specimens of a little bird called the pinguedas, about the size of a lime, which looked like polished gold.

I could hardly trust my eyes when I first saw this gem of the air.

"What is that flying wonder?" I asked of Malone, my English friend.

"It lives on flowers and sips honey on the wing, and we only see it on the wing, in the sunshine."

"I must have specimens," said I.

"Wait until we ride off to the mountains," said he. "These are gold and green. Their orange heads shine like fire. The pinguedas of the mountains have tails that are lustrous like the head, and they look like flying fire. We will go to the ostrich plains."

It was in my journey to the plains where ostriches abound, and where I went with an exploring party who were testing copper ore, that I met with the adventure that I have to record.

I became separated from the exploring party and found myself in an untraveled country among glittering streams that flowed down from the white heights and crossed the valley. The unknown valley abounded with cherry-trees, whose boughs bent down to the earth with their weight of fruit. Here were also natural orchards, the apples of which in one place, having rolled down a bank in great abundance, choked a stream. The trees were filled with mountain birds.

Notwithstanding many calls from those riding ahead to "keep up," I fell behind in these bird-haunted trees. I came at last to an unfordable river, was delayed, and found the liquid stars shining above me in the glimmering fringes of a short, semi-tropical twilight.

A party of Indians came riding through the valley. I hailed them; they halted and talked excitedly. They spoke but one word that I could understand, which was "Americano." I answered "Ingles," but they either did not comprehend me or would not believe me.

The shadows were thickening. The Indians advanced and beckoned me to follow them. I could hardly do otherwise.

As I rode after them, not knowing where I went, I could see that they regarded me with evil suspicions. Americans from the United States were not well received in a part of the country at the time, and even Indians partook of the prevailing prejudice.

As I flew along after the alert horsemen, my ear caught another word which I could understand. It was "espia" (spy).

It caused my heart to bound. I could but ask the question, "Am I a captive of hostile Indians, who regard me as an American spy in the interests of Balmaceda?"

We came to an open plain. Beyond it, in the far distance, towered the Sierras, and over all Aconcagua, like a silver planet, rising out of the earth. I never saw anything so glorious.

The plain was alive with twinkling lights. I saw that I was being led to some Indian assembly, council or dance.

Trumpets sounded, drums beat as we approached. Around the great square were rows of houses, each of which was composed of separate rooms, and could be taken apart and the rooms carried away. Here was primitive life, as in the days of the Araucanians.

I was led into the midst of the square and was surrounded by stately horsemen. A tall Indian on horseback seemed to be the director of the ceremonies, like a cacique of old.

He ordered the horsemen to widen their circles, which they did, leaving me in the open meadow, near a standard which was surrounded by wine-flasks, stores of chickadrink, and the odd stuff for a feast.

The tall horseman gave another order to widen the circle. Then an Indian on horseback rode across the open circle and made a lunge at me with a spear as he passed. I saw that the act was a hostile one. His horse passed me with incredible swiftness.

A silence filled the plain. Then there rose the blast of a rude trumpet, and I saw by the eyes of the multitude that the swift horseman was preparing to return.

He was about to start. I could feel the air quiver with the excitement of the Indians on horseback and on foot. He threw back his feet against the sides of his horse, and was borne like a cloudburst in a direct line toward me. I seemed to feel his coming in the current of the air. I prepared to leap from my horse as he should pass, when—

"Chun-chun!"

What was that? The voice came from the open sky, where gray mists had been gathering from the fogs in the fen regions near the meadows.

The horseman dropped, as if shot, at my horse's feet. My own horse seemed to understand the sound, for I could feel his stout nerves tremble under me. The horsemen in the circle dropped from their horses, and I could see that the people of the encampment had thrown themselves upon the ground. A great and terrible silence fell upon all the assembly. I turned the head of my trembling animal and rode away.

No one stopped me.

What had happened? Had a god spoken? Had there been given to the Indian assembly some sacred message of the outbreaking of a volcano, or the coming of an earthquake? Were these people suddenly swayed by some unaccountable superstition? What was the voice I had heard, that all had heard, that even the horses had heard and seemed to comprehend, that had fallen from the heavens?

I found myself in a wooded district at last. Near the open way was the light of a cabin. I approached it and was met by an old Indian at the door. The Indian held a taper. Behind him were a woman and children.

As he saw me he started back and seized some weapon. He was greatly agitated.

The cabin stood in a clearing under the open sky. The old Indian ventured to my horse's head, turned it, lifted his hand, which held a machete or cutlass, and pointed toward the mountains, with threatening words and gestures.

I tried to explain to him in such Spanish as I could command that I desired food and lodging.

He understood me and burst into a violent rage, and in his anger swung the machete about the horse's head. He struck the poor animal, which reared in terror and began to bleed.

I reined him away, and the freedom from the perils of the place caused him to leap ahead. I looked back. The man stood before the door, machete in air, and the woman beside him, torch in hand. The man shrieked, as if uttering imprecations, when—

"Chun-chun!"

I felt my horse tremble again. The machete dropped from the man's hand. The woman lifted her torch high in air and came running toward me. She clasped my feet and lifted her hand to grasp mine.

The man followed her, bowing, hat in hand. He then knelt down, making the sign of the Cross.

Suddenly his voice rose.

"Son of the Cordillera," he said, in Spanish, "hail! All I have is yours. Return—the Heavens have said it."

I went back. The whole family seemed to be adoring me. Were there indeed gods in the air? "Chun-chun!" What did that voice that seemed to fall from the sky mean?

It seemed to have been spoken for me. Why? How? I am not superstitious, but my heart felt a sudden gratitude to some unknown being that had appeared to have rendered me a protecting influence.

I went into the cabin. Torches were lighted. I was served with all the luxuries that the Indian had stored, and was given a bed of guanaco skins. What had happened?

"What is the Chun-chun?" I asked, as I was retiring.

"The Chun-chun is the Chun-chun," they answered. I got no further explanation.

The morning was a glory. The great domes of Aconcagua, that are silver at night, were golden now, an uplifted sea of glass mingled with fire.

"What is the Chun-chun?" I asked, as I met the family.

"It is the Chun-chun," was the answer.

I was served a hot breakfast by the woman, who offered me gifts, when the Indian mounted his mule and beckoned me to follow him. He told me that I was "protected by wings," and that he would lead me to the "games." The children followed me, offering me gifts of flowers and fruits.

He led me back to the great meadows where I had been taken by the Indians the night before. Children came running after me, offering me ornaments of copper.

The people were holding a festival. Children were running,



Photograph, Copyrighted, 1900, by C. F. Ray, Asheville, N. C.

The 'Possum and the Coon.

De white folks loves de turkey meat, dey 'low it's rich an' game,
An' I've seen common colored folks perfers to love de same.
Dey talk about its jiciness an' praise it to de sky,
An' tries to make you t'ink it's f'om de barnyard up on high.
De white folks sho' am welcome to de turkey gobbler's meat
An' dey kin keep on t'inkin' dat it's juicy, fine, an' sweet.
Dey appertites am deliikit an' ha'd to please, I know,
But gib dis nigger 'possum while he tarries here below.

You wants to hunt de 'possum on a da'k an' chilly night,
An' take a pickaninny 'long to hol' de pine-knot light.
You slouches in de bushes, jest as quiet as kin be,
Ontel you hear de 'possum dog a-barkin' 'roun' a tree.
You listens, to be'certain, den you strikes a lively trot
An' runs wid all yo' might ontel you reach de bressed spot.
You clim' up in de 'simmon tree an' shines de 'possum's eye,
An' onbeknowins to hiesse'f you grabs him on de sly.

Now 'possum meat am allers fine, an' mighty ha'd to beat,
But let dis nigger tell you how to make de 'possum sweet:
You puts 'im in a spider an', to hol' de sweetness down,
You kivers 'im wid 'taters an' you cooks 'im 'tel he brown.
You carves 'im wid a pocket-knife, an' sarves 'im while he hot,
Wid good, ole-fashioned hoe-cakes, an' wid gravy f'om de pot.
You smack yo' lips, kerjulous-like, an' den you feasts an' feasts—
You neber does git tired ob de king ob all de beasts.

De white folks sho' am welcome to de turkey gobbler's meat,
An' dey kin keep on thinkin' dat it's juicy, fine, an' sweet.
De coon, f'om down in Dixie, wants de 'possum all de time,
An' he am boun' to git 'im, makes no differnce whar he clim'.
Den gib dis nigger 'possum, gib 'im 'possum 'tel he die,
An' when he go to heab'n let de 'possum come on high;
'Cause ef dere ain't no 'possum on de heab'nly bill-o'-fare,
You bet yo' bottom dollar dat dis coon won't linger dere.

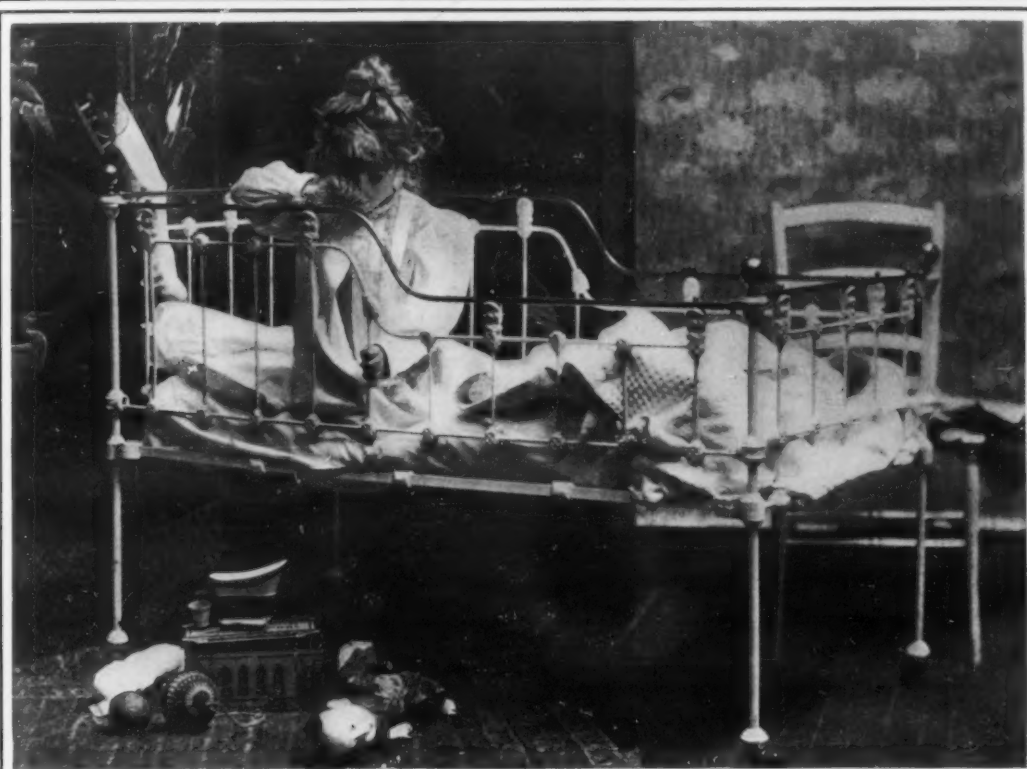
LAWRENCE PORCHER HEYT.



I. ANTICIPATION !—CHRISTMAS EVE.



II. SATISFACTION !—CHRISTMAS MORN.



III. CONSTERNATION !—THE BROKEN DOLL.

up a steep, rocky hillside, foot-races to harden them for service in the maize fields or in war.

In the open field the Indian men and women were playing a game of ball called La Chucra. The men and women were trying to get the ball from each other and carry it to a mark by means of crooked sticks. There were some fifty or more persons on each side, and the game had become very exciting.

There was a blast of the rude trumpet. The cacique, or chief man, had seen me coming, and had given the signal to the trumpeter. The games stopped—the children's on the hill, and La Chucra on the open meadows.

All eyes were turned toward me. There went up a great shout.

"Chun-chun!"

The children came whirling down the rocks. The women in gay robes of bright feathers, too, began to whirl, and the horses to wheel. The cry of "Chun-chun" set everything in motion.

Amid this gay scene, under an azure sky of vivid sunlight, my English companions came riding down to the field. The dances ceased.

"What finds you here?" asked Malone.

"Bird-hunting," I answered. "I got lost in a bend of the river and was captured."

"But the Indians are hailing you as though you were a god or a chief. Do you know that they are hostile to our cause?"

"I learned that last night, and that they were my enemies, but something seemed to change their feelings toward me."

"What, pray?"

"A voice."

"Whose?"

"It came down."

"From where, the mountains?"

"No; from the sky—from the floating mist under the stars."

"Have you gone out of your wits? What did the voice say?"

"Chun-chun!"

Malone lay back in his saddle and burst into a loud laugh, as did the other men.

A little girl tumbled over before my horse in an effort to

give me a fire opal. I accepted the opal, when she lifted her hands and such a beautiful look as I shall never forget came into her face.

"Malone," said I, "this has been a serious business to me. What is the *Chun-chun*? What do these things mean?"

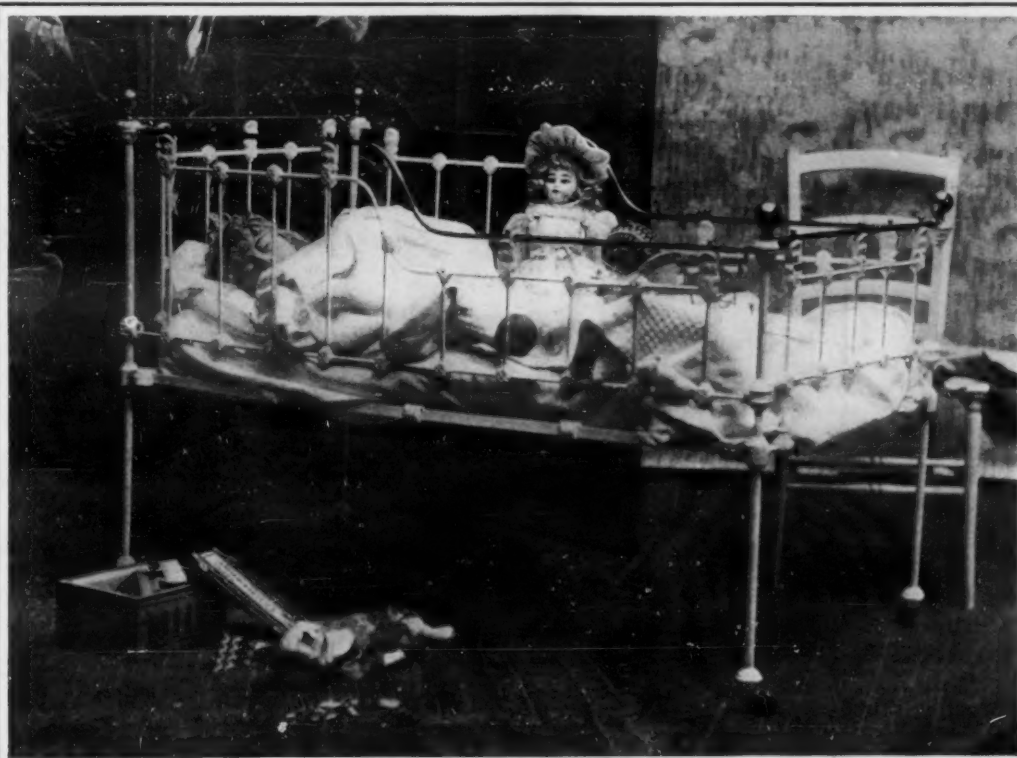
"No se," he said in Spanish, then:

"The *Chun-chun* is a bird—a night bird that no one ever saw—an angel bird, as it is supposed. His wings are never seen, but his voice or call will stop a battle, a dance—anything. The bird, or bat, or whatever it may be, utters a cry in the sky, then, as is supposed, turns into a traveler or pilgrim, and all who hear the voice must give to the traveler whatever he asks, and every gift to the traveler will bring him a blessing from heaven. The traveler represents Christ as a pilgrim. The Indians all obey the *Chun-chun*. You are a Christ to-day. The words *chun-chun* make a kind of Christmas for a traveler. They who hear the *Chun-chun* expect to meet a Christ-soul in the form of a pilgrim."

The crowd was swaying while we were speaking these hurried words. The people came rushing toward me, some with garlands of myrtles, some with chickadrink, and some with ornaments of silver and gold. Had I had a chariot, I could not have carried away the gifts that were offered me. Never did I see a Christmas spirit like that. It all seemed like a Christmas pantomime or acted parable.

The reader will ask, "Is this story true?" It is founded on a true incident. The legend of the *Chun-chun*, the bird that speaks and never is seen, but makes a Christ pilgrim of one in need, is one of the most beautiful of the superstitions of Chili, and many disasters have for generations been averted by the mysterious voice in the air known as the *Chun-chun*, the night bird that is heard, but never seen, and speaks for one in need.

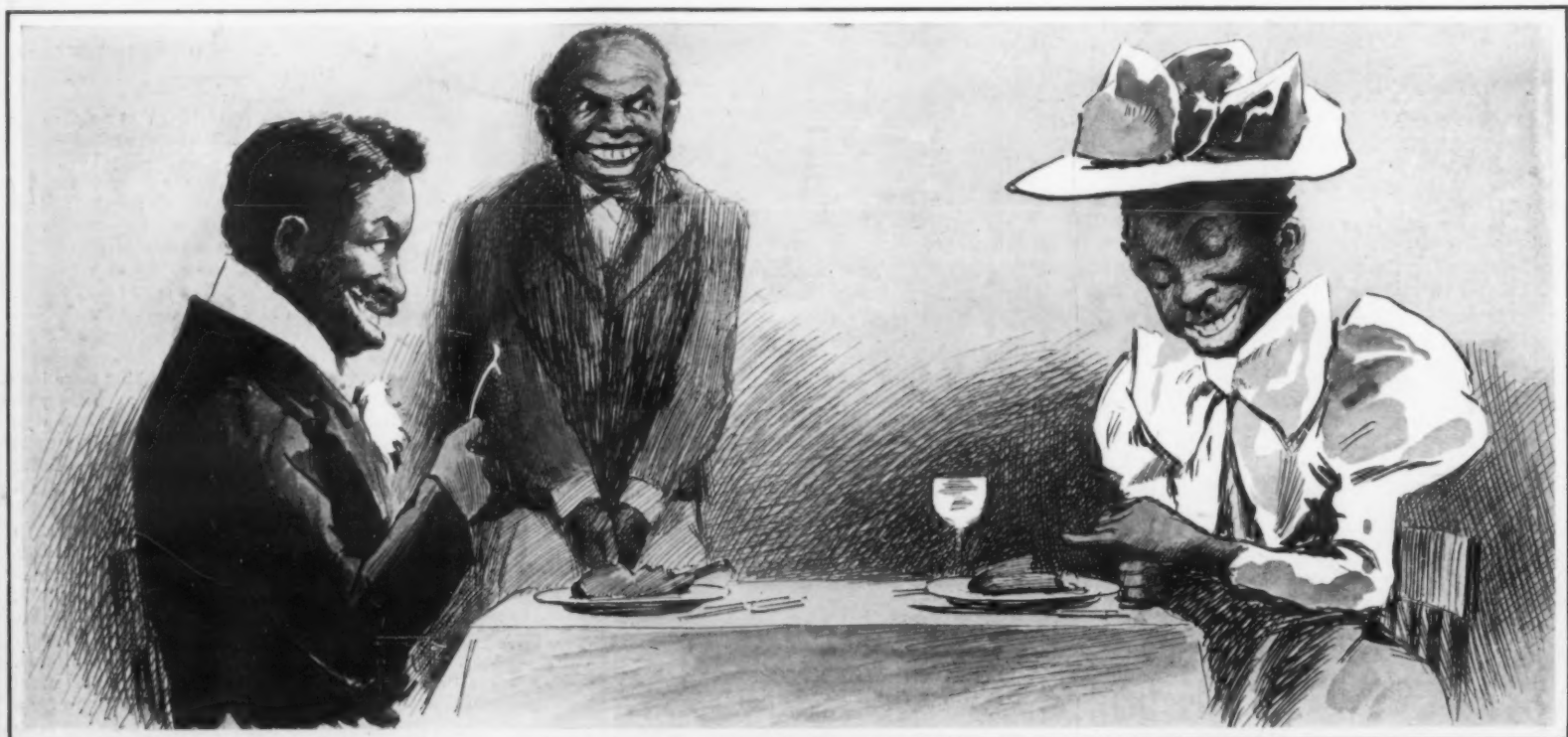
I rode away in search of the golden pinguedas on the ostrich plains, and no one ever beheld a more enriched figure for a Santa Claus, than I presented as I followed Malone away from the meadows of the festival, amid the shouts of "*chun-chun*," and I have often found myself dreaming as to what is the real solution of the mystery of the supposed night-bird of viewless wings, and the beautiful legend.



IV. COMPENSATION !—THE NEW DOLL.



I. THE WISH-BONE.



II. THE WISH.



III. THE WISHED-FOR RESULT.

A CHRISTMAS DINNER AND ITS SEQUEL.

TOLD IN THREE DRAWINGS.—MADE ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY E. W. KEMBLE.



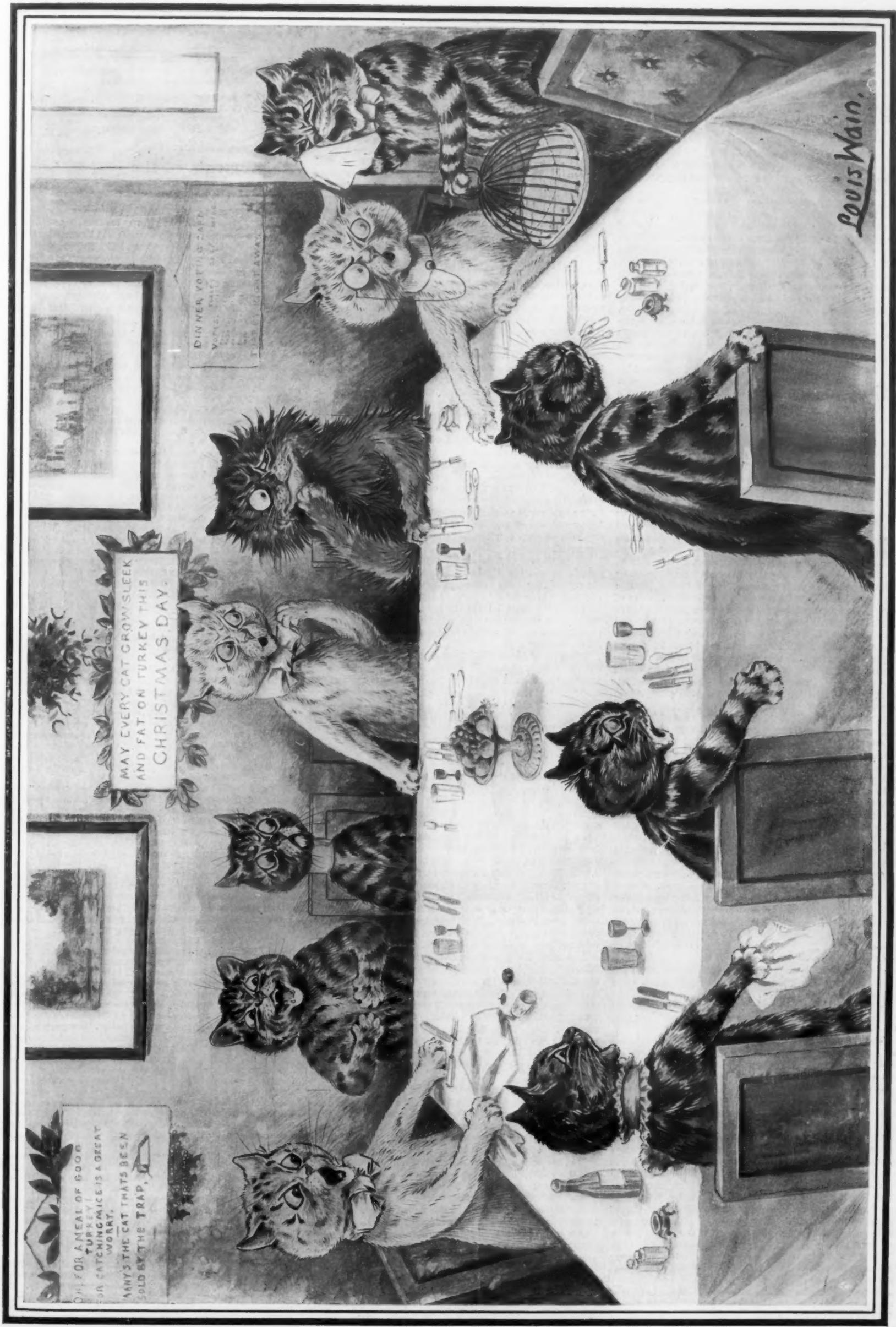
A LIVELY COUNTRY DANCE.

DRAWN BY D. C. HUTCHISON FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 500.]



THE NOBLE RED MAN'S CHRISTMAS FEAST.

HAPPY IN THE PROSPECT OF THE BEST THAT THE HUNTING FIELD AFFORDS.—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY J. M. FLAGG.



A CHRISTMAS CATASTROPHE.

"PLEASE, SIR, THE RAT HAS ESCAPED AND EATEN THE TURKEY."—DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY LOUIS WAIN.

Unique Features of a Christmas in Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, December 1st.—The signs of rejoicing over the birth of the infant Saviour, cause much the same heart-feeling in all Christian lands. To one who has been away from the United States for a term of years the Christmas holidays there seem like a feverish rush, and the simple pleasures indulged in during the nine days of *posadas* in Mexico are returned to with a certain measure of relief and an indefinable feeling that, perhaps, there is more here to make one realize the reason for so many manifestations of joy than in the home-land.

Old and middle-aged Mexicans like to tell of the fine *posadas* held when they were young. Thousands of dollars were sometimes spent on a single occasion, the favors being of silver and gold. But all customs here, except as regards fashions, are growing more simple, since the magnificent church processions have been prohibited by the laws of reform from passing outside the church buildings—though in some of the districts far from the capital city this law is not strictly enforced.

A *posada* is an inn, and the idea pervading these festivities is that story, known to all the world, of Caesar Augustus, who, in the height of his power, wished to know the number of people who bowed beneath his sceptre. In order to determine the fact he decreed that a census should be taken of all the nations composing the great Roman empire. To effect this, Augustus sent twenty-four commissioners to the different parts of his world. The edict commanded that every person, rich or poor, weak or strong, should go to the place of his birth or to the original place of his family, to have his or her name inscribed in the Roman registry.

Joseph and Mary, who were both of the royal house of David, went to the town of Bethlehem. They found it so full of people on the same mission that they wandered about the town for nine days seeking shelter. On the ninth day they were allowed to stay in the stable of a *posada*, and there the *Niño Santo*, or Holy Child, was born. The *posadas* are held for nine evenings in commemoration of those weary days.

On the 13th and 14th of December the visible preparations begin for the celebration. One side of the broad street of San Diego, on the west of the beautiful Alameda, or public garden, where once stood one of the *quemaduras*, or burning-places, of the Inquisition, is devoted to evergreens, mosses, berries, and beautiful wild grasses brought from the mountain-sides by Indians, some of whom live among the spicy-smelling boughs with their families until their stock is disposed of. Fires of charcoal are built, and the family life goes on as serenely as in their little *jacales* at home. There is no heavy rent to pay, and no board-bills. The little *jarras* of *pulque* are passed from one to another, and each drinks as much as he wishes. There is no danger of rain, as Christmas falls in the dry season, so the Indians wrap their blankets around them, snuggle down among the greens, and sleep peacefully under the beautiful, cloudless sky of tropical blue, with southern stars shining brightly in the great heavenly dome above them.

On the north side of the Alameda, in the street of San Juan de Dios (St. John of God), many curious things are exposed for sale in little stalls, or *barracas*—made of a few upright pieces, boards, and canvas. Such goodies! Candies, preserved fruits, bananas peeled and preserved, with an acid taste not agreeable to an unaccustomed palate; orange-peel, candied sweet potatoes, called "*Camotes de Santa Clara*," because the nuns in the beautiful, rich convent of Santa Clara first made them to sell in order to gain more money for charitable purposes. Mexicans may not have pumpkin-pies, but squashes—big ones—preserved in brown sugar, answer the purpose. In fact, there is no end to the list of *dulces* in the *barracas*.

Men and women sit by great piles of *caña*, or sugar cane, cut into convenient lengths to be peeled and chewed. Bushels and bushels of peanuts, or *cacahuates*, are deftly arranged on light wooden frames, with *petates* woven of grasses over them. To give the impression of even more than there are, the frames are often humped up in the middle. To bargain with the vendors is a science, for they have ideas of their own. Having sold one little measureful for six *centavos* or a *medio* is no reason the second measureful of the same size should go at the same price, so the buyer must frequently dicker over again for each measureful.

In the *barracas* are marvelous little inns, with barn-yards and stables in which may be seen a tiny Babe in the manger, with toy live-stock standing about.

There are toy trees for sale; cows, mules, burros, goats and sheep, cats and dogs; milkmaids, angels with gauzy wings, and stable boys; tiny stars, and everything imagination can suggest as suitable for such an occasion as a *posada*.

Groups of figures represent Bible scenes: the appearance of the angel to Mary, the salutation of Mary to Elizabeth; the scene in the stable, the three wise men, with a star, going to worship the infant Saviour. In some groups the presents are borne by servants—in others a cunning little basket is carried by each one. Then there are the presentation of the gifts; the shepherds watching their flocks; the flight into Egypt. Joseph is sometimes depicted as leading the mule on which Mary rode—in other groups a jaunty little angel, in short skirts and a star in his head-dress, leads, while Joseph walks behind with a little cudgel. All of these figures are made by extremely poor people. Usually the best are by Indians, who hand down their art from one generation to another.

Stalls of pottery add greatly to the attraction, and many buy their water-bottles and cooking-vessels during the Christmas *noche*.

To the children the *peñatas* are very important features of the season. Hung up in the *barracas*, or carried about swinging from poles on the shoulders of two persons if there are many *peñatas*, or held singly, they represent men, women, goats, and other animals, beautiful flowers, immense chrysanthemums, giant roses and peonies, lovely dabbies, nuns, monks

in full costume, and graceful musical instruments. Clowns hang side by side with meek-looking nuns, and no profession is too sacred for a *peñata*. Each figure contains an empty jar or *peñata* of pottery, which is hidden by the decorations or costumes of colored tissue paper, most skillfully applied. The jars are to be filled with goodies and unbreakable toys for the *posadas*.

On the 16th the nightly reunions begin, and selling is well under way. The cries of the vendors are eloquent and often amusing: "Señoras y señores, buy this beautiful *peñata* to fill with *dulces* for the little ones you have invited to your *posada* to-night." "Dulces!" "Pasteles!" "Dátiles!" (dates). "Camotes de Santa Clara!" Then comes a shrill cry, "Caña y cacahuates!" Rolls of very narrow silvery material which pops when broken are urged for sale—"Luz eléctrica!" The cries are usually musical and pleasing, and strangers find it hard to refuse the soft, pleading voices when a personal appeal is made. As evening comes on, torches add to the beauty of the scene; the crowds grow dense and the vendors more persistent. Handsome carriages with fine horses dash up, scattering the folk on foot. Ladies and gentlemen make their purchases and are off again with quantities of dainties and a great *peñata*, perhaps two or three, held by a footman or reposing by the *cochero* (coachman). Happy little faces look out of the carriage-windows and greet the purchases with merry—not very loud—shouts of welcome.

Others come with their children, while servants carry baskets to be taken home full. Fathers and nurses hold up little ones to see the toys, and there are cries of admiration. "Ab, papa, see the pretty *Niño Santo*!" "May I buy me a little Holy Child, papa?" "I see one that will fit in my *cuna*!"

Some, too, carry their own baskets, and, as all over the world, there are many richer in children than baskets and wherewith to fill them. Sometimes a small basket answers for a large flock of little ones, who feast their bright black eyes and exclaim over the beautiful, great *peñatas*, and laugh at the funny ones worth dollars, but end by being gloriously happy with one at two *reales* (twenty-five *centavos*), or even one, selected after opinions have been asked and given by all concerned.

Of course there are miserable homes where no sign of a *posada* is held, but Mexicans, rich and poor, are generous. No matter how dirty and ragged, every one is welcome in the churches, beautifully decorated, and at the nightly *posadas* held in them—though there the *peñatas* are omitted, as the celebrations are entirely of a religious nature. But it is in them that the *Niño Santo* is to be seen with the most beautiful surroundings.

When friends have been invited to a *posada* the house is decorated with evergreens and mosses, flowers and tinsel, in all the rooms and corridors. In one room is the scene in the stable of the inn of Bethlehem—the stable-yard and servants, the animals, trees, and plants; groups of Biblical characters, little toy fountains. All that money can do to beautify the beginning of the "old, old story" is done according to the taste and means of the host and hostess. The little manger, amid soft lights and rich draperies, stands ready for the *Niño Santo*.

A procession of the guests and family forms in another part of the house, and the pilgrims, or *peregrinos*, march two and two, led by one who carries the Babe. Singing sweet hymns and the litanies, they go through the house, winding in and out of the rooms and galleries.

At last the wanderers stop at the door of the room in which is the manger. Two voices, representing Mary and Joseph, in a wailing hymn beg to be admitted. Voices within chant a denial. Finally a voice announces who they are that plead for shelter; then the door is thrown open and the *peregrinos* are allowed to enter. The Babe is placed in the manger, often by a priest, and songs of rejoicing burst forth.

In a few moments all is brightness and gayety. The *peñatas* are next on the programme, though the details vary with the fancy of the host and hostess.

In a convenient place the *peñata* is suspended, and the little folk, and big ones who choose to take part in the merriment, are blindfolded, one at a time, turned around a time or two, then given a stick with which to break the jar, if possible. So many trials, then another tries. When one succeeds the contents fall to the floor, and a scramble follows to see who gets the most. Often the children give part of their portion to the poor little ones who have had no *peñata*. In some old families there are evenings when the numerous servants partake of the joys of the *posada* and share in the souvenirs and refreshments provided.

It is said that exporters of fine china in Europe have wondered why so many exquisite small pieces are ordered from Mexico. If they could see the number used for serving the dainty sweets and given as souvenirs at the hundreds of *posadas* their wondering would cease. Seventy-five fell to one favorite girl last year. Besides those used for candies and sweets, are dainty figures, little receptacles for holy water, and many lovely bits for use or ornament.

Services are held in the churches at midnight before the *Navidad* (Christmas, or birthday), and the many church-bells peal out the glad tidings that a Saviour is born. After the three Masses, which begin at midnight and are said amid clouds of incense and hundreds of candles, many return to their homes and before retiring partake of a banquet called *Cena de Noche Buena* (Christmas-eve supper).

When the sun begins to throw a dim light over the eastern sky the sunrise Mass is held in each church, and those who have not attended the night services go to this. A beautiful procession goes slowly through the building chanting "Blessed be he who comes in the name of the Lord." If the organist knows his duty the music of olden times rolls through the great cathedrals and churches with the Christmas hymns and chants.

Christmas in the Country.

(See Illustration.)

In country homes, when Christmas winds
Without are whistling eerily,
Blithe friends will meet with laugh and song,
By wood-fires blazing cheerily;

Anon above the hoarser din
Will shrill the joyous violin,
And merry feet will throb in tune
With hearts that dance as merrily.

M. M.

Achievements of the Nineteenth Century.

A CENTURY seems like a man, with all the characteristics of personality. We can tell what it was in given decades and divisions; we can measure it by decades and by periods; by its four quarters or its three generations. The changes that have occurred since 1800 have been numerous, constant, radical, and permanent, in church and state, in this land and in all lands. Not a nation has failed to be revolutionized, by the agencies of peace or war, by causes that have been voluntary or involuntary. Here are some of the notable achievements of the century:

1. The closed doors of semi-civilized and pagan lands have been opened. In 1800, the doors were not only closed but tightly closed. This was true of China, India, Africa, Japan, Siam, Korea, and the islands of the sea. The non-Christian nations were hermit nations, although they were not so-called, by themselves, by Europeans or Americans. The effort to close the doors again is now made by China, but it will be a vain attempt. They will be kept open by force, if they are not allowed to remain open by concession and by treaty. This openness means vast internal and external changes, affecting commerce, trade, diplomacy, civilization, religion, and destiny.

2. There has been a forward movement of Christian propaganda, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, usually styled home and foreign missions. The foreign movement started first, aroused the energies of the home churches, and expanded into a double movement, which meant expansion at home and abroad. The state churches, like the Lutheran and the Church of England, have engaged in the foreign movement, and they have comprehended the state in which they existed, so far as they were able. But the free churches, voluntary, independent, self-supporting, and self-governing, have asserted themselves and secured a large contingent of their own nation. In the United States, the forward movement has been a westward movement, extending to the Pacific coast; a southern movement in behalf of the colored people and the mountain whites; an urban movement to reach the less favored immigrants from Europe and Asia, and a recovering movement to maintain the depleted towns and villages.

3. There has been a reunion of denominations, a reunion after divisions, and co-operation in practical philanthropy. The first missionary societies organized in the United States were entitled unions, boards, American organizations. The tendency was to realize that union in which there is strength. Slavery and the war led to denominational divisions, some of which have been re-united; others are still divided, although not much of asperity remains. But the Evangelical Alliance, the Y. M. C. A., the W. C. T. U., the Y. P. S. C. E., the Salvation Army, and the International and World's Christian Conventions, have expressed union and co-operation. During the first fifty years of this century there were twenty-two schisms in the denominations of the United States, over questions of theology and church government. The Civil War occasioned further divisions, but recovery has occurred and the efforts to multiply denominations and willingness to add to them have subsided.

4. There has been a vast increase in the wealth of the world. This is conceded. It does not need to be demonstrated. The only division of opinion about it relates to the question of proportion. Some say that all classes have shared in the increase, that rich and poor have grown richer; while others affirm that the rich have grown richer and the poor poorer. That the poor have grown richer, however, is beyond question. That they have had as large a share as they ought to have had in the general increase is doubted. The tendency has been to reduce their hours of labor, and to increase their wages, but discontent prevails and will prevail until they are given a greater proportion of the wealth of the world. Immense fortunes show that there is abundant room to give as a right to the poorer classes what is conferred in charity, in exhibitions of public spirit, and the establishment of institutions for all classes or special classes.

5. The facilities for intercommunication and travel have been multiplied. The steam engine and the steamship, the telegraph, the cable, the telephone, the electric power in manifold forms, have made travel and communication speedy and easy. The American continent, in either direction, can be traversed in a few days. Mails are frequent from all parts of the world. Travelers who have girdled the world on a protracted vacation, or as an episode in their lives, are multiplying. A message can go round the world in a day. Time and space, within given limits, are annihilated. The pressure of the hand upon an instrument repeats a message from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It took weeks and months and years, at the beginning of the century, to do what can now be done in seconds, minutes and hours.

6. There have been marvelous discoveries and inventions. These include the utilities of the household, the processes of manufactures, and the arts of war. Specifically they include innumerable machines to replace hand and foot work, and increase productive capacity and output. All the natural sciences have been expanded and revolutionized. Many individuals have seen greater changes than they would have seen had they lived from the thirteenth to the eighteenth century.

7. The whole drift of the century has been democratic. France has become a republic. England's monarch has become a social functionary more than a governmental. England's electorate has been greatly enlarged. The German Emperor and the Czar of Russia still maintain the divine right of kings, but they are a small minority among rulers, numerically considered. The United States has covered four-fifths of its career as an independent country within this century, and it stands for government of the people by the people and for the people. No administration in any Occidental land can resist for long the popular will.

8. There has been a wide diffusion of education and of literature. Common schools have multiplied. Sufficient education for the ordinary wants of life has been guaranteed, almost universally. The printing-presses now run day and night, to circulate knowledge, in the form of the penny press, the daily, the weekly, and the monthly publication; the cheap, but the valuable book. There is no longer a famine of knowledge, in nominally civilized countries.

These are the chief good characteristics of the century, and it is the good characteristics that deserve to be noted and re-

membered. We do not forget that wars still prevail, that criminals still abound, that there is corruption in high life and low life, that Mammon is the modern god of many men, that famine and plague survive, as in India and North China, that earthquakes, cyclones, cloudbursts and kindred violence in nature still do destructive work. But the golden age is nearer than it was one hundred years ago, and its approach is hastening in rapid ratio. It must be so, if there is a God and a future life; and the voice of mankind and of the ages asserts belief in the Father Almighty, in the resurrection of the dead, and the life everlasting.

JAMES H. ROSS.

The "Hello" Girl.

A MALE OPERATOR'S LAMENT.

[The management of a large telephone company has issued a strict order against any conversation over its line that is not upon business and paid for at the schedule rates.]—*Exchange*.

THE "hello" girl on the talking wire
Is a dashing maid I much admire;
Though I only know her by her voice,
I am sure she's up-to-date and choice.

She may be blonde—perhaps brunette,
Pretty, or freckled, or plain; and yet
When I hear her dulcet, brisk "Hello!"
It brings to my cheek a crimson glow.

But now by an edict stern as the Shah's,
I am told to *forgo* the *hello*;
When, knowing I was a *telephone* man,
Her cooling over the wire began.

Often, when we were quite alone,
There was tender talk on the telephone;
Our lips were much too far apart,
But the wire was Cupid's chosen dart.

Though her bright laugh came from a distant State,
It caused my heart to palpitate;
And her kiss (for sometimes a kiss was sent)
Had somehow a solace of sweet content.

You may think an osculation like this
A Tantalus-torture devoid of bliss;
But now that its halo and hint have flown,
Sullen and sad seems the telephone.

JOEL BENTON.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

MONEY rules the world. The stock exchange in Wall Street is a more practical factor in the preservation of the world's peace than the Hague Conference is, or at least, has been up to date. The influence of capital on diplomacy is becoming more decisive every year. A remarkable article on this subject was recently printed in a German publication, from the pen of Mr. Von Siemens, the president of the Deutsche Bank, of Berlin. He recognizes the feeling of extreme unrest which has entered the world at the close of the nineteenth century and which accentuates the antagonism between Europe and America, based on the growing commercial competition between the new giant power of the west and all the old conservative nations. Mr. Von Siemens declares that in these conditions an efficient stock exchange exerts a powerful influence, and occupies a position in peace equivalent to that of an army in war.

Exchanges, he points out, prefer peace to war, for, while the latter brings large gains to a few, it entails losses upon the multitudes. He refers to the indisputable fact that during the past few years the warlike propensities of many governments have been curbed because of their failure to procure the necessary funds required for hostilities. He tells how the first Russian railroads were constructed with French money, and that when France became inimical to Russia, the promoters of the latter's industrial enterprises secured financial aid in Berlin. This led to the establishment of a friendly feeling between Russia and Germany. In turn, this feeling cooled with the shifting of Russian obligations from Berlin and their absorption by France; and as France's power of absorbing Russian loans increased, the political friendship between the two countries grew stronger. Other instances of the power of the exchanges in severing and securing relations between the nations are given.

The entire article is a surprising revelation of the potentiality of the money power as the new century is about to dawn. Is it not well at this time, therefore, for us to appreciate that the stock exchange of New York, which has now assumed the first rank as a financial factor, exercises an influence favorable to the success of the nation in an industrial and commercial sense? That the public is beginning to take this view of the question is evidenced by the increasing interest manifested by investors everywhere in the business of the stock exchange. Every man who has accumulated money beyond his immediate needs, and who is looking for the best opportunity to make it an earning power, is turning to Wall Street.

It would be, indeed, strange if advantage were not taken in some instances of the credulity and the eagerness of the untrained investor. He meets in Wall Street precisely the same sort of treatment that he receives in a real-estate transaction or a horse trade. The man with whom he deals, always tries to get the better of him. While in other days Wall Street has been denounced as a gambling centre, in these times every one feels justified in buying and selling stocks and bonds. Transactions on the exchange are looked upon as entirely legitimate and proper. This broadening of the business of Wall Street has had not a little to do with the recent advance in the prices of stocks and bonds. Men have been in the market who never before had invested in Wall Street. The rise of two years ago with its phenomenal profits to those who shared in it, gave an extraordinary stimulus to speculation. Those who made large gains furnished stimulus to others whose moneys were in savings banks or in mortgages, and these made

haste to seek opportunities for money-making in speculation. Some succeeded, many failed. Yet the appetite for dealing in stocks thus created remains, and the hope of, some time, striking it right and making a quick profit lingers in the mind of even the most unsuccessful trader.

That this is a situation pregnant with danger, I need not say. I have endeavored in this column during the past year to lean always to the conservative side, realizing that most of the inquiries addressed to me came from those who had not had extensive experience in Wall Street. It is a pleasure to know from the personal and confidential communications I have received, that the advice thus given has, in many instances, been beneficial, and in some materially helpful. It is no less a pleasure to be able to say that during the entire year I have had not one complaint from the thousands of correspondents who have written me, regarding the character of the results of the answers I have given, freely, frankly, and honestly, to their questions. At this holiday season, when I feel, by reason of my very pleasant personal relations with the readers of this department, like wishing them all a Merry Christmas, I want to give them a word of general caution: You can deal in Wall Street with perfect safety if you deal with honest men. The honesty of a broker may be largely judged by the record he has made. You have no hope of success if you accept the attractive, alluring, but absolutely deceptive offers constantly being made by sharks and sharpers, masquerading under high-sounding corporate titles, or representing themselves as members of all the exchanges, or in close affiliation with leading financiers, and who offer to take your money and invest it in sure things for a small percentage of your profits.

Most of these sharpers pretend to deal with the Consolidated Exchange. None of them holds a membership in the New York Stock Exchange, for the latter will not tolerate unfair or dishonest methods. Neither will the Consolidated Exchange tolerate these methods, and it has lately demonstrated its purpose to shake off and bar out a number of these "discretionary," "advisory," and "syndicate" fellows, who have been doing a large and profitable business at the expense of an honest and confiding clientele scattered throughout the country. The money in Wall Street is made only by those who deal patiently, carefully and knowingly. It is always safe to buy in periods of great depression, and it is always best to sell when the market is enjoying what is generally known as a "boom." These periods of depression come at intervals, but one must wait for them patiently as investors always should wait for the best chance. The man who wishes to trade from day to day ought to make speculation a study. Otherwise, somebody will get the advantage of him, for the man who is on the ground can follow the situation much more closely and accurately than one who is not within sight of the tape.

The country is fairly prosperous, and the expected passage of the Subsidy Bill and the probable decision to construct the Nicaragua Canal may prove to be factors of enormous value in the development of trade and commerce. Good crops at good prices, continued large outputs of valuable minerals, an abundance of coal and iron at prices that will enable us to compete in the manufactured articles with other nations, and an abundance of superfluous money for investment and speculation, are things that must all be considered, as we cast our eyes over the financial horizon at the opening of a new century. The growing demand for anti-trust legislation, and for the taxation and restriction of corporations, the ever-present disposition to invest surplus capital in competition with profitable enterprises, the possibilities of higher rates for money, in view of the world's demand for gold, are also to be thought of as elements of importance on the other side in calculating the possibilities of the new year.

The investor should bear in mind one fact, namely, that when stocks and bonds sold on Wall Street yield him no greater rate of interest and give him no better security than he can obtain outside of the exchange, the latter need have no special attraction for him. There is a common level on which all business transactions must be had, and when that level is reached, new opportunities must be sought for elsewhere. I trust the coming year will deal bountifully with the readers of this department, and I assure them that the answers that I will make to their inquiries will be as unprejudiced and unbiased, as conscientious and sincere, as they have always been.

"L," Chicago, Ill.: (1) I do not advise the sale of Pacific Mail. The controlling owners of the property have it in their power to make the stock still more valuable. (2) Do not advise the purchase of Rubber.

"Clerk," Norfolk, Va.: Among the low-priced stocks that I have recommended on declines, Southern Pacific, Chesapeake & Ohio, Missouri Pacific, and Southern Railway, preferred, have been included. (2) I think an investment in Long Island Railway, at current prices, will eventually net a good profit.

"Investor," Portland, Me.: The outstanding capital stock of American Car and Foundry is \$30,000,000 common and \$30,000,000 preferred; of American Ice, \$23,000,000 common and \$12,500,000 preferred; of American Linseed, \$16,750,000 common and the same amount of preferred. American Ice pays one per cent. quarterly, the preferred one and one-half per cent. quarterly.

"G," Buffalo, N. Y.: The form of a call such as is sold by speculators on Wall Street is as follows (I omit the date): "For value received the bearer may call on me on one day's notice for — shares of the — stock, of the — company, at — per cent., any time in — days from date. All dividends for which transfer-books close during said time go with the stock. Expires —, 1900." (Signature.)

"R," Dover, Del.: The lowest prices during the current year were as follows: American Steel and Wire, 28½; Atchison common, 18½; preferred, 58½; Baltimore and Ohio common, 55½; Brooklyn Rapid Transit, 47½; Chesapeake and Ohio, 24; Norfolk and Western, 22½; St. Louis Southwestern, 8½; Southern Railway common, 10½; Texas Pacific, 13½; United States Leather common, 7½.

"Inquirer," Hartford, Conn.: The common capital stock of the Royal Baking Company is \$10,000,000. It was disposed of by its promoters at \$76 per share and at present prices yields a handsome profit. (2) A bonus of fifty per cent. of the common stock of National Tube was given to every subscription at par for the preferred. The bonus of Pressed Steel Car common was 100 per cent., and of Rubber Goods Manufacturing Company ninety per cent.

"Guardian," Newark, N. J.: The United New Jersey Railroad and Canal Company has been leased in perpetuity by the Pennsylvania Railroad, which guarantees ten per cent. dividends on the stock, payable quarterly. The latest quotation for the stock is about 270 and interest, which would not the buyer about 3.68 per cent. This is a perfectly safe investment

for all time. (3) A bond netting nearly four and one-quarter per cent. is the general consolidated first mortgage five per cent. obligation of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, if bought around 115.

"Finance," Des Moines, Ia.: I regard the Third Avenue bonds at 104½ as a good investment. They pay only four per cent., but will probably sell higher. (2) I am not inclined to believe that the dividends on the preferred stock of American Linseed will be resumed very soon. The mere fact that they were paid, as the officers now confess, when money was needed and should have been held for the uses of the company, shows that the management has not been business-like. It would have been better if no dividends had been paid. There certainly was no reason, except a speculative one, why as large a dividend as seven per cent. should have been paid on the preferred. The whole thing has a bad look to me.

"S," San Francisco: One of the leading owners of Standard Oil stock predicted a year ago that that stock would sell at \$1,000 a share before many months elapsed, but at present prices I do not like to advise its purchase for permanent investment. The battle against the trusts in this country has only begun. Legislation inimical to their interests is contemplated in many states and by the Federal government itself. The Standard Oil, whether fairly or unfairly, I need not say, has been regarded as the most powerful and aggressive of all trusts, and it will have to bear the brunt of the battle made against such organizations. What the effect of such repressive legislation may be, no one can tell. The future alone will disclose it. Everything depends upon the temper of the people.

"Banker," Boston, Mass.: (1) It is wise to have your cash on hand ready for immediate investment, in case of a slump toward the close of the year or at the beginning of the new year, when, with the settlement of business affairs generally, there is always more or less of a disturbance in Wall Street. (2) The rise in the value of leading railroad and industrial stocks and bonds since election is estimated at over half a billion dollars. I haven't any doubt that in some instances this rise has been more than we should have had on the merits of the case. (3) The enormous increase in the bonds and stocks of many railroads during the past ten years shows where a great deal of the surplus earnings of the country has gone, and additional increases of stocks and bonds are rapidly absorbing the remainder. I am inclined to believe that money will be dearer rather than cheaper before spring.

"Industrial," Atlanta, Ga.: The difficulty with the industrial stocks is that almost any one can enter into competition with most of them, even though the competition be on a small scale. Recently we have had hints of new tobacco-factories in competition with the trust, new cracker concerns, a large new sugar-refinery, new smelters, and new paper-factories. The Standard Oil's strength is due primarily to the fact that the company controls virtually the mineral-oil business of the United States, and is a potential factor in this business throughout the world. Secondly, it has at its head the ablest managers that can be found. An outsider would find it exceedingly difficult to enter into competition with the Standard Oil, except on a basis that would require an enormous amount of capital. When investing in industrials, therefore, it would be wise to discriminate in favor of those in which competition cannot be easily created.

"Reader," Kansas City: One reason why I have faith in the future of Southern Pacific is because of its invulnerable position. I have read of the proposed new railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles which the Senator Clark syndicate talks of building, but this will hurt the Southern Pacific less than any of the other transcontinental lines. The Southern Pacific controls its own line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It has its own Atlantic and Pacific steamship lines, it has the outlet to the Pacific coast from Ogden to San Francisco, and it controls all the railroads in the best valleys in California. I regard it, therefore, as a more valuable property even than Atchison, and its earnings justify the payment of dividends. The late Mr. Huntington was the foremost railroad man of his day, and if the vast Southern Pacific system which he organized so well is properly managed, it will prove to be a great money-maker. The projected Pacific steamship line of the Panama company would not be a very serious opposition to Pacific Mail, because the Southern Pacific could, and probably would, refuse to give its business to any but its own steamship line, and it virtually controls the freight situation in its direction.

JASPER.

For Sleeplessness

TAKE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. PATRICK BOOTH, Oxford, N. C., says: "It acts admirably in insomnia, especially of old people and convalescents."

The Teething Period

is the trying time in baby's life. Proper feeding then is most essential. To secure uniformity of diet use Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. Book, "Babies," free. Borden's Condensed Milk Co., New York.

VIGOR of mind and strength of body are attendant upon the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. The great rejuvenator. At druggists' and grocers'.

Walked Out.

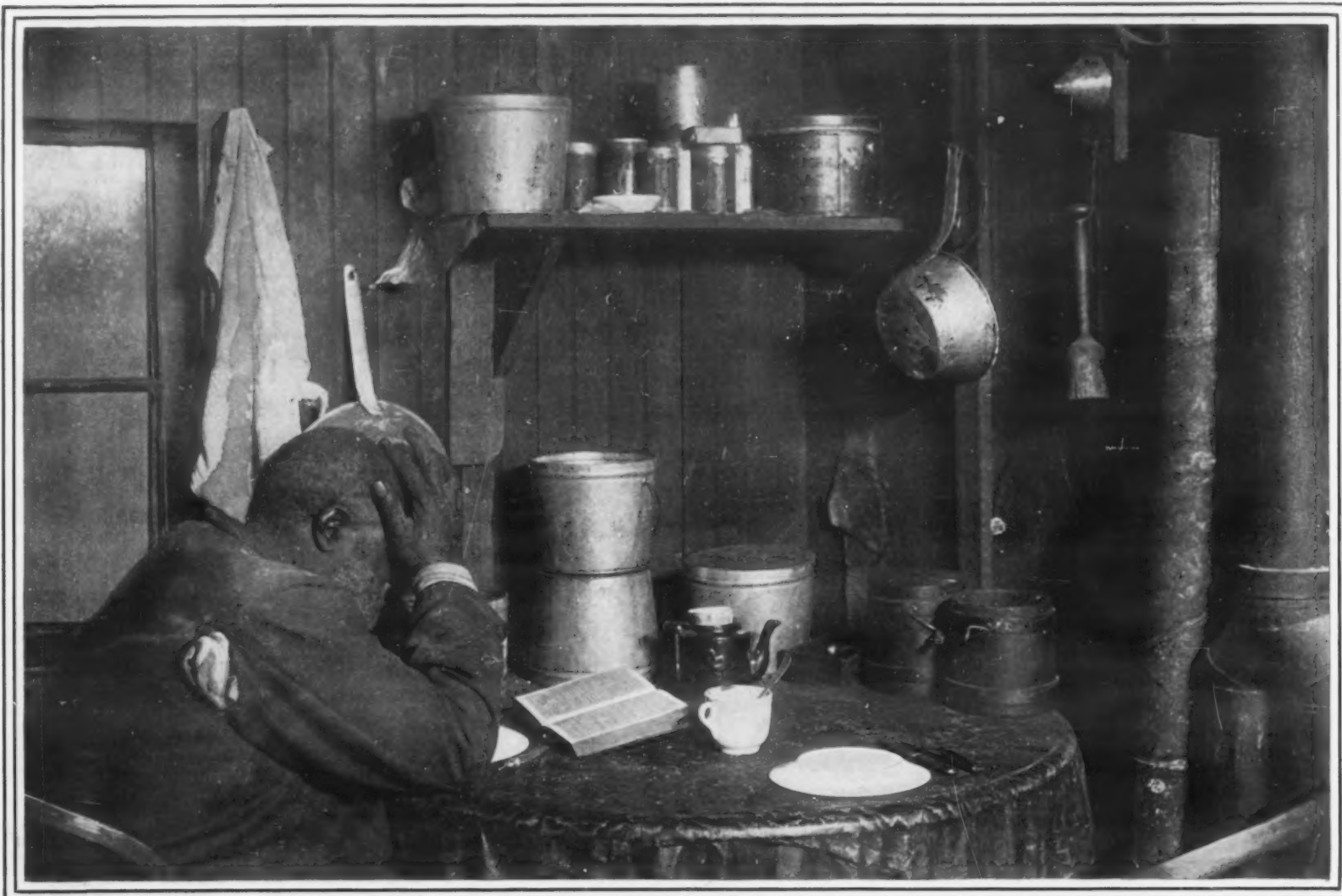
ON FOOD, AFTER BEING GIVEN UP.

Lack of knowledge regarding the kind of food to give to people, particularly invalids, frequently causes much distress, whereas when one knows exactly the kind of food to give to quickly rebuild the brain and nerve centers, that knowledge can be made use of.

A young Chicago woman says: "Other instances of the wonderful qualities possessed by Grape-Nuts food are shown in my grandmother's and mother's cases. Grandmother's entire left side became totally paralyzed, from a ruptured capillary of the brain. The doctor said it would be impossible for her to live a week. She could not take ordinary food and we put her on Grape-Nuts, in an effort to do all for her we could."

"To the astonishment of the doctor and the delight of all of us, she slowly rallied and recovered. It was pronounced the first case of the kind on record. The doctor said nothing could have produced this result but food."

"We had been led to use Grape-Nuts because of the effect on mother. She has been troubled with a weak stomach all her life, and the last few years been gradually losing weight and strength. She has tried everything, almost, that has been recommended by good authority, and until she used Grape-Nuts food, nothing seemed to do her any good. Since taking up Grape-Nuts she has been constantly improving until now she is free from any of the stomach troubles, and is strong and well. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



HIS LONELY CHRISTMAS.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY L. E. OFFUTT, MEMPHIS, TENN.

A Lonely Christmas.

DEAD branches fill the frosty pane,
The clouds are thick and gray,
The gusty wind is flaked with snow,
And this is Christmas Day.
He sits among his pails and pans
In lonely, patient woe,
And thinks of all that 'Cindy did
But one short year ago.

The cabin craves a woman's hand
When he is at the plow;
The dust is on the banjo strings—
He never plays it now.
Cold ashes choke the cheerless hearth,
The clock forgets to chime,
His shabby garments show the want
Of 'Cindy's stitch in time.

Oh, then the kettle on the fire
A tale of comfort told;
The sweet potatoes burst their skins,
And shone like virgin gold;
And, best of all, across the board,
In yonder empty place,
Was 'Cindy's gorgeous calico
And broadly-smiling face.

He tries to think she only stepped
A minute out of view.
He cannot eat, but sets her chair
With cups and plates for two.
Old man, her feet have strayed too far
Among the stars on high
To travel back, and 'Cindy keeps
Her Christmas in the sky.

She's dead and gone to glory now,
And he is all alone;
Salt tears are steeping with the tea,
And bitter is the pome.
Sad memories share his simple meal
And ring the Christmas bells,
And everything the urgent need
Of tidy 'Cindy tells.

MINNA IRVING.

A Christmas Fairy Story.

BY AILEEN ORR.

THERE was once upon a time a little black boy called Billy. He had lived all his short life in a black camp with his parents and a number of other aborigines of the tribe. Billy had never been very kindly treated, and as he had a soft heart himself he sometimes felt it very much.

Now one Christmas time, being left alone as usual, with no presents of any sort and no treat, he began to think of all the stories he had been told about the white children's Christmas, and determined then and there to find out what it was really like. He had heard of the Christmas Hills in a country many miles off, and planned to go there, believing from their name that these must contain all the mysteries of Santa Claus and other joys from which he had always been isolated.

With a loving farewell to his own mia-mia, the little shelter of branches which he had built for himself against the thunderstorms, he set off with only a piece of opossum skin hung round his waist for clothing and a boomerang in his hand.

Billy journeyed for many hours, over paddocks and wire fences, wading bravely through creeks, water-holes and bracken undergrowth, where the snakes were very numerous and poisonous, till he found himself in a beautiful valley between a blue and a purple mountain. Approaching a vineyard, he asked an old gardener where the Christmas Hills lay.

"Yonder," said the man, pointing straight in front of them towards the blue mountain; "this is Yarra Glen."

The little black boy was very hot and thirsty, for the sun had been beating fiercely upon him all the way along; so he begged a few of the round juicy grapes which hung in rich profusion on the vines.

"By all means," said the good-natured gardener, as he picked him the largest bunch he could find, ripe and inviting, with the bloom upon them. Billy thanked him, saying he hoped some time to be able to return his kindness, and taking the fruit he continued his way with a light heart.

As he climbed and climbed, rising higher and higher, the glen grew smaller and smaller below him, till he could not see the old man any more. Soon the hill became so steep and slippery that he was forced to draw himself up from tree to tree

by holding first on to one branch and then another. Blue gum and wattles rose high above him in monotonous grandeur, till he began to wonder where the Christmas trees and stockings were, and how they grew. Feeling thirsty again, he was putting some more grapes into his mouth, when suddenly he perceived a poor old woman lying on the ground, looking very faint and ill.

"Give me some, kind youth!" she gasped. "I have been sunstruck."

"But I have traveled many miles on foot and am parched with thirst," said Billy.

"I am dying," groaned the other, feebly; "have pity!"

Whereupon, moved to sympathy, he gave her all he had left.

To his astonishment, as she was eating them, she turned into a lovely fairy queen all dressed in soft, shimmery blue, the color of the sky.

"As you have done me a service," she said, "I mean to reward you in the way you most want: You shall have a real Australian Christmas." Billy was overjoyed, and at her bidding followed her through the bush till they reached a wonderful garden filled with brilliant flowers and fruit which surpassed his wildest dreams. Strawberries grew in masses all along the borders, and the trees were laden with luscious ripe peaches, nectarines, figs, and every other southern fruit he had ever thought or heard of, in or out of season.

Here they entered, and the blue fairy summoned ten other little fairies, just Billy's own size and age, to wait upon and entertain him. They were all in different colors, so that as they flitted about him in the sunlight with their floating gossamer gowns they looked like a rainbow.

"Feast the little darky boy,
Give him pudding, fruit and toy;
Sing and dance and merry make;
Don't forget the Christmas cake
For the doodly darky boy!"

Having sung and danced for him, they then set the Christmas dinner on a long, narrow table out in the garden. There were strawberries and cream, and grape-cake, mince-pies (Gunsler made so many that Christmas he never missed those the fairies stole), chocolates, pineapple-dumplings, and last, but

most important, instead of a hot plum-pudding with holly, as the cold countries have, there was a huge ice-cream pudding, with precious stones instead of raisins through it, and a piece of yellow wattle blossoms stuck in the top.

Five fairies sat at one side of the table and five at the other, while Billy sat at the foot and the blue queen at the head. They filled their glasses with magic wine, so that all who drank would be lucky all the new year round. Each fairy's wine matched her dress: the green one had green wine, the pink one pink wine, and the purple fairy purple wine, and so on till it came to Billy, and his was black with a crimson light in it, and he thought it more delicious than anything he had ever tasted. Then they were given each a large slice of the grape-cake, and afterward anything they wanted till they had appetite left for only the ice- pudding, which on such a hot day was most refreshing. Each fairy found in her share a precious stone again to match her dress. The yellow fairy got a topaz, the heliotrope an amethyst, the blue a sapphire, and so on till it came to Billy, who, after eating for some time, suddenly closed his white teeth upon something very hard, and taking it out and looking at it found it was an opal, with every one of the fairy colors combined gleaming in it.

All the fairies gathered round him and exclaimed: "That is a magic opal, and the owner of it will some day become chief of his tribe." Hearing this, he put it in his mouth under his tongue for safety, for, as he had no clothes, of course he had no pocket. The fairies then, seeing he had no stocking to hang up, presented him instead, for a Christmas-box, with a new boomerang, telling him it was a charmed one, so that whenever he wanted anything he had only to throw the weapon high into the air and it would return with the object of his choice and lay it at his feet.

But, alas! there was a wicked little goblin peeping through from the bough of a peach-tree, and though he had not heard about or seen the boomerang, he had caught all regarding the magic opal, and had seen Billy place it under his tongue. So when the little black boy had bidden good-bye, thanking the fairies for his Christmas feast, and started home again, he was waylaid in the bush by the evil goblin, who had followed him out of the garden to rob him. Billy refused to give up his stone and cried for help, but the goblin knocked him down and



A SMILING YOUNG NEW-YORKER.
Photographed by Rockwood.



"RING-A-RING-A-ROSY" BY SOME OF NEW YORK'S
COMING BUDS.
Photographed by Rockwood.—Copyright 1900.



A CUTE LITTLE ALBANIAN.
Photographed by Pirie Macdonald.



A CHARMING ST. LOUIS MISS—MARIE HILL.
Photographed by J. C. Strauss.



A TYPICAL ST. LOUIS BOY.
MASTER PAUL AGLAR.
Photographed by J. C. Strauss.



MASTER ROBERT MOORE, JR., AND MISS BALDWIN,
NEW ORLEANS.
Photographed by G. Moses & Son.



A CINCINNATI FAVORITE.
Photographed by Bellsmith.



A SWEET ALBANIAN.
Photographed by Pirie Macdonald.



BOSTON'S SAILOR LASSIE—ALICE WHEELER.
Photographed by Elmer Chickering.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

TYPES OF HANDSOME AMERICAN CHILDREN.—PHOTOGRAPHED AT SOME OF THE LEADING STUDIOS OF THE UNITED STATES.

beat him till he lost consciousness. Then the wicked creature forced open his mouth, stole the magic opal, and ran away with it as fast as he could. When poor Billy recovered he soon noticed that the opal was gone and guessed who had taken it, but he was in despair of ever finding it again, so, sitting miserably on the ground, he opened his mouth wide and cried long and loud. But this he soon realized was a silly, useless thing to do. Just then he spied his boomerang, which he had quite forgotten, on the ground near by, and remembering what the blue fairy had told him, he picked it up and, jumping to his feet, he threw it skillfully high into the air. Away it swung without touching the trees, and sure enough, as the goblin, a couple of miles off, was just admiring his plunder, the boomerang lifted it out of his hand before his very eyes and carried it back to the feet of its rightful owner. Billy shouted for joy, and putting it once more in his mouth he took his wonderful toy under his arm and sped down the hill. When he reached the vineyard he saw the gardener still at work; so, asking him what he would most like as a token of gratitude for the grapes, the old man looked him up and down, and answered, "There is not much a little fellow like you could do for me."

"I can do my best," said Billy, with twinkling eyes.

"There is only one thing I want," said the gardener, sadly, "and that is the little daughter I lost in the bush a year ago."

No sooner said than the boomerang went whizzing through the air as before, and in a few moments came floating swiftly back through the blue haze with a little fair-headed child seated happily and safely upon it. With joy too deep for words the old man clasped her in his arms, and Billy triumphantly left them together and journeyed on again over paddock and fence till at last he found himself back in the black camp where his little mia-mia and aborigine companions were. When they found how successfully he could throw, and the wonderful things the boomerang brought back, he grew so very popular and rich that they at length made him chief of the tribe. Then he married a sweet little black girl with the tightest black curls and the blackest possible eyes. Round her neck he hung the magic opal, and as she wore it always they lived happily ever afterward.



WRITING HIS FIRST LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY THE MISSES SELBY, NEW YORK.

Books for the Holidays:

For the aged—Scott's "Old Mortality."

For the engineer—A volume of Burns.

For the accountant—Lowell's "Among my Books."

For the tramp—Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers."

For the sign-painter—Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter."

For the pawnbroker—Dickens's "Our Mutual Friend."

For the man with an elephant on his hands—Bulwer's "What Will He Do with It?"

For the retired coal-dealer—Dr. Doran's "Monarchs Retired from Business."

The Fruits

OF COFFEE-DRINKING.

"THE fruits or results, in my case, of coffee-drinking were sallow complexion, almost total loss of appetite, as well as sleeplessness and sluggish circulation."

"I was also very bilious and constipated most of the time for eight years, and became so nervous that I was unable to do any mental labor and was fast approaching a condition where there would have been no help for me."

"I am convinced that if I had continued using coffee much longer the result would have been a total mental and physical wreck."

"I sometimes think that the all-wise Providence looks after us in trouble; at any rate, when I was in despair a friend urged me to give up coffee entirely and use Postum, giving the reasons why. It was hard for me to believe that so common a beverage as coffee was the cause of my trouble, but I made the change, and from the first trial experienced a benefit and improvement. My complexion has improved, the nervousness is gone, as well as the bilious trouble and sleeplessness, and I am completely cured of sluggish circulation. In fact, I am well, and the return to health has been directly traced to leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee. I recommend Postum to all coffee wrecks without a single reservation." James D. Kimball, Isabella Street, Northampton, Mass.



WATCHING FOR SANTA CLAUS.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY."

Life Insurance, Its Service and Its Leadership.

By DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

(From the New York "Independent," November 22d, 1900.)

LIFE insurance, as it first took form, was a prophecy of the day when man's outlook would be as wide as the world; it was the expression of an idea that was peaceable, unselfish, and wise, yet having withal a militant side.

Under certain great leaders this beneficent idea not only prophesied, but fought. It preached the doctrine of human fraternity, and at the same time vigorously attacked the prejudices, the vices, and the provincialisms that scatter and embitter men and retard progress.

With the beginning of the twentieth century the period of prophecy draws to a close, and the militant period, the time of command and leadership, begins.

Earlier than the middle of the nineteenth century there was little place in the world even for the voice of prophecy. Man and his ideas, man and his hopes, man and his conception of the world, was still too provincial, too superstitious, and too small. Something like fifty years ago man really began to assume mastery over the earth. Before that, he looked at the confines of a single State as we now look at the entire world; he regarded the world as we now regard the solar system. Within two generations the world has so shrunk—or, rather, man has so expanded—that the mysteries, the superstitions, the fears, and the enmities of earlier days have measurably vanished. The monsters that lived beyond the Pillars of Hercules have all been slain; the passage to India has been discovered. At last man has, intelligently, physical dominion over the earth.

Splendid as all this is from a material standpoint, it represents only the beginning of things for life insurance. Free intercourse between nations, international honor of the highest type in commercial affairs, power of almost instantaneous communication between all parts of the world—all these are necessary preliminaries, but all these are chiefly physical, and the best part of the great conquest which life insurance shall some day record will be its moral achievements. The marvelous physical conquest of the earth by man during the past fifty years has completely outstripped his moral and mental progress during the same period. A moral idea generates slowly; physical revolution may come in a day. For example, steam and electricity have within our generation almost literally reproduced the wonder of the old Greek myth, in that, like Minerva, they have sprung into being full armed. Their accomplishments have been so tremendous and so rapid that the world hasn't had time to readjust itself to the new conditions and to consider their true significance. As yet these new forces have chiefly wrought physical, and not mental or moral, changes. Where prejudice or fear existed they have not much lessened either. They have brought all the world face to face; but whether this action has tended immediately to decrease human suffering, to decrease the probabilities of war, or to increase them, is a ques-

tion. Of themselves, they have not reformed (and probably will not) a condition that has existed from the time when man first took up his struggle for existence. From the beginning man's conflict with nature, with wild beasts, and with disease was not so fierce as his conflict with other men. Steam and electricity have, perhaps, intensified that condition. Every step in human progress, every gain in physical power, every improvement in moral outlook, every institution erected (each achieved at a cost of untold suffering), has become in time a citadel to be battered down with fresh loss and new suffering, in order that better conditions, a wider moral outlook, and more beneficent institutions might come into being. No page of human history is yet written which tells of material progress without attendant destruction of human life, or, at best, without setting man against man in bitter feud sooner or later. Slings and bows and arrows and knives have yielded to steel-clad ships and Mauser rifles, but the fight goes on—indeed, goes on to more deadly purpose. To believe that a radical change in these conditions will not some day be brought about, is to despair of the future of the human race. The conditions for that change are probably close at hand. We are, however, still drunk with the glory of the physical conquest of nature; we are yet thrilling with the sense of power that comes from thinking of the earth as entirely within our comprehension, of realizing that our knowledge not only grips it in our palm, but goes out intelligently into the vast spaces that surround it. This ecstasy will pass; a soberer condition of mind will follow. We shall recognize finally that all this is a means to an end only.

With the beginning of this condition of mind the period of prophecy in life insurance will pass away, the period of its more serious work will begin. That work, with relation to the material and moral governance of the world, will not be unlike the unwelcome doctrine laid down in spiritual matters two thousand years ago. Then the idea that salvation was not for a few chosen people, but for all mankind, was so unwelcome that it could only be adequately put down by the scenes on Calvary. Life insurance is about to pass out of that portion of its history in which it has struggled and pleaded. It, too, has been pleading for an unwelcome doctrine; the doctrine that, in spite of race and religious hatreds, in spite of color, climate, or the ambition of so-called statesmen, man has no natural reason to hate his fellow-man; on the contrary, he has a community of interest with all other men. This doctrine has not been welcome to the vicious, to the intemperate, to the improvident. It has not been too welcome to those who try, by appeals to national pride, to fan the flame of hate against other men called "foreigners."

Life insurance in its period of pleading has had enemies within, too, as well as foes without. The force of its doctrine has not infrequently been weakened by the action of those of its household-men who professed its faith, but understood not its doctrine; men who failed utterly to comprehend its scope; men who desired a "little" world and small things; men who have carped at and criticised those who believed in a broader theory. So-called servants of our faith have foretold disaster to those who undertook to preach the Gospel of universal prudence; they have even appealed to the prejudices that tend to make all men reactionaries. But against foes within and enemies without, life insurance has been spreading over the earth like the coming of the light of a new day. It has gathered its armies from beyond every sea, but chiefly from wherever the

Anglo-Saxon dwells. Life insurance to-day is the very spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race; its methods are masterful; it seeks to meet and mingle with all men; it learns and it teaches; but chiefly, it has an ideal, for which it strenuously labors. Like the Anglo-Saxon race, life insurance has not waited for the times to come right; it has forced the hand of Time; it has called into use the best organizing ability, the broadest courage, the best business methods; it has grown more and more insistent, more and more militant, more and more dominant, more and more successful and useful; it has taught men how to link together not only the strength of individuals, but the immeasurable strength of generations, and in preaching that gospel it has come in itself to illustrate the power which it taught men to use. The very law which made men better when they insured their lives has made life insurance mighty with the lapse of years. We have heretofore thought almost exclusively of its moral and beneficent side; hereafter we shall think more of what we may call its physical side, of the enormous force which it will be compelled (whether it would or not) hereafter to exercise in the affairs of men.

It has come to be an axiom in war that the nation wins which has the longest purse. No group of men on earth to-day, organized for an industrial purpose, or organized for a civic purpose, has behind it, dedicated to a single use, such vast accumulations of wealth as have they who make up the army of the insured.

The most impressive thing in the world at the dawn of the twentieth century of Christian civilization is the vast strength of the forces that are ready to make its history. In no previous century of this era, or of any era, has there been such organized power, such command over the forces of nature, such centralization of men. Among all the forces that will enter into the contests of this new and great arena, there is no moral force to compare with life insurance; and from a physical standpoint, which of all the giants of the new century will dare to measure strength with this Hercules?

The power of life insurance, both morally and physically, is unlike the power of any other institution ever erected by mortal hands. No progressive condition can menace it; no advance in humanity can bring about its destruction. In the coming century there will be fighting on many fields; there will be a vast sacrifice of human life, an untold waste of human effort. Civic organizations that in other days led the world to a higher level will in turn be crushed and destroyed, because new forces and new and better men demand a better State and better governments. Religions will clash, and the old war between science and revealed truth will go merrily on.

Without destroying any good thing now existing, without halting or impeding the advancement of any new truth, without waste, life insurance will go on.

Only degeneration in the moral fibre of the world can shrink its beneficence and paralyze its aggressive strength.

In the light of the glorious picture which the world presents as the old century closes, who shall prophesy reaction in the new century? Progress is in the very air we breathe. Fear is fleeing away. As fear and superstition and hate and prejudice against "foreigners" and all kinds of provincialism grow less, the leadership of life insurance will become more pronounced.

Life insurance is a strong city and a sword of fire. It holds in a vast citadel of conservatism the ambitions and the hopes that run through the notes of every wedding-march, that cluster about every cradle. It has, too, in its treasure-house securely locked the commercial faith of men, of cities, of States, and of nations.

Its doctrine compelled it to preach and prophesy in the nineteenth century; its power and place will compel it to lead in the twentieth century.



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SUBSTITUTION THE ORDER
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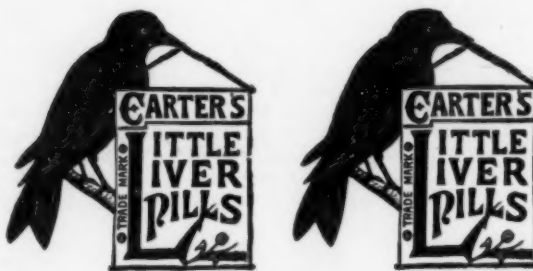
SEE YOU GET CARTER'S.

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LIFE INSURANCE AT THE CLOSE OF THE CENTURY.

THE development of the business of life insurance, especially in the United States, during the present century, for the most part during the closing half of the century, has been amazing. A single illustration is sufficient to demonstrate the truth of this statement. The oldest of the active life-insurance companies in America is The Mutual Life, of New York. It is also the largest, and was incorporated on the 12th of April, 1842, and began business February 1st, 1843, without capital, but simply on the mutual system, a few men of substance agreeing among themselves to take out policies aggregating a million dollars of insurance, if a company should be formed.

The premiums paid by these subscribers formed the initial fund, by the aid of which the future success of the company was established. Then, as now, some of the foremost men in New York were among the directing minds of the organization, for the incorporators included William H. Aspinwall, James S. Wadsworth, Philip S. Van Rensselaer, John V. L. Pruyn, Thomas W. Olcott, Robert B. Minturn, Rufus L. Lord, Henry Brevort, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and Gouverneur M. Wilkins. Mr. Alfred Pell was credited with the idea of forming the company, and the first policy issued was to Thomas N. Ayres, a broker of New York, the premium of which was \$105.50. The lapsing of this policy left its premium as the financial beginning of The Mutual Life Insurance Company.

The first year's business in 1843 showed that \$37,293.90 had been received for premiums on 470 policies issued. The second year the policies increased by fifty per cent., and the third year they aggregated over a thousand. Every policy paid showed such a handsome profit that the company from the outset became very popular, and its popularity has never waned. Its wonderful growth under its four presidents, beginning with Morris Robinson, up to the present successful administration of President Richard A. McCurdy, will be realized by a simple statement revealing the growth of the assets. In 1844 they were \$32,311. In 1848, at the close of President Robinson's administration, they had increased to nearly \$564,000. In 1852, under President Collins, they had reached \$1,627,000. In 1884, under President Winston, they were over \$100,000,000, and at the close of last year the cash assets belonging exclusively to policy-holders aggregated the enormous sum of \$300,000,000, while the insurance in force reached the almost incalculable amount of \$1,000,000,000.

The best proof of the success of the mutual plan of life insurance, so successfully and conscientiously followed by this great company, is disclosed by the fact that from the date of its organization up to the close of last year it received from policy-holders nearly \$732,000,000, and paid back to them or still holds in trust for future payments, the magnificent amount

employed; adoption of long deferred periods of repayment or distribution; recognition of the fact that insurance must be conducted on a paying basis, just like any other business that succeeds; in fine, a continuously productive union of the capital of the intelligent policy-holder and the skilled labor of the experienced and successful life underwriter, supported by highly instructed and organized agency forces—these to-day are demonstrating the possibilities of insurance in ways till recently not fully understood, and it is to these that we must look for even greater developments in the future."

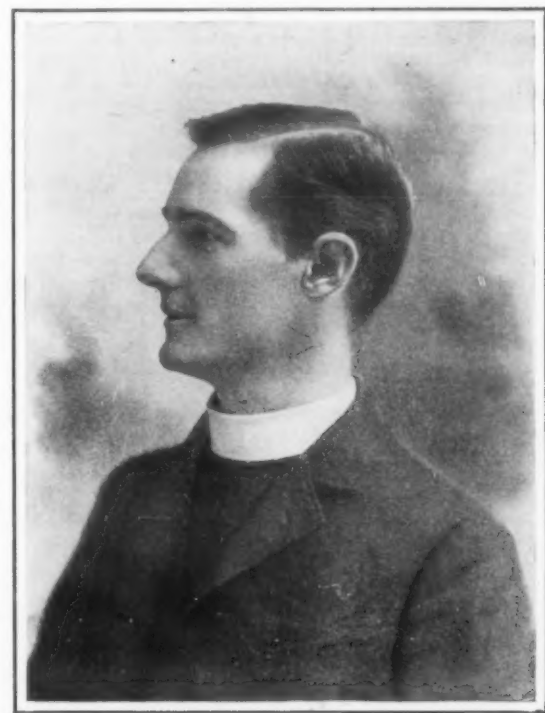
The Mutual Life has always prided itself most justly, not only on its success, which has given it a prestige unrivaled in the world, but also on the high character of its management. Among the active officers are Robert A. Granniss, for many years its Vice-President; Walter R. Gillette, M. D., the General Manager; Dr. Emory McClintock, Actuary; Frederic Cromwell, Treasurer, and William J. Easton, Secretary. The Board of Trustees includes some of the most noted men in the financial and professional circles of the country, among them William Rockefeller, William C. Whitney, Stuyvesant Fish, Adrian Iselin, Jr., Elbridge T. Gerry, United States Senator William J. Sewell, Charles Lanier, Oliver Harriman, Robert Olyphant, Henry H. Rogers, and George F. Baker, of New York; Dudley Olcott, of Albany, and Rufus W. Peckham, of the United States Supreme Court. It is not surprising that The Mutual Life is given the preference for insurance by men of great wealth as well as by the masses.

Another fact of interest to the general public is the careful and accurate manner in which The Mutual Life, from year to year, gives in its annual report not only a full statement of its business, but also a complete and exhaustive statement of its assets and liabilities, and of all the facts specially interesting to its members. It issues all approved forms of policies, and every one of its 400,000 policy-holders is directly represented in its management. The largest single policy ever written, that on the life of George W. Vanderbilt for \$1,000,000, was issued by The Mutual Life. It has the confidence of men of the highest standing in the business world, and has received the largest single payment as a policy premium ever made to a life-insurance company, namely, a check for \$578,345 on account of the Havemeyer family of New York. Mr. Samuel Newhouse, of Salt Lake City, Utah, paid to The Mutual Life a single premium of \$233,828 for two policy contracts. Mr. James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern Railway, paid to the company a single premium of \$136,350. An English gentleman deposited with the company's London agent eighty-six thousand, twenty-nine pounds and five shillings—or nearly \$430,000, or something over two millions of francs, for an annuity on his life. It paid to

company is the company which does the most good, The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York deserves the reputation it has worthily worn and worthily wears.

A Novel Plan To Aid Church and Charitable Work.

THE recent organization of the Church Endowment Society bids fair to add greatly to the success of the work of churches and charities in the century about to open. This Society has for its purpose the endowment of churches and benevolent and charitable institutions, and the relief of these from debt by a simple plan of life insurance. By this method the exact results



THE REV. E. W. HUNTER, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE CHURCH ENDOWMENT SOCIETY.

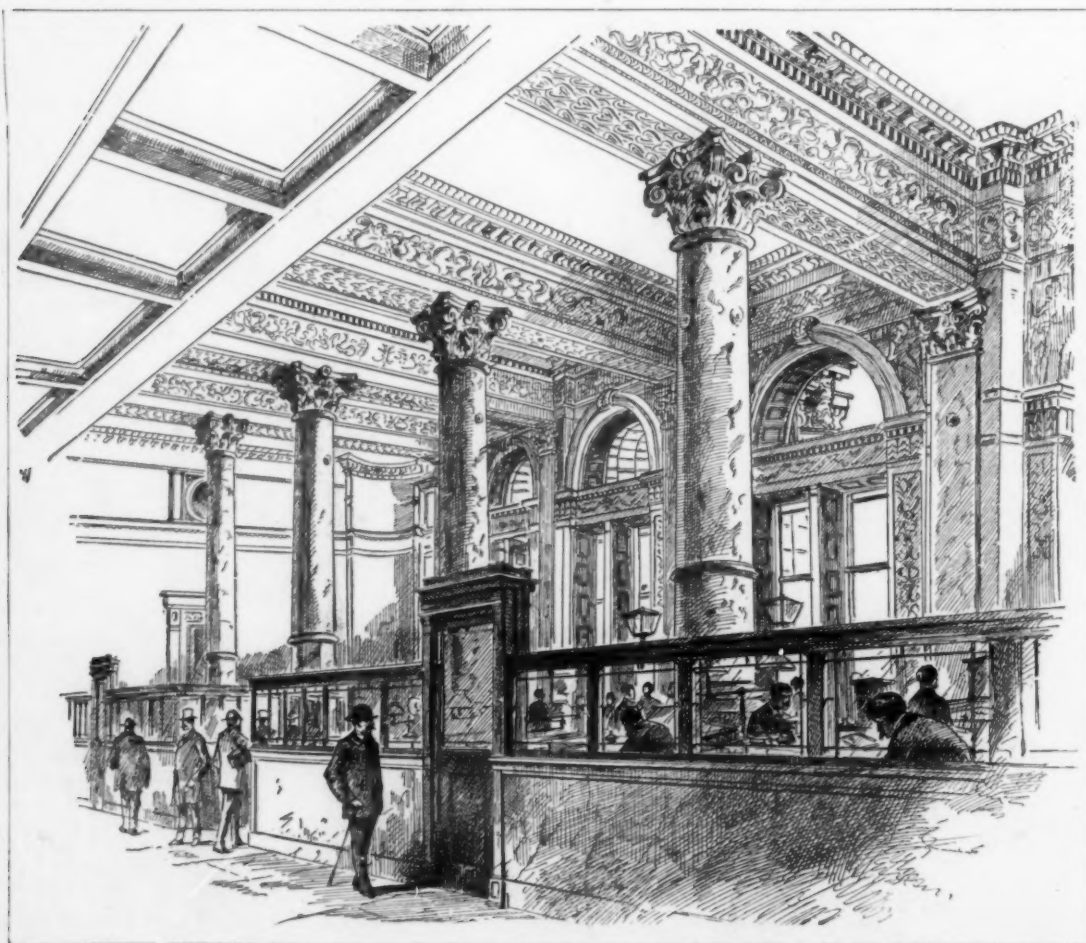
and the time in which they can be achieved can be definitely determined. Those who support the new idea have simply to make the small annual payments required for life insurance for the benefit of the enterprise in which they are specially interested. Thus the task of endowing or relieving such enterprises from debt is made comparatively easy and absolutely certain.

In other countries the endowment of the churches and of charitable institutions is common, and in this country the new plan has met with such wide favor that there is little doubt that it will yield the most practical results wherever tried. The Church Endowment Society affords every one, whether of moderate means or of great wealth, an easy opportunity to give practical expression to a benevolent purpose. If a parish church is in debt and a certain number of the members of the congregation or outside friends can be prevailed upon to insure their lives to a sufficient amount to liquidate that indebtedness, an easy method is at once opened for freeing the parish of its incumbrance. Cathedrals, churches, and charitable and religious buildings built upon an extensive scale might thus, within a certain number of years, be able to take up all the indebtedness caused by their erection.

The Church Endowment Society has some of the most eminent leaders and members of the Episcopal Church in its management. Its patron is the Right Rev. T. M. Clark, Presiding Bishop of the Church, and its president the Right Rev. W. F. Adams, Bishop of Easton, Md. Its board of trustees includes the Hon. Levi P. Morton and Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, of New York. Its treasurer is Mr. William A. Duer, of New York, and its Secretary-General is the Rev. E. W. Hunter, rector of St. Anna's Church, New Orleans. The Business Manager may be addressed at the Church Mission House, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York. In each large town or city local boards are being established to advise with any who may wish to consult them, and the Secretary-General, the Rev. E. W. Hunter, whose address is 1252 Esplanade Avenue, New Orleans, is ready at any time to answer inquiries personally or by correspondence.

The strongest indorsements have been given to this new movement to lift the burdens from churches and benevolent and charitable enterprises. Bishop Potter, of New York, says: "The Church Endowment Society has my hearty sympathy, and I recognize the practical value of the idea upon which it is based, by means of which life insurance is made effective to the end which is had in view." Bishop Huntington, of central New York, says: "The plan is a singularly ingenious, beneficent, and yet simple service of blended justice and charity." Bishop Sessums, of Louisiana, says: "The endowment matter ought to be pushed everywhere, and such a general movement ought to do good."

Other bishops who have given the movement their heartiest support are Bishop Nelson, of Georgia; Bishop-Coadjutor Williams, of Nebraska; Bishops Coleman, of Delaware; Moreland, of Sacramento; Whitaker, of Pennsylvania; Talbot, of central Pennsylvania; and Doane, of Albany. The movement, in fact, has the hearty support of all the bishops and laymen in the church to whom it has been presented. The management of the Church Endowment Society is in the hands of a practical organization which will conduct it on the safest business lines, and the fact that the great Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, guarantees the policies is evidence that the new society is assured of success in the splendid work for which it has been so successfully and skillfully organized.



VIEW OF THE MAIN OFFICE OF THE MUTUAL LIFE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

of \$816,000,000. It is not surprising that The Mutual Life has more insurance in force in the United States and Canada than any other company. Its success is due in great measure to the fact that its president has fixed and determined business principles to which he yields unvarying obedience. What these principles are may be inferred from a single excerpt from an interesting and exhaustive treatment of the subject of "Modern Insurance and Its Possibilities," by Mr. McCurdy, in which he says:

"Wise management freed from antiquated precedent and dead tradition; accumulation superimposed upon indemnity; legitimate methods of increasing accumulation systematically

Mr. Thomas Dolan, of Philadelphia, president of the Manufacturers' Association of the United States, \$120,987.25. This was paid on a matured endowment policy, being the largest amount ever received by a living policy-holder.

The annual premium income of The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, for new policies issued in England is—with three exceptions—larger than the sum derived by any English company for a like purpose. The marvelous success of the company is owing to the fact that its safety is beyond peradventure, that all proper claims against it are promptly paid, and that the interests of all its members are justly and impartially considered. If, as has been truthfully stated, the best

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT

IS A
POLICY
OF
LIFE
INSURANCE



Profit Sharing Policies for

MEN

WOMEN and
CHILDREN

\$ 100,000 TO \$ 15.

Premiums payable
Yearly, Half Yearly,
Quarterly & Weekly

Write for Full Information Dept. S

THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
**STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR**

THE PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY of AMERICA.

John F. Dryden, President.

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N.J.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

WALTER BAKER & Co.

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST
MANUFACTURERS OF . . .

PURE, HIGH GRADE

Cocoas and Chocolates.



TRADE-MARK.

Their **Breakfast Cocoa** is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

Their **Premium No. 1 Chocolate** is the best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice cream, etc.

Their **German Sweet Chocolate** is good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

"Known the world over. . . Received the highest indorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."—*Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.*

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1780.



THANKS, AWFULLY!

Avoid Imitations



are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality. Thousands have discarded the idea of trying to mix their own Cocktails; all will when they have given The Club Brand a fair trial.

G. F. Heublein & Brother

Hartford New York London

The CLUB COCKTAILS

A DELIGHTFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT

THE RIGHT SORT OF THING TO COMMENCE CHRISTMAS. ALL READY FOR YOU TO SERVE. YOU WILL ADD A POINT TO YOUR POPULARITY AS AN UP-TO DATE WIFE. SIMPLY POUR OVER CRACKED ICE. YOU CAN GET THEM AT ALL GOOD DEALERS IN ALL VARIETIES

MANHATTAN

WHISKY

TOM GIN

MARTINI

VERMOUTH

HOLLAND GIN and YORK

YEARS of experience have verified the theory that a Cocktail made of the best materials and aged is infinitely better than those prepared as wanted. As a Cocktail is substantially a blend of different liquors, and as the oldest distillers are a unit in admitting that all blends improve with age, it must be accepted as a fact, ratified by the general experience of the trade, that an aged mixed drink of any kind is superior to one made as wanted. Cocktails as served over bars are made entirely by guess, while the Club Cocktails are aged. 11 ready for use, and require only to be poured over cracked ice and strained off to be in perfect condition. They are made entirely by actual weight and measurement, and admitting that the same quality of materials are used in both cases, the wholesale form of making must be the only way of getting Cocktails of uniform quality. Thousands have discarded the idea of trying to mix their own Cocktails; all will when they have given The Club Brand a fair trial.



HERE'S TO A GOOD DINNER!

**Oldest
Largest
and Best**

Health Policies

Indemnity for Disability caused by Sickness

Liability Insurance

Manufacturers and Mechanics, Contractors and Owners of Buildings, Horses, and Vehicles can all be protected by policies in

THE
TRAVELERS
INSURANCE
COMPANY

J. G. BATTERSON
President

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Vice-President

JOHN E. MORRIS
Secretary

H. J. NESSENGER
Actuary

E. V. PRESTON
Sup't of Agencies

INSURE IN The TRAVELERS OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Life, Endowment, Accident, and Employer's Liability Insurance
of all forms

ASSETS - - \$29,046,737.45
LIABILITIES - 24,926,280.61
EXCESS (3½ % basis) 4,120,456.84

GAINS: 6 months, January to July, 1900

IN ASSETS - - - - - \$1,286,225.89
INCREASE IN RESERVES (both Dep'ts) - 1,128,534.12
Premiums, Interest, and Rents, 6 mos. - 4,055,985.62



CHRISTMAS DAY.

"Why! It's getting late already. I shall have to go in and get dressed for dinner."

X-mas Merry Making

For all needs of this happy custom

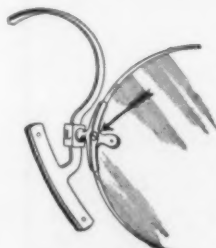
10 Year Old

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Is the Finest Type of the Purest Whiskey.



EYE-GLASSES CANNOT WOBBLE IF FITTED WITH Lens Lock Screws



Lens Lock
Screws

Screws. There are no Lens Lock eye-glasses except those that have "L" stamped on them.

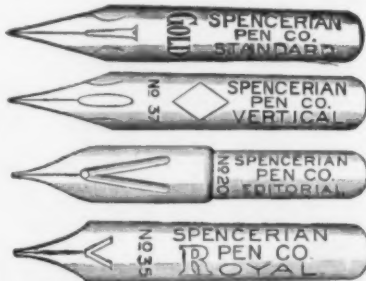
Descriptive Circular Free.

ANDREW J. LLOYD & CO., Opticians,
323 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

See them once and you'll insist upon them for your eye-glasses. They save annoyance; they save eyesight. Opticians know it. But they cost them a trifle more and are a bit more trouble for them. If your optician thinks more of a few pennies than of your comfort, send your eye-glasses (nickel) to us, with 50 cents, and we'll fit them with Lens Lock

Spencerian Steel Pens

The Standard American Brand.



Select a pen suitable to your writing from 12 different patterns which we send on receipt of 6 cents postage. Ask for business pens.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 349 B'way, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

No buffet ought to be without them. The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

ED. PINAUD'S



VIOLETTE
REINE or
FRENCH
CARNATION
PINK, that is
the question.

The Two Leading Perfumes of the Season.

These Perfumes are quintessences: One drop contains the fragrance of a bouquet of flowers. Sold by every first-class dealer in the United States and Canada. ED. PINAUD'S PERFUMES have just been awarded, at the Paris International Exposition, the highest honors that could be bestowed upon any exhibit.

They have been placed "Hors Concours," that is, "Above Competition." As a consequence of this distinction the head of the Parfumerie, ED. PINAUD, has been selected as a member of the Jury of Awards.

The Right Gift.

If you are looking for a gift for father, brother, friend, or employee, one that will be sure to please, you will find it in

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

This is such a splendid pen that it will delight and be constantly used by any one who writes.

We make it in very many styles, ornamental and plain, costing from \$2.50 up to \$15 and more. The \$2.50 pen is a fine writer, and we sell one gold mounted, as shown in picture, for

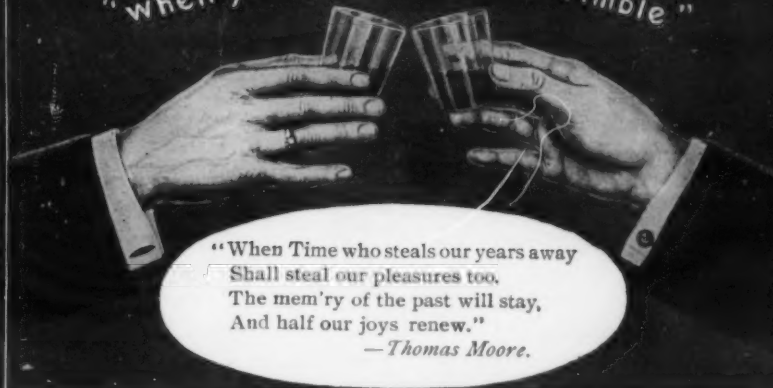
\$3.50.

For \$5.00 you can buy a beauty. Remember that we have so many kinds of pen points that we can suit every taste, and that pens may be exchanged as often as desired, until you are satisfied.

For Sale by All Dealers, Everywhere.

L. E. Waterman Company, 157 Broadway, New York.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"



"When Time who steals our years away
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The mem'ry of the past will stay,
And half our joys renew."
— Thomas Moore.

A pure rye,
10 years old, aged
by time,
not artificially.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

AT ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS

Sole Proprietors,
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,
Phila. & New York.
ESTABLISHED 1793.

\$100.00 Reward

will be gladly paid to anyone who will furnish convicting evidence against imitators and substitutors who try to sell you worthless preparations when CASCARETS are called for. Don't ever take substitutes, but insist on having


CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
BEST FOR THE BOWELS

The great merit of CASCARETS makes big sales everywhere. Therefore, now and then, dealers try to substitute "something just as good." It's a lie! Don't let them do it, and if they try, write us confidentially at once. Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago or New York. All Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Beware of Imitations!

R Evans' Ale
Evans' Stout

To be taken at dinner,
or with a Reckitt,
or Sandwich,
as the case may be.
Repeat as symptoms
require.
Good Health, M.D.



In the Pay Envelope

That's where our education affects you.

We teach mechanics the theory of their work; help misplaced people to change their work; enable young people to support themselves while learning a profession.

250,000 students and graduates in Mechanical, Electrical, Steam and Civil Engineering, Architecture, Telegraphy, Stenography, Book-keeping, etc. Write for circular and mention subject in which interested.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS,
Established 1891. Capital \$1,500,000.
Box 1158 Scranton, Pa.

PARALYSIS Locomotor Ataxia conquered at last. Doctors puzzled. Specialists amazed at recovery of patients thought incurable by **DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE FOOD.** Write me about your case. Advice and proof of cures free. **DR. CHASE, 224 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

OPIUM and **LIQUOR HABIT** cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write **DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. 1, 4, Lebanon, Ohio.**

MORPHINE LAUDANUM, and all DRUG HABITS. ONLY PERFECT PAINLESS HOME CURE KNOWN. TRIAL SAMPLE FREE. **ST. JAMES SOCIETY, 1151 Broadway, New York**

ECZEMA for BLOOD and SKIN. Cures Eczema and all Skin Diseases. At druggists or sent by express prepaid. **CURE** 8 oz. \$1. 16 oz. \$1.50. **Eczema Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.**

STRENGTHENS SYSTEM BODY BRAIN and NERVES.

VIN MARIANI

(MARIANI WINE)

No other preparation has ever received so many voluntary testimonials from eminent people as the world-famous Mariani Wine.

Gives Appetite, Produces Refreshing Sleep, A Safeguard Against Mental Diseases.

For overworked men, delicate women, sickly children this healthful, invigorating and stimulating tonic has no equal.

DOSE.—A small wine-glass full three times a day. Sold by all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

IF YOU WANT TO BE

Popular

BUY

Grand Imperial Champagne....

It is the highest priced AMERICAN WINE... Because it is the best

For sale by all the leading Hotels, Cafes and Clubs Everywhere

Price-lists of assorted cases on application.
GERMANIA WINE CELLARS
Hammondsport and Rheims, N. Y.

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison

Permanently Cured. You can be treated at home under same guaranty. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucus Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, write

COOK REMEDY CO.

374 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for proofs of cures. Capital \$500,000. We solicit the most obstinate cases. We have cured the worst cases in 15 to 35 days. 100-page Book Free.

STEAM HEAT DOESN'T ALWAYS HEAT.

"Did you say your flat was heated by steam?"

"No; I said we had steam heat."—Judge.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup has cured whooping-cough when no other treatment would give relief. For croup this remarkable remedy has no equal. It conquers croup at once.

DR. SIEBERT'S Angostura Bitters, great South American tonic for weak people.

Cook's Extra Dry beats 'em all.
Cook's Imperial has a perfect bouquet.
Cook's Champagne is strictly pure.

Advice to Mothers: **MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

USE **BROWN'S** Camphorated Saponaceous **DENTIFRICE** for the **TEETH.** 25 cents a jar.

TO THE DEAF.—A rich lady, cured of her deafness and noises in the head by **Dr. Nicholson's Artificial Ear Drums**, gave \$25,000 to his institute, so that deaf people unable to procure the Ear Drums may have them free. Address **No. 1, 894, the Nicholson Institute, 780 Eighth Avenue, New York.**

During the Past Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, WITH PERFECT SUCCESS. It SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

On rising—for a clear head—drink

White Rock LITHIA WATER

THE SECRET OF SANDOW'S STRENGTH REVEALED...

He says it lies in the regular use of the Sandow Spring Grip Dumb-Bells, illustrated here-with. Call on your sporting goods dealer and convince yourself it is a perfect dumb-bell by taking a few minutes' exercise. This will cost you nothing.

No. 1 Children's, Pair, \$1.25
2 Girls, " 1.75
3 Boys, " 1.75

No. 4 Youths', Pair, \$2.50
5 Ladies', " 2.50
6 Men's, " 3.00

Complete in box with chart of exercises.

Fall and Winter Sports Catalogue Free upon Application.

A. C. SPALDING & BROS.

(Incorporated)

NEW YORK CHICAGO DENVER

FOUR—OUT OF 50 STYLES—

OF THE

DEFENDER MFG. Co. FANCY

Sheets and Pillow-Cases

No. 57. NOVELTY BRAID AND HEMSTITCH.

No. 204. MEXICAN DRAWN WORK AND HEMSTITCH.

No. 216. NOVELTY BRAID WITH HEMSTITCH.

No. 224. EMBROIDERY INSERTION WITH NOVELTY BRAID AND HEMSTITCH.

A Royal Gift for Xmas APPROPRIATE PRACTICAL

DEFENDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S

Fancy Sheets and Pillow-Cases

are durable, almost everlasting, no matter how roughly handled, and the oftener laundered, the softer they become. The Defender Sheets and Pillow-Cases will grace the finest bed in the land, and are truly accorded

THE REGENCY OF BED ELEGANCE

Packed in handsome boxes of one or six sets—each set being one Defender Embellished Sheet, for top sheet (for the under sheet plain Defender sheets are used), and one pair Embellished Pillow-Cases to match. For full-sized bed.

PRICES \$2, \$2.50, \$4.00 per set of 3 pieces one top sheet and two pillow-cases. \$12, \$15, \$24 per 6 sets of 18 pieces.

At all First-class Dry Goods Dealers

DEFENDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY, NEW YORK

There's No Cuff Comfort

if your cuffs slip down on your wrists.

HOLD THEM IN PLACE WITH

Improved Washburne's Patent

Cuff Holders

that grip securely, but cannot tear the fabric. Instantly released by lifting a tiny lever. By mail, 20 cents the pair.

Other comfort helps made with Washburne Fasteners are

Bachelors' Buttons, 10 cts. each.

Trousers or Drawers Supporters, 10 cts. each.

Napkin Holders, 20 cts. each.

Key Rings, 25 cts. each.

Scarf Fasteners, 10 cts. each.

Catalogue of these and other novelties FREE, if you want it.

AMERICAN RING CO.,

Box 85, Waterbury, Conn.

COE'S ECZEMA CURE \$1 Large sample mailed free. One Chem. Co., Cleveland, O.

LONDON (ENGLAND).

THE LANGHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

van Houten's Cocoa

contains more digestible nourishment than the finest Beef tea. For Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, it is unequalled.

Sold at all grocery stores—order it next time.

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor. 22d St. Only Salesroom in Greater New York.

LARGE EXPENSE

On Horses

Stopped at Once

By the Goodyear-Akron Perfect

Rubber Shoe.

\$1.50 A PAIR, COMPLETE, READY FOR USE.



Halves Shoeing Bills

DOUBLES horses' work value. Slipping absolutely impossible. They improve his action and looks. They increase a horse's selling price. They make life and work more pleasant for him. They are "wings" for a horse's feet.

Whether you own one or a hundred horses you should have at once the facts about the Goodyear-Akron Shoes. Every day you delay costs you shoeing bills and horse value. A Goodyear-Akron Shoe is a combination of iron with a peculiar sort of rubber pad that wears better than steel. It is a new production of rubber which no other manufacturer in the world can produce. It is a miracle for horse shoes.

An Offer

Set your horse's hoof on a piece of paper, draw outline of hoof with pencil, mail to us, and we will send you, prepaid, a pair for front feet, complete, ready for use, on receipt of \$1.50. Put them on and try them, and if afterwards they are not considered simply a boon to both horse and driver, and almost a half saving in shoeing bills, and a thing you wish never to be without, we will refund your \$1.50 in full. Certainly this is a proposal which speaks for itself, and it is made by

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.,
10 Linden Street, Akron, O.

SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS FOR OUR BOOK "HORSE SENSE ON HORSES' FEET." SENT FREE—NO CHARGE.

PUBLISHERS,
PRINTERS AND
LITHOGRAPHERS

Desiring paper of superior excellence and uniformity can secure it of the makers of the papers used in the various publications of THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

EXPANSION AND LIFE INSURANCE.

Two of the best proofs of the general prosperity of the United States are found in the records of our savings-banks and of our great and prosperous life insurance companies. Prosperity, indeed, has followed expansion. The number of depositors in savings-banks has increased, while the volume of deposits has reached unparalleled aggregates.

All of the great and growing life insurance companies report an unusually prosperous year at the close of the century, and it is significant at the same time that a much larger number of small life insurance policies has been taken out during the past year than ever before.



EDWARD W. SCOTT, PRESIDENT OF THE PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE.

This indicates that life insurance is no longer regarded as a luxury, but now rather as a necessity on the part of every thoughtful and provident man.

One of the great and prosperous life insurance companies of New York which has kept up with the procession, and which in point of expansion will bear most favorable comparison with other great business enterprises, is the Provident Savings Life Assurance Society. Under the presidency of Edward W. Scott it has, during the past few years, attained a position of unequalled prosperity and popularity. In the great State of Massachusetts, the Provident Savings, with a single exception, led all the New England life companies in 1899 in the amount of new business written. It offers a great variety of policies, suitable for all ranks and conditions of life, and pays especial attention to requests for information regarding life insurance propositions. Communications of

this character, addressed to the company at 346 Broadway, New York, are always promptly and fully answered.

No other company in existence has a better record of prompt and satisfactory payments than the Provident Savings, and its widespread popularity has been won by faithful and conscientious service in the interest of its policy-holders.

This popularity was attested in a singularly felicitous manner last August, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Provident Savings, when its agents signalized this silver celebration by sending in applications for \$3,000,000 of insurance.

It is one of the peculiarities of the Provident Savings that it does not exploit such achievements as the receipt of \$3,000,000 of insurance in a single day. It simply pursues its regular line of work, faithfully administering the trust confided to it, and revealing in its annual reports not only the integrity of its management but also its conceded ability and enterprise.

Of all the life insurance companies which start the new century under auspicious circumstances, none starts better or with promise of still greater success than the Provident Savings. Its amazing growth during the past decade, especially during the past four years, has been most gratifying to those who have watched with interest and with high expectation the progress of this institution.

It is rapidly approaching the first rank among the few great life insurance companies of the world.

Pith and Point.

Not a volume but a whole library of meaning lies in the fact that the total amount of cash in the United States Treasury a few days ago was \$468,370,983, the largest sum in hand at any time in the history of the country. It is a hopeful and happy thing to close up the century with the balance on the right side of the national ledger, and such a balance, too!

Every nation that "mothers" a brood of little dependencies here and there throughout the world finds, like the heads of most large families, that such maternal joys are expensive. Thus the colonial budget just submitted to the German Parliament provides for an estimated deficit of 37,332,151 marks, the equivalent of about \$9,000,000. The revenues from all the German colonies amount to only about 7,073,000 marks. Not a single one of them is self-supporting.



EDISON PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

The Only Kind Worth Having
Nine Styles of machines, from \$10.00 to \$100.00
None genuine without this

TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison
1500 different Records from which to make a choice.
Record Lists and Catalogues of all Phonograph Dealers.
National Phonograph Co.
185 Fifth Ave., New York

ECHO ALL OVER THE WORLD

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



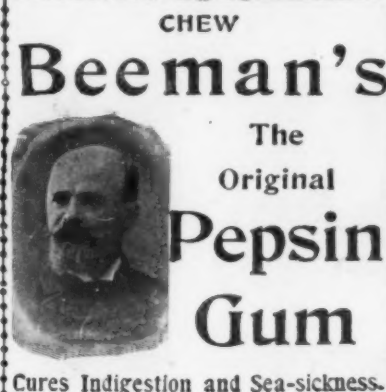
CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 322a

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

Dreams of Travel

The most artistic Steel Plate **CALENDAR** ever issued, now ready for 1901. Send ten (10) cents in postage stamps for copy, to CHAS. S. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lehigh Valley Railroad, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York

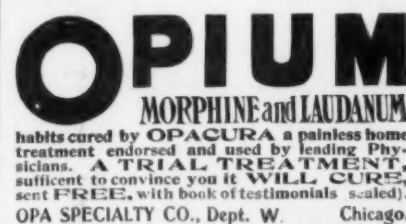


BEEMAN'S
The Original **Pepsin Gum**

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

DEAFNESS CURED OR NO PAY. C. H. ROWAN, MILWAUKEE, WISC.



OPIUM
MORPHINE and LAUDANUM

habits cured by OPACURA, a painless home treatment endorsed and used by leading Physicians. A TRIAL TREATMENT, sufficient to convince you it WILL CURE, sent FREE, with book of testimonials (sealed). OPA SPECIALTY CO., Dept. W. Chicago.



ON HIS GUARD.

LITTLE BOBBIE (watching his stocking)—"If old Santy tries to work a nineteen hundred model bicycle off on me I'll give 'im de grand run."

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

Arnold Constable & Co. Oriental Rugs.

A grand assortment of Modern Oriental Rugs in special and exclusive designs prepared by us for Dining Room, Library and Halls.

Carpets.

Bigelow Axminster Carpets,
Brussels and Wilton Carpets,
Designs prepared exclusively for us.

Mounted Skin.

Lion, Tiger, White Polar Bear.
Mounted by the best artists in the country.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.



**LINEN
COLLARS
and
CUFFS**
SELL WELL.
WEAR WELL.
FIT WELL.
BUY THEM



Fashion is a pretty thing just
now, but care must be
given to the figure.

Braided Wire

Bustles and Forms

make stylish, graceful fig-
ures, without uncomfortable
padding.

SOLD IN ALL STORES

Insist on having "Braided
Wire." If you don't find
them, we will send, postpaid,
on receipt of price.

Write for our booklet,
"Hidden Hints."

The Weston and Wells Mfg. Co.
1100 Noble St., Philadelphia.

THE Real Estate Trust Company OF PHILADELPHIA

Southeast Corner Chestnut and Broad Streets

Capital (full paid) . . . \$1,000,000

Surplus and Undivided Profits . \$600,000

Allows Interest on Deposits subject to check.
Rents Safe-Deposit Boxes in Burglar-Proof
Vaults.

Buys, sells, and leases Real Estate in Phila-
delphia and its vicinity. Collects Rents and
takes general charge and management of Prop-
erty.

Executes Trusts of every description under
the appointment of Courts, Corporations, and
Individuals. Acts as Registrar or Transfer
Agent for Corporations, and as Trustee under
Corporation Mortgages.

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CHESTER BILLINGS & SON

SUCCESSORS TO RANDEL, BAREMORE & BILLINGS

IMPORTERS OF
DIAMONDS
OTHER
PRECIOUS
STONES
AND
PEARLS
**DIAMOND
JEWELRY**

1840 1900

1840
Randel & Baremore
1866
Randel, Baremore
& Co.
1880
Randel, Baremore
& Billings
New York
58 Nassau Street
29 Maiden Lane
London, E. C.
22 Holborn Viaduct

FOR MEN OF BRAINS Cortez CIGARS —MADE AT KEY WEST—

These Cigars are manufactured under
the most favorable climatic conditions and
from the mildest blends of Havana to-
bacco. If we had to pay the imported
cigar tax our brands would cost double the
money. Send for booklet and particulars.

CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.



The delightful flavour and unmistak-
able aroma peculiar to

"CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

especially adapt it to High Balls, as
the addition of water, still or carbon-
ated, does not affect its taste in the
slightest degree, no matter how great
the dilution. Used in cocktails or
other mixed drinks "CANADIAN
CLUB" retains the fragrant and deli-
cious qualities which are peculiar to it.

Every bottle bears over the capsule an official
stamp of the Canadian Government guar-
anteeing age and genuineness. ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣ ♣

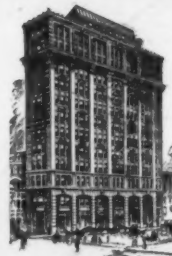


THE GILL ENGRAVING COMPANY

Advertising
Designers and
Plate Makers
New York.



Ye Artist



Leslie's Weekly's Photo-Engravings

Are made by THE GILL ENGRAVING CO., 104
Chambers St., New York, specialists in the art
of line and half-tone Engraving of the highest
grades. LESLIE'S is only one of a thousand of our
pleased customers.

Advertisers desiring to fill their advertising
space in a way that will attract attention should
not fail to avail themselves of our art department.

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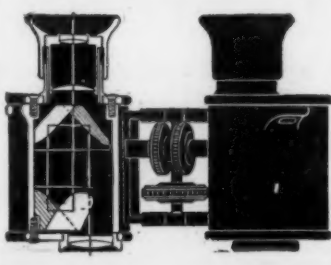
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